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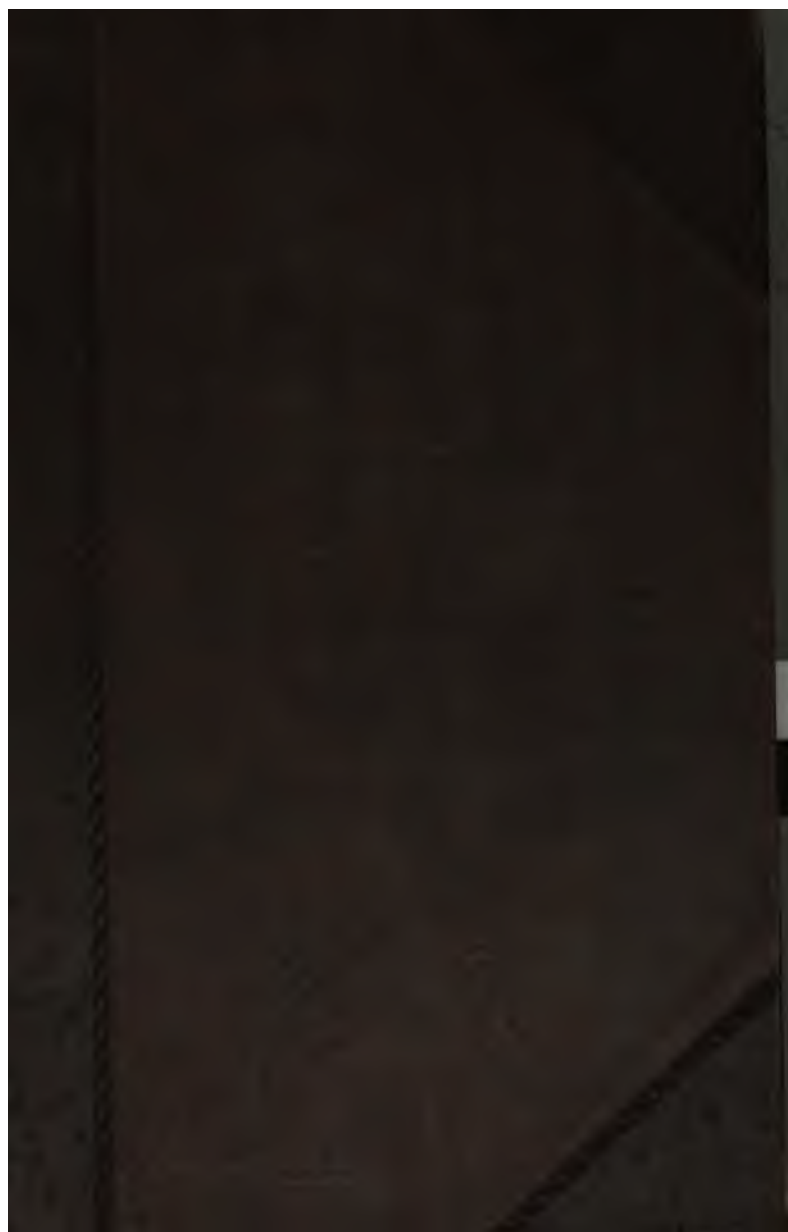
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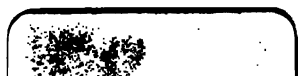
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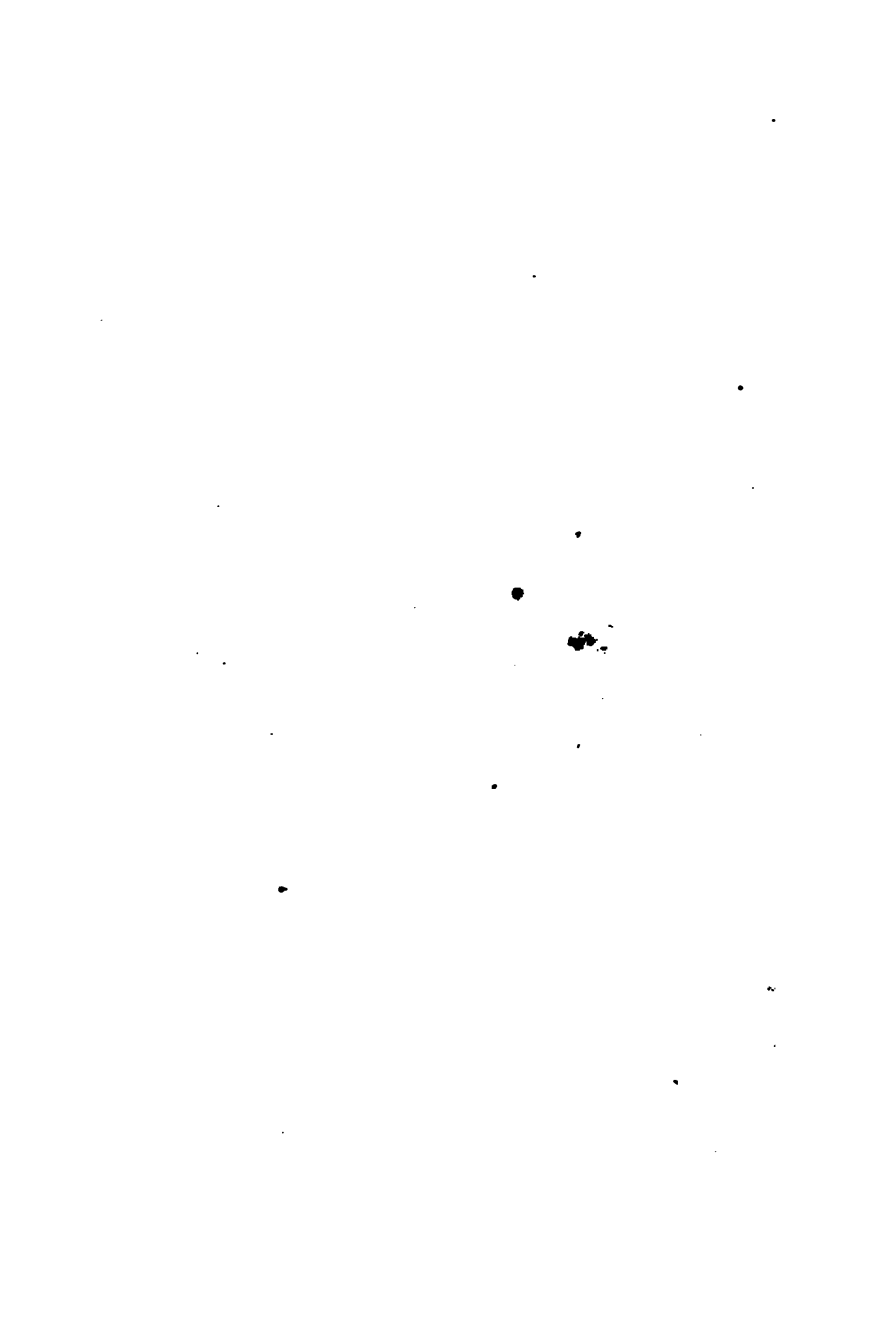
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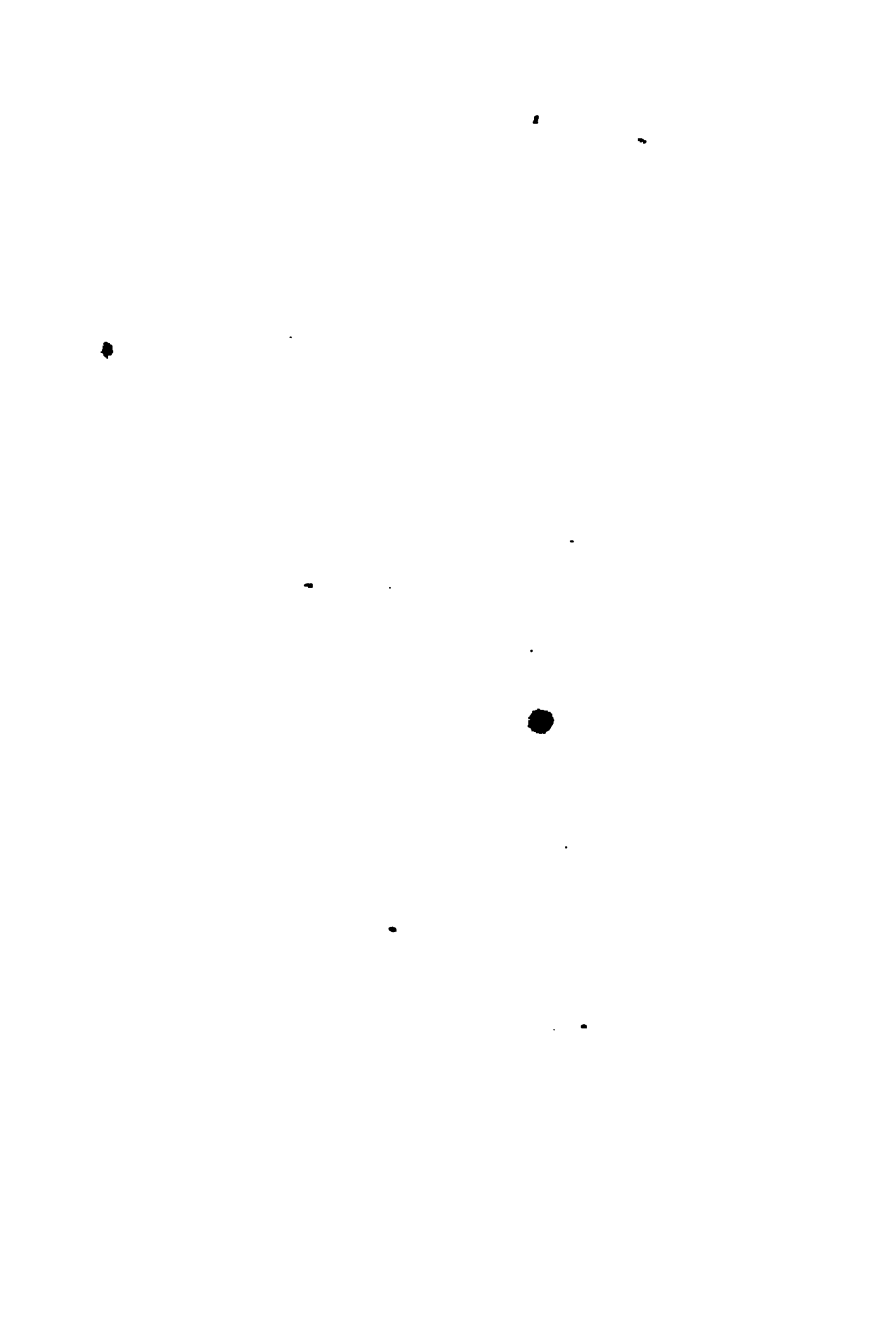
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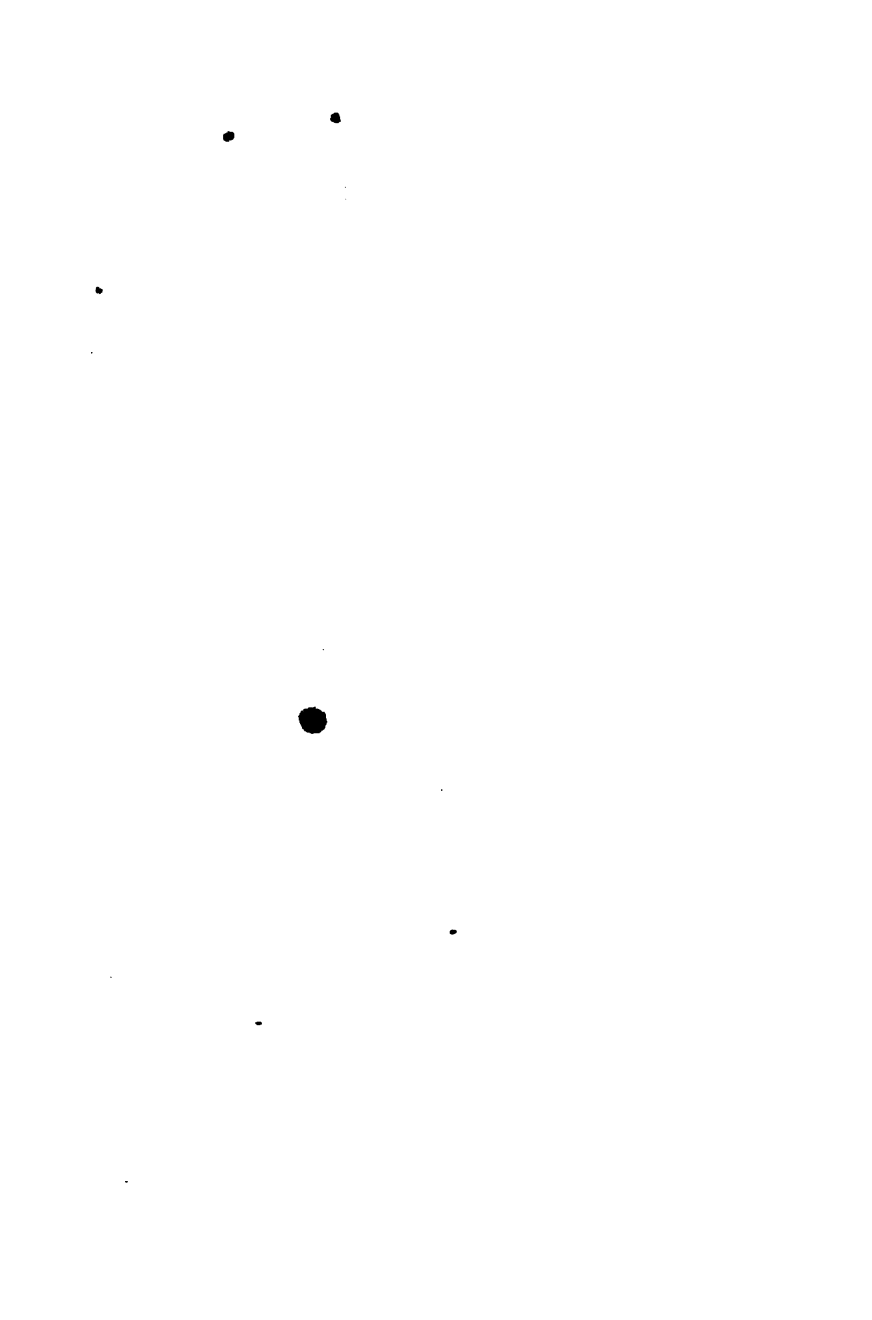
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Parochial Tracts



TRACTS

FOR

PAROCHIAL USE,

BY CONTRIBUTORS

TO THE

ACTS FOR THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS."

VOL. VII.

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PRAY FOR YOUR PASTOR.

ONE fine summer's evening Mr. Hutton, the vicar of Swaynemoor, after spending some time with a farmer's sick wife who lived at the farthest end of the parish, walked slowly and thoughtfully homewards. As he reached a wild and picturesque moor which overlooked the rich woody valley in which his village lay, he sat down under the shade of an old rugged yew-tree, before he descended the steep path which led down to the meadows below. He remained for some time looking on the Church with its tall spire rising above the trees, and on the straggling village which stretched itself along the road with its white cottages and thatched roofs. It was no wonder that on such an evening he was unwilling to leave a spot from which he could contemplate the scene of his labours, the scene which above all others in this world was nearest to his heart. As a devoted servant of his heavenly

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Master, his one care, his one object and desire was to prepare the flock entrusted to his charge for his Master's coming.

While then he was resting himself after his walk under the dark shaggy boughs of the oak yew, you may suppose that his thoughts were in some way or other given to his flock. I will tell you what sort of thoughts were passing through his head.

"There," he said to himself, "is my care and my joy; there in those farms and cottages are those living souls for whom my Saviour has bidden me to spend and be spent, whom I am sent to teach and to train, to watch over and to guide; and when the day of judgment comes, my Master will require a strict account of my ministry through my hands. I have not my own soul only to take care of, I have all this multitude of souls, the young, the old, the middle-aged; all who live in this place which I am gazing upon now. Ah, oh what different souls are there, in what different states! how differently they are to be treated; some I am to lead gently and to console, some to speak strongly to and 'conquer with a rod;' some to rouse; some to encourage; some to rebuke; some to soothe; some to terrify with 'the terrors of the Lord.' Ah

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they all look to me as an example, to me a poor creature of flesh and blood, to me a sinner, to me a man of like passions with themselves ; and if I slip and stumble, if I err, then they excuse themselves for their errors, and shelter themselves under my faults. Or if, through my errors, my neglects, any of these souls fall into sin, or are not restrained from sin, will not their blood be required at my hand?

“ Oh what a charge is this ! my soul trembles when I think of these great responsibilities laid on me as a pastor of this flock ; how am I to bear this burden ? Should I not fall on my knees every hour and ask for help ? And yet when my own spirit is dull and cold, what is to be done ? Will none pray for me ? Will none, remembering the greatness and awfulness of the charge laid upon me, help me and befriend me with their prayers ? Oh that even some of this flock would pray for me every day ! Oh that they would ask God every morning and every night to bless my ministrations, to strengthen me for my toils, to give me a true love for souls ! They all expect me to be almost without fault ; they all expect me to be holy, and gentle, and kind, and heavenly-minded, and pure. Every fault, every sin of mine seems to be doubly

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sinful, and yet to what temptations am I exposed, what trials, what anxieties I have to bear!

“I do indeed need the prayers of my flock; they themselves would gain by praying for me; for what I want is more of the grace of God, more strength from above, more of the assistance of the Spirit, more of the divine blessing upon my spiritual toils, more of the presence of Christ. And these gifts are increased by prayer; and if they are increased, then my flock would profit by the increase.

“If indeed they did but know how I tremble under the weight of this burden, even the burden of watching over their souls, and having to give account at the last great day, I feel sure many would pray for me into whose heads never enters to do such a thing; I feel sure that many out of Christian love would remember me in their morning and evening prayers. And how it would refresh me, if I thought that every day I was thus strengthened and assisted by the prayers of even a few among my flock. In hours of despondency and anxiety it would lift up my heart and cheer me on my way; it would give me heart; it would prevent me from going on languidly in my spiritual work. When my own

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hands were ready to droop, and my heart to fail, then the prayers of even some among my flock would lift them up again, just as Aaron and Hur held up the hands of Moses, and strengthened them when they fell.

“And have I not also times of infirmity when my zeal burns low, when I have no spirit for my toils, when I cannot feel that love for souls with which I ought to be inflamed? Have I not many sins which hinder the success of my ministry? Have I not many temptations to leave the rougher work undone, or to be ever putting it off, i. e., to leave the worse sort of people alone, to delay warning the hardened sinners, and to consort more with the better sort, who, in some sense, need my ministration less? Oh how many temptations beset my path! How many sins strive to master me, and how fearful it would be for me to fall under their power when I have the charge of other souls beside my own! When I think of these things, I long, I very ardently long to have the prayers of my people put up for my soul. Oh that some, even some few, would but help their pastor by remembering him in their prayers.

“I have indeed need to be anxious for their prayers when I see how earnestly the holy Apo-

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stle St. Paul, that great saint and sufferer, longed for the prayers of others on his behalf. If he whose faith was so strong and so sublime, if he who had such wonderful gifts of the Holy Ghost, if he who was so remarkably assisted by his Lord in his holy toils, if even he very often and very anxiously besought the disciples to pray for him and his fellow workers in the ministry, surely such a one as I am have cause for the deepest anxiety on this matter. Only let me remember how often St. Paul makes earnest request for the disciples' prayers. In his first Epistle to the Thessalonians he says, 'Brethren, pray for us;' in the second Epistle he makes the same entreaty, 'Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified, even as it is with you : and that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men.' To the Colossians he says, 'Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving; withal praying also for us, that God would open to us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ, for which I am also in bonds : that I may make it manifest as I ought to speak.' To the Ephesians he writes in the same strain, 'Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with

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all perseverance and supplication for all saints, and for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel.' And to the Romans he says, 'Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me; that I may be delivered from them that do not believe in Judæa; and that my service which I have for Jerusalem may be accepted of the saints; that I may come unto you with joy by the will of God, and may with you be refreshed.'

"When I thus see this holy Apostle's strong desire to have prayers offered on his behalf, it makes me feel very strongly my own great need, my own weakness and insufficiency. Oh may God put it into the hearts of my flock to pray for me that I may be a faithful pastor, a faithful steward of the mysteries of Christ, a faithful guide of souls, that my ministrations may be blessed, my labours undertaken on pure motives with singleness of mind, and blessed with abundant fruit. Very great, very awful is the work to which my Lord has called me; very blessed will they be who are faithful in their stewardship, for they shall shine as the stars for ever; very ter-

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rible will be the judgment which will fall on the careless, faithless, worldly pastors who have neglected the flock given to them by their Saviour. God forbid that after having preached to others I myself should be a cast-away."

Such were the thoughts that were in Mr. Hutton's mind as he sat gazing on the village for which he had such deep concern. And do you not think, my friend, that many a clergyman has Mr. Hutton's thoughts. And yet do many of the parishioners offer up prayer for a clergyman who has so great, so weighty a stewardship to fulfil, such solemn awful duties to discharge? Do you yourself ever think of him in your prayers? If not, begin to pray for him. Is it strange if sometimes there are careless and inefficient clergy? May not part of the blame often lie with the people in such a case? May not the people's neglect of prayer cause some portion of the blessing of God to be withheld from them who are over them in the Lord? These things are worth thinking of.

FASTING.

I WISH, my friend, to speak to you some earnest words about the duty of fasting, a duty grievously neglected by Christians at this present time in almost every place.

And first of all, in a time of such neglect, it may be needful to shew that if Scripture is to be obeyed we ought to fast. It is to Scripture that I would direct your thoughts, because as I am convinced that Scripture is on this matter disobeyed, I have fears lest disobedience should bring some grievous judgment or weaken our endeavours to obey in other points. If fasting were something devised and enjoined by holy men as a help to a holy spiritual life, as a means for subduing and conquering our unruly flesh, however unwise it might be to reject such counsel, yet it would not be positively perilous to our souls. But if God Himself, speaking by His

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Spirit in His Holy Word, makes fasting a part of that Divine will which we are bound to keep to the uttermost of our power by His grace, if He Himself appoints it as an exercise of self-denial, by which power and mastery may be gained over our fleshly will and fleshly tastes, then surely it must be dangerous to let it be laid aside.

And in leading you to Holy Scripture, that Scripture may be your guide, I will not speak of the Old Testament, for you may think that much which is there enjoined comes under the class of those "old things" which "are passed away," which are not required under the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; I will speak only of the New Testament, in which the ordinances of the Christian Church and the duties of Christian people are plainly set forth.

And first of all, I would lead you not to the words or examples of men of God, of Apostles and Evangelists, of those holy servants of the Lord, who though dead still lighten the Church with their bright examples; I would lead you to one brighter than they, with whose light they shine, who is Himself the Light of the world, whose words and whose example we are bound lovingly and thankfully to obey; I would lead

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you even to the Holy One, to Christ Himself, to the Lamb of God, to God made man, to the Saviour of the world.

Look, my friend, to this Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith; come out straightway by faith into the wilderness; follow Him there; see what He did; watch Him during the awful forty days in which He tarried among the wild beasts. Remember, as you gaze, that He was then preparing Himself for a most tremendous trial, for temptation of the most fearful kind. Behold our great Example at that awful time; behold Him through the whole length of those mysterious days fasting in the wilderness. If we are to walk like Christ, if He is to be our Guide and we to follow Him, if as He was, so are we to be in this world, if we are to tread in the track of His blessed steps, can we say of fasting it is a needless thing, that it is not required of us, that it has no place among our Gospel duties, that it is to be numbered among superstitious worthless practices of by-gone times, that there is no sin, no fault in neglecting it? For so great a space as forty days out of those three years in which He openly ministered He continued by His own fast to teach us to fast.

But besides actually fasting Himself, and by

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His own example urging us to do likewise, we have many sayings of our dear Lord concerning this duty. For instance, on one remarkable occasion the question was fairly brought to an issue whether, as His disciples, we should fast or not. The disciples of John came to Jesus, and they said, "Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft, but Thy disciples fast not?" or, according to St. Luke's account, "Why do the disciples of John fast often, and make prayers, and likewise the disciples of the Pharisees; but Thine eat and drink?" Now here it is said that at that time Christ's disciples did not fast; John's disciples were surprised at their conduct in this respect. They were anxious to know why fasting was not practised. Now, if it was never to be required of Christ's disciples, if our Lord did not design it to be practised by His Church, if those who received His gospel were to be freed from such a yoke or such a means of mortifying the flesh, was not this the very time at which we might have expected our Saviour plainly to have said that fasting was at an end, that His disciples did not fast because fasting would no longer be required?

But was this or any thing like this the answer of our Lord? Did He not say the contrary? Did

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He not at once give a reason why the disciples at that particular time did not fast, and distinctly assert that fasting was only suspended for a time, that soon it must be begun again? In explaining the reason of its temporary suspension, He says, "Can ye make the children of the bride-chamber fast while the Bridegroom is with them?" In other words, while I, the Bridegroom of My Bride, My Spouse, the Church, am present in the world, it is time for joy; it is no time for that which is hard discipline to the flesh, which is a token of mourning, which accompanies weeping, which suits seasons of My absence, seasons of tribulation. My visible Presence for a time stops for a time this act of humiliation and sorrow. But He speaks of the future, of the time when He would withdraw His visible Presence; and what does He say of that? "But the days come, when the Bridegroom shall be taken away, and then shall they fast in those days." Mark these words, my friend, mark them earnestly, "then shall they fast in those days." Surely here is a plain command. Immediately on His return to His Father in heaven His disciples, He says, are to begin to fast, to go on fasting. What is our duty then according to our Lord's own words? Is not the Bridegroom

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gone from us? Are we not left to look out, to wait and watch for Him? What suits the time of watching, what suits those who are not yet "with the Lord," who are only hoping to see His face, who do not yet rejoice in it, who are in the midst of the trials and the distresses of a groaning travailing world, who groan within themselves while they wait, in whom the flesh is strong, and needs, as the Apostle bears witness, keeping down lest it overpower us?

But there are other words of our Saviour on this subject. It appears that many among the Jews both prayed and fasted out of show; they went through merely the outward part both of prayer and fasting; and as there is always a temptation to rest in forms, always a difficulty in acting from pure motives, He speaks of the peril of the mere form of godliness in his Sermon on the Mount. But in so speaking does He say, "The Pharisees fast for show, to get praised for their religious strictness, to get human applause for godliness; but you my followers need not fast; it is not necessary; it is not part of My Gospel; it passes away and ends with the law; I do not charge you to fast. You must still pray; I will give you directions how to pray, in what spirit to make your prayer; but as there is

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be hereafter no fasting in My Church, I will tell you in what spirit you ought to fast. As our Saviour speak thus and seize hold of an occasion to explain and make it clear to His disciples that there is henceforth no such duty that of fasting? No; while He blames false modes of fasting, He gives us express directions how to do it rightly and reverently, that it may bring profit to our souls. "Moreover when ye fast," observe the very beginning of this Divine counsel; "when ye fast," as if there were a time which His followers would fast. "When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance; for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily they have their reward." So far He speaks of the ostentatious worthless fast, the wrong mode of fasting; and next He speaks of the right religious mode; But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." So that we are to fast unto our Father, in His sight, in His unseen Presence, in order to obtain His praise, to do what is acceptable to Him; and if without any outward show, secretly and solemnly, not unto man but God,

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we perform our fast, it is expressly said by our Lord Himself, that our heavenly Father will reward us openly. What, I ask you, can be a plainer injunction than this, or plainer teaching? You may recollect another occasion in which our Saviour speaks of fasting, and again couples it with prayer; "this kind," He says, alluding to the exercise of miraculous powers then employed, "goeth not out but by fasting and prayer."

Now turn to the conduct of the Church when the Bridegroom was gone, when our Lord had ascended into heaven; do you not see the disciples immediately acting upon His words, and looking upon themselves as bound to fast? For instance, we read of St. Paul and Barnabas "after they had ordained them elders in every Church, and had prayed, with fasting, they commended them to the Lord." In the Church of Antioch we read of certain prophets and teachers, who, "as they ministered to the Lord and fasted," had directions from the Holy Ghost to separate Barnabas and Saul for certain ministrations, "and when they had fasted and prayed they laid their hands on them."

Now I pray you, my friend, place before you all these portions of Holy Scripture; take them as the Word of God; see really what they mean



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and what they teach : and whatever you may have thought before, are you not bound candidly to confess, that our Lord and Saviour bids us all to fast ?

Now supposing that these passages of Scripture have had power over your soul, and moved you to see that fasting is to be placed among the ordinances of the Christian life ; you will find no exact direction in Scripture as to the times of doing it. When our Lord says, " When ye fast," and " then shall ye fast," He seems certainly to speak of something that is regularly and often to be done ; just as when in speaking of the Lord's Supper the Holy Ghost says, through the Apostle, " As often as ye eat this bread," &c., He clearly means it to be regularly and often taken, though He does not give any precise rule upon the point. The Church however has power to " set in order" those things which are not treated of with precision by the Lord Himself, provided the rules she gives harmonise with the spirit and manifest intention of the Word of God. Accordingly, as it is evident that our Lord means fasting not to be a thing done once or twice in our lives, but often, the Church, bearing this His design in mind, appoints certain particular days to be set apart as " days of fast-

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ing or abstinence," such are the forty days of Lent, the Ember-days, all the Fridays of the year, &c. Friday you see is set apart in weekly memory of our blessed Saviour's Death and Passion; and surely it would be of great profit to make it a day of repentance, of humiliation for our sins, of especial remembrance of our Saviour's sufferings for our sake, and of mortification and thwarting of our fleshly tastes, that we might practise ourselves, as it were, in keeping the body under, and making it submit to what it does not like.

Again, our Lord has not told us how we are to fast, what we are to abstain from, of what things we are to deprive ourselves. Nor has the Church given us instruction on this matter, so that we are left to our own private guidance, or that of our pastor. The truth is, that climates are so different, bodily constitutions and state of health so different, degrees of labour and kind of employment so different, that no one rule will suit all. Christians must only take care to deal strictly with themselves in judging of their own strength and circumstances of life. Of the many ways of fulfilling our Saviour's will I will point out some. Thus we may lessen the quantity of our food; or we may take food of a plainer and less

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agreeable kind ; if we are either so weak that we cannot do with less food, or are compelled to take such food as may have some relish, or if we are so poor that we cannot alter our food in any way, then we may rise earlier in the morning and deprive ourselves of some time in bed to spend it in prayer, or we might do the same in the evening.

And now let me add a few words on the use and benefit of fasting. If we had no other good from it than flows from any act of obedience to our Saviour's will, it would greatly profit us. Parents sometimes make trial of their children's obedience by setting them things to do which in themselves are of no great use or importance ; they only become useful by becoming tests of obedience. So if our Lord bade us from time to time to give up pleasant food or to lessen food in order to try whether we would obey Him in such a thing, and if we did obey Him, surely we should obtain favour by that means. But besides affording us occasions of shewing obedience, fasting is of use in other respects. It is a practising of ourselves in self-denial, in resisting the flesh. Soldiers practise themselves in the use of their weapons, in the management of their bodies before the time of war, and then in time of war

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they have more power over themselves, more skill, more command of themselves. So the Christian, if he crosses himself in his meat and drink, and often conquers his own will and taste in such things, acquires the habit of crossing and conquering himself, which he may use in the greater scenes where he has to fight against his own will and taste. And in this light we must look on fasting ; it is not a thing valuable in itself ; it is strictly a spiritual exercise ; it is a means, an instrument, to help us to obtain management over ourselves. Now if what has been said, on your own further search of Scripture and of the example of the saints of old, should by the Divine blessing move you to begin to fast, let me charge you to strive at all times to preserve a spiritual mind ; let not your fast be for show or for debate ; look upon it as a help to free you from the power of the flesh, and therefore continue to keep down the flesh when the fast is done and to walk with God, to walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit, so that all your life may be a fast from sin, a sanctifying of the flesh, a wearing of your daily cross.

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

COMMON PRAYER.

"I CAN pray just as well at home, Sir," said Jane Thompson to the Rector, when he urged her to be more regular at Church.

"I think not," answered the Rector, "even supposing you were to be praying all the time we are in Church, and were not to content yourself with just a prayer or two, which is the most that people do who stay away from Church. I mean that though you were to pray alone all the time, you would not have so great a blessing as falls on those who pray together on the Lord's day."

"Why, Sir," said Jane, thinking she had puzzled the Rector and cleared herself from blame, "does not our Lord bid us to shut the door of our chamber and pray in secret? Does He not tell us that our Father which seeth in secret will reward us openly?"

"Yes," said the Rector, "it is true that He does indeed urge us to pray in secret; that is one of His *commands*; but it is not the only

COMMON PRAYER.

own conduct to meet together in His House and there to pray together to our Father in heaven. Hence if you would be a true disciple of your Lord, pray alone, pray also with your Christian brethren; pray to yourself, pray also with those who confess Christ and are members of His body the Church."

"Well, Sir," said Jane, "I see certainly that our Lord did go to the temple and to the synagogues, especially on the Sabbath days, and I know He is our example."

"Yes, Jane, and if you see what His disciples did after He went back to His glory in heaven, you will find that they did not think that their Saviour's will was fulfilled by simply offering up their secret prayers. On the contrary, they seem to have made much of common prayer and to have prayed much together. It was a comfort to them to meet together in prayer, for they loved one another, and Christian love is sure to draw us together to pray. Surely, Jane, if we love our Lord and one another, we also should rejoice to draw near to Him that He may be in the midst of us, to bless us and to receive our prayers."

*DAILY PRAYERS FOR THE USE OF THOSE
WHO HAVE TO WORK HARD.*

You cannot live, dear reader, as a Christian, without prayer, daily prayer. You want pardon for your sins day by day. You want strength to overcome the devil and to resist temptation, day by day. You want grace, day by day, that you may love God, and do your duty in the world, and be prepared for Heaven. It is impossible to live this without prayer. And yet perhaps you find but very little time for it. You have to rise early in the morning, and you come home late, or leave off your work late at night ; and you cannot say many prayers. If so, then surely it is a thing of immense importance that what you do say should be really good prayers, and express as fully as possible what you most want to say. Perhaps what I have had printed in this

DAILY PRAYERS

little book may help you*. I have put them together especially for Christian labourers, or Christian servants; for men and women that have to work hard. You will not find that they take more time than you ought to be able very easily to give: and I have made the morning prayers, when you are most likely to be hurried, very short. Do you take care that they are very earnest. Short prayers, if they are very earnest and hearty, can do much; the longest prayers if they do not come from the heart, are worth nothing. Recollect to Whom you pray. Make a rule too never to neglect your prayers. Be thoroughly resolved to pray every morning and every evening alone; in Church too, if you can: with your family too, if you can: at other times of the day too, if you can: but at any rate, never begin your work in the morning nor get into your bed at night without lifting up your heart and falling on your knees before God, who is your best friend, your only Saviour, your one only source of all peace and comfort. Be sure

* No *forms* of prayer can express *fully* all you ought to say privately, day by day, to God. And yet you cannot safely dispense with them altogether. You must learn from the knowledge of your own heart, to add (especially at those places where a little space is left in the printing, thus) petitions about your own special wants, or confession of your own particular sins, &c.

FOR THOSE WHO WORK HARD.

that it is worth while to be determined to do this. Be quite sure that if you do this, heartily and faithfully, you shall have the blessing which His own words have promised, "Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "If ye abide in Me and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you,"

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Morning Prayer.

In the morning as soon as ever you rise from your bed, say

I LAID me down and slept, and rose up again, for the Lord sustained me. Glory be to Thee, O Lord.

Then as soon as you have washed and dressed yourself, before you go out or begin your work, kneel down by your bedside, or in some accustomed place, and say

OUR Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven: Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil; For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

An Act of Praise.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

FOR THOSE WHO WORK HARD.

Confession.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness ; according to the multitude of Thy mercies do away mine offences. Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my faults Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Let all that I have done wrong be washed away from me for ever, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

Petition.

O GOD, forasmuch as without Thee I am not able to please Thee, mercifully grant that Thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule my heart ; and make me this day diligent, and honest, and good tempered, and careful to speak the truth : and keep me from all that is impure or sinful ; and make me always to remember that Thou, God, seest me ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Intercession.

O GOD bless my dear wife^b, and keep her from all harm this day. Bless my dear children,

^b Instead of wife and children you can of course pray for husband, parents, brothers, sisters, fellow-servants, &c., according to your *circumstances*.

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and make them grow in grace. Bless my master, and make him kind and just to us. Bless our pastor; make him a diligent and faithful shepherd to Thy flock, and may we all love him and obey him better. Be merciful to all Christian people; and give us Thy peace all the days of our life, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen.

After this look into your Bible, or into any little book of texts you have, and read some one verse to think about as you go along: and then set out and do your work well; recollecting that you are a Christian; one for whom Christ died; one to whom the Holy Spirit has been given; one who has a Father in heaven and a home there; and therefore one who ought to glorify God in your body and in your spirit which are God's.

FOR THOSE WHO WORK HARD.

Evening Prayer.

Kneel down by your bedside, or wherever you can be most quiet, and say

OUR Father, &c.

Then say,

Lord, help me to recollect if I have done anything wrong this day.

Then think for two or three minutes in some such way as this,

Did I say my morning prayers? Did I feel what I said? Have I done my work carefully to-day? Did I try to do it as a Christian? Has any one been angry with me; and if so, did I try to answer quietly? Did any bad thoughts come into my mind during the day; and if so, did I try to drive them away at once? Have I used any wrong words? What is my chief fault; and is it less than it was? Have I tried to give up my own will in little things; and to be kind to other people? Have I thought at all about my Saviour during the day?

After doing this as well as you can, just recollect for a minute, how merciful God has been to you notwithstanding your sins, and then say,

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Confession.

LORD, as we add day to day, so sin to sin. The just falleth seven times a day ; but alas ! how often do I fall. How little do I love Thee as I ought. How little progress have I made in the spiritual life. And yet, Thou hast spared me. O God, I repent. I do earnestly repent, and am heartily sorry for all my misdoings Help Thou mine impenitence. Have mercy upon me, O Lord, have mercy upon me ; and forgive my sins ; for the sake of Jesus Christ our only Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

Petition.

O LORD, grant that I may never more sin against Thee, as I have done. May I never willingly do any thing that is wrong. May I strive more and more to please Thee. May I press onwards in the narrow way, and have grace to persevere unto the end. Shed abroad Thy love in my heart by the Holy Ghost, that I may love Thee, my friend in Thee, and my enemy for Thee. As I would that men should do to me, so may I do to them. Make me a diligent and earnest Christian. May I live by faith. May I deny myself, and take up my

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cross daily, and carry it, for His sake who once suffered on the Cross for me, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Intercession.

LORD, bless my dear wife and children, my friends and neighbours all my fellow Christians in this parish, and the holy Church throughout all the world. Take away from us all heresy and divisions ; and make us all of one heart and of one soul, as the first believers were. Bless all Bishops, Priests, and Deacons. Let more missionaries be sent out to preach the Gospel to the heathen, and may we try to help them with our prayers and alms. Bless our Queen and country. Have mercy upon all sick people, and on all who are in any trouble ; and give them patience under their sufferings and a happy issue out of all their afflictions. And all this I ask for Jesus Christ His sake. Amen.

Praise.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Thou, Lord, hast been very gracious unto me this day. Thou hast kept me in health and safety ; and hast preserved me from many sad accidents and

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sicknesses which others have met with . . . Glory be to Thee, O Lord. Blessed be God that I have the means of grace and a hope of glory. Blessed be God that I have a Saviour to take away my sins ; and the Holy Spirit to speak to me in my heart, and to strengthen me. Glory be to Thee, O Lord. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy Name. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits ; who forgiveth all thy sin and healeth all thine infirmities ; who saveth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness. . . .

ACCCEPT, O God, this my evening sacrifice of prayer and praise, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen.

After this, my Christian brother, you may go to bed thankful and happy ; and after you are in bed, before you go to sleep, you will do well to add,

INTO Thy hands, most gracious Lord, I commend myself this night, as I desire to do when I am dying. In the hour of death and

FOR THOSE WHO WORK HARD.

in the day of judgment, good Lord deliver me. May Thy holy angels watch over me this night. Guard me this night from all evil; guard my soul, O Lord.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son &c.

The following are prayers which may be added to your usual prayers whenever you happen to have more time, as e. g. on Sundays, or when you have not so much work to do, &c.

A Prayer for Sunday Morning.

O LORD God, who hast set apart this good day to Thy service, enable me to keep it holy. May it be indeed to me a day of rest from all worldly cares. May I rise upwards, as my Lord rose towards heaven. When we are gathered together in Thy house of prayer do Thou be with us, according to Thine own promise; and make us joyful there. Make us all reverent and earnest: instruct us by Thy Word: enable us to understand and profit by our Pastor's teaching: comfort and strengthen us by the blessed Communion of Thy dear Son's Body and Blood; accept our prayers and praises: and give us, all through the day, spiritual and happy thoughts, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

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A Prayer for Sunday Evening.

BLESSED be God for this holy day. May I recollect what I have learnt to-day all through the week, and be the wiser and better for it. May the rest and grace which I have had to-day make me stronger both in body and soul. O Lord, grant that when this life is over I may sing Thy praises in the land of everlasting rest, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Acts of Praise and Oblation.

ALL love, all glory be to Thee, O God the Father, who hast made me and all the world.

All love, all glory be to Thee, O God the Son, who hast redeemed me and all mankind.

All love, all glory be to Thee, O God the Holy Ghost, who dost sanctify me and all the elect people of God.

All love, all glory be to Thee, O Father of mercy, who in my baptism didst make me a member of Christ, Thine own child, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

O my God, I do this day dedicate myself to Thy service, and do renew the promise and vow of my Baptism.

FOR THOSE WHO WORK HARD.

I do from my heart renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh ; from all which, good Lord, deliver me. I believe all the Articles of the Christian Faith ; and I will keep Thy holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life.

All this, O Lord, I am bound to believe and do, and by Thy help so I will : and I heartily thank Thee, O heavenly Father, who hast called me to this state of salvation, through Jesus Christ my Saviour : and I pray unto Thee to give me Thy grace that I may continue in the same unto my life's end.

Lord, hear me, help me, pardon my failings, supply all my wants and the wants of all faithful people, which I sum up in the words of Thine own beloved Son.

OUR Father, &c.

From Bp. Ken.

Acts of Shame and Sorrow for Sins.

O LORD God, I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my face unto Thee, for my iniquities are increased over my head, and my trespasses are grown up into the heavens.

O my soul, what fruit did I ever have in those

things of which I am now ashamed ; the end of those things is death.

O Lord, I am ashamed of my own folly and ingratitude ; when I think how often I have indulged my own bad passions, how often I have broken my good resolutions, how often I have turned a deaf ear to Thy call ; how proud I have been, how passionate, how impure, how idle, how deceitful, how selfish (*you must name your own sins here.*)

What a miserable wretch I am ! woe is me that I should ever offend such a merciful Father.

Woe is me that I should ever despise such a gracious Saviour, and all His sufferings for my sake.

Woe is me that I should ever grieve the Holy Spirit, when He condescends to dwell in me.

O my God, have mercy upon me, have mercy upon me. O blessed Spirit, give me true penitent sorrow ; make my head waters and my eyes a fountain of tears ; or else do Thou supply the want of them with groans unutterable.

But alas ! I know all the tears I can possibly shed can never wash away the least of my sins ; it is Thy Blood only, Lord, that can do it. O blessed Saviour, how can I weep enough, for those sins which are so great that nothing but

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Thine own precious Blood can atone for them. O Heavenly Father, look not upon my want of tears, but remember the sacrifice and sufferings of Thy dear Son ; and for His sake be merciful, be merciful to me a sinner. Amen.

A Prayer when you meet with any strong temptation.

O LORD, I beseech Thee grant Thy people grace to withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil : make me strong enough to withstand this temptation : O Lord, help me : O make Thy strength perfect in my weakness : and enable me with a pure heart and mind to follow Thee the only God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A mid-day Prayer.

O SAVIOUR of the world, who by Thy Cross and precious Blood hast redeemed us ; save us, and help us, I humbly beseech Thee, O Lord.

Besides these you will find many of the Collects in the Prayer-book very suitable for private use. On a Saint's day, especially, if you cannot go to Church, say the Collect for the day ; but if you can go to Church, be sure to do so. It is well too, as often as you have time, to say the Creed, not as a prayer, but

standing, as an act of faith, or as a hymn of praise. You will find many of the Psalms, e. g. 100th, 103rd, 136th, 147th, &c.; and the Magnificat, Te Deum, &c., valuable as forms of thanksgiving. Recollect too that the Lord's Prayer is an unfailing treasure; say it again and again. Before coming to the Holy Communion, and after it, you must of course find time for special prayers and praises, and a fuller self-examination; but you will find help for this in your Sacrament book.

Whenever you are ill, send at once for your pastor, who will pray with you and give you special prayers to use then.

"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And [then] the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

The 6th, 32nd, 38th, 51st, 102nd, 130th, and 143rd, are called the Penitential Psalms: and are good to use through Lent, or on Fridays, and in times of trouble. The more Psalms that you could learn by heart, the better it would be for you.

*THE SERVICE FOR THE VISITATION
OF THE SICK EXPLAINED.*

Our Saviour has sent His ministry to keep over His flock that it may be saved. In and out of season, on Sundays and week-days, privately and publicly, it is their office to prepare men for the Judgment of the last day, when the Lord shall come in all His glory with His holy angels. But if at all times it is their duty to guard and to guide Christ's flock, and if people at all times stand in need of their ministrations, surely they are especially bound upon to minister to the sick members of the church, and the sick especially require their special aid and guidance.

And as the clergy cannot always know at once at what house sickness has been sent, so it is the duty of the sick to send for them, to send at once, not to wait till the sickness has got head; they can tell how quickly it may rise, how soon the senses may be gone, how quickly the pain may so increase as to make the sufferer

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unequal to hear the word of exhortation, to join in prayer, to derive any benefit from the pastor's ministrations? The sick often put off sending till there is but faint hope of recovery, as though the clergy were only of use when life was in the greatest peril and hanging upon a thread. But this ought not so to be. Whenever sickness has overtaken a man he should straightway send for the physician of his soul; for God, by taking him from his ordinary toils and shutting him up in his house, has purposely placed him in the state that the work of his soul might be advanced, that he might be moved by the minister to give himself to his soul's concerns, and might have the benefit of their toils and prayers on his behalf.

Hence St. James, speaking by the Spirit of God, gives an express injunction on this point "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church." If then God, speaking in Holy Scripture, is obeyed, every man on falling sick will send at once for his parish priest. If sickness soon passes off he has not lost his time, nor can he tell how far the prayers of his clergyman have helped to make the sickness speedily depart. If it continues to increase, he will have done somewhat for his soul before the

pain has reached its height, and will have made some way in the preparation of himself for the more grievous state of sickness, or for his latter end. Hence too the Church, obeying in this as in other matters God's will, as given in Holy Scripture, has appointed a special Service which the minister is to go through with the sick, and she gives direction at the beginning of it that "when any person is sick, notice shall be given thereof to the minister of the parish."

Now supposing the parish priest has been sent for, see with what solemn words of benediction he enters the sick man's house. "Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it;" the peace of God, that peace of which our blessed Saviour said, "My peace I give unto you." With this benediction He charged those He sent forth to enter the houses where they purposed to preach the truth. "Into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house. And if the son of peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it." How soothing, how full of comfort the sound of such words as these to the sick himself and to his anxious family and friends. If the sick desires to receive his pastor as one sent by Christ for his soul's good, must we not believe that these words go forth out of the

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pastor's mouth with power, and that peace is given?

Having given this godly salutation to all that dwell in the house, when he enters the sick man's presence, he straightway kneels down and begins to pray, as if prayer were the first medicine and the best for the soul and the body of the sick. And you must observe the nature of the prayer. It is first of all a confession of sin accompanied by the desire of mercy. First of all mention is made of sin, as if before we ask for health or any other of God's gifts, we should own our sinfulness, cry for pardon, beseech God to put away our sins; no burden, no weight of affliction being so great as that of sin; all sickness, all sorrows, flowing from that fountain of sin which is in every man's heart, even in the regenerate, and which needs perpetually to be dried up. Whatever the spiritual state of the sick, whether he has been among the servants of Christ, or the servants of the world, still there is need for bewailing transgressions before God and in this act the most holy of the ministers of Christ, the most devout kindred of the sick, have also need to join. All, all must first exclaim "Remember not our old sins," "Lord be merciful." Hence the minister begins by say

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ing the words of the prayer in the Service, "Remember not, Lord, our iniquities, nor the iniquities of our forefathers. Spare us, good Lord, spare Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious Blood, and be not angry with us for ever." And those present carry on the petition and apply it to themselves by adding, "Spare us, good Lord."

Thus, you see, prayer is made to the most blessed Jesus, the Saviour of the world, the Lamb slain for the sins of the world, that He would spare and forgive, that He would blot out transgressions and remember them not. He is pleaded with as One who has suffered for sin, as One who by suffering has power to forgive, as One who has redeemed the world by His most precious Blood; and thus to Christ's Cross the sick and his friends are urged to turn as the great Fountain of all cleansing, all purifying of the soul, all pardon and all hope.

Nor is it enough once to ask for mercy; the minister next exclaims, "Lord, have mercy on us," and the rest follow him and say, "Christ, have mercy on us," and after them he adds, "Lord, have mercy on us." Then follows the Lord's prayer, as if after confession of sin it were meet as children of God, in the spirit of

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adoption, whereby we are able to cry "Abba, Father," to pray to our heavenly Father in those blessed words which our Lord Himself has given us.

And now these general petitions having been made, intercession is made especially for the sick. "O Lord," says the minister, "save Thy servant;" save him now, save him eternally, save him from all evil, save him from death and present trouble, save him, "who," as it is said by his kindred in the house, "putteth his trust in Thee." "Send him help," says the minister, "from Thy holy place;" help for soul, help for body, for vain is the help of man, man cannot of himself succour and save; we desire that help which cometh from above, from Thy holy place, from Thy kingdom, for he needeth help in this time of trouble. "And evermore," do the friends of the sick go on to say, "mightily defend him;" defend him, for he is weak and ill; defend him, for he has ghostly enemies ever trying to slay his soul; defend him now and evermore, defend him mightily with Thy mighty power. "Let the enemy," says the minister, "have no advantage of him;" let not the great deceiver have any success in attacking him, for he is ever on the watch, ever seeks to get advan-

tage, to obtain rule and mastery, to assault and kill. "Nor the wicked," add the friends, "approach to hurt him;" ward off, O God, those wicked spirits, those evil angels who tremble at Thy presence, and whom Thou only by Thy presence canst keep at a distance from the sick. "Be unto him a strong tower," continues the minister, and the friends add, "From the face of his enemy;" this same enemy who is so greatly to be feared. "O Lord, hear our prayer;" "And let our cry come unto Thee."

The clergyman and the friends having thus prayed for the sick, the one, as it were, catching up the strain from the other, and the sick man inwardly saying "Amen," as these his friends thus strive in prayer on his behalf, the clergyman still continuing to rely on the power of prayer, offers the following supplication for the sick. "O Lord, look down from heaven, behold, visit, and relieve this Thy servant. Look upon him with the eyes of Thy mercy, give him comfort and sure confidence in Thee, defend him from the danger of the enemy, and keep him in perpetual peace and safety, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Still, you observe, mercy is the thing desired; when God is besought to look down *from heaven* upon the sick, it is that

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He may "look upon him with the eyes of His mercy," that He may in His mercy relieve him; for he wants relief; that He may give him comfort, for men in sickness need heavenly consolations; that He may defend him from the danger of the enemy, for the enemy presses his way into sick rooms and tries to make victories on sick beds; that He may keep him in perpetual peace and safety, for even were this trouble to be removed others may soon rise, and the disciple of Christ seeks peace from Him who alone has true peace to give.

This prayer is succeeded by another. "Hear us, Almighty and most merciful God and Saviour; extend Thy accustomed goodness to this Thy servant who is grieved with sickness. Sanctify, we beseech Thee, this Thy fatherly correction to him; that the sense of his weakness may add strength to his faith, and seriousness to his repentance: that if it be Thy good pleasure to restore him to his former health, he may lead the residue of his life in Thy fear and to Thy glory; or else, give him grace so to take Thy visitation, that after this painful life ended, he may dwell with Thee in life everlasting, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

In this prayer we are taught to think of the

spiritual end for which sickness is sent by God, and of the spiritual profit which may be derived therefrom. We know that all sickness is given out of God's love, that the soul may be saved in the day of the Lord. A sick room is a solemn place marked with the Cross of Christ; the sick man has tokens of his Saviour's love; he is called to suffer; and all suffering, while it is the fruit of sin, is to the members of Christ through their Master's suffering, a sign that God wishes the sanctification of the sufferer. Hence we pray Him to "sanctify this fatherly correction," i. e. to make it through the power of the Spirit produce "the peaceable fruit of righteousness," and perform a spiritual work in the soul whereby the sick may become more holy, more pure, more devout; whereby his repentance may be deepened and his faith increased. For while the chastisement of sickness is designed by God to draw the soul nearer to Himself, yet the correction may be wrongly taken; the spirit may become soured, irritable, impatient; it may "kick against the pricks," it may fret under the yoke; it may refuse to be softened and subdued; the chastisement may be borne so ill, as to work not good but harm to the sick man's soul. It is then of no slight

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the wrong way to the right, yet both need repentance; the most holy have their sins to confess. And so if the sick, whether he be a follower of God or of the world, truly repents of all his sins, patiently takes his sickness, puts his whole trust in God, and gives himself up into God's hands, the sickness will turn to his profit and lead him on towards the glorious kingdom of our Lord.

Should the sick be very weak and ill, this would be as much exhortation as he would be able to bear; otherwise the clergyman goes on to say, "Take therefore in good part the chastisement of the Lord: for, as St. Paul saith in the twelfth chapter to the Hebrews, whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons. Furthermore, we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but He for our profit, that we might be par-

takers of His holiness. These words, good brother, are written in Holy Scripture for our comfort and instruction, that we should patiently and with thanksgiving bear our heavenly Father's correction, whensoever by any manner of adversity it shall please His gracious goodness to visit us. And there should be no greater comfort to Christian persons than to be made like unto Christ, by patiently suffering adversities, troubles, and sicknesses. For He Himself went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain; He entered not into His glory before He was crucified. So truly our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ; and our door to enter into eternal life is gladly to die with Christ, that we may rise again from death and dwell with Him in everlasting life. Now therefore taking your sickness which is thus profitable for you, patiently, I exhort you in the Name of God to remember the profession which you made unto God in your Baptism. And forasmuch as after this life there is an account to be given unto the righteous Judge, by whom all must be judged, without respect of persons, I require you to examine yourself and your estate both toward God and man; so that accusing and condemning yourself for your own faults, you may find mercy at our heavenly

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Father's hand for Christ's sake, and not be accused and condemned in that fearful judgment. Therefore I shall rehearse to you the Articles of our Faith, that you may know whether you believe as a Christian man should, or no."

Observe, how earnestly the minister dwells on the truth that all sickness, all sorrow, all trouble sent us here in earth, however heavy the scourge may be, is sent us out of love; it is the hand of love which wields the rod and lays the scourge upon the back. Observe also in how solemn, how affecting a light he puts all adversity and distress, when he connects them with the Cross of Christ. "There should be no greater comfort," he says, "to Christian persons than to be made like unto Christ;" this passage opens a most solemn view of suffering; the patient endurance of suffering brings you, you see, nearer and nearer to Him the great Sufferer, the Man of sorrows, who was acquainted with grief; we become, as the Apostle bears witness, partakers of the sufferings of Christ, when with a true Christian spirit we go through any form of trial; and this view of suffering may well serve to lighten the burden of the sick, to make him even thankfully bear his lot, and to lift up *his soul in the long hours of pain as he thinks of*

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his crucified Lord, and feels himself bound, as it were, with Him to His Cross.

Having thus spoken of tribulation as a mark of divine love, as a means of improvement in the things of God, and of closer union with Christ, who is the new and living way into everlasting joy, he urges the sick carefully to look into his state, to examine his past life, to see what sins lie upon his conscience which in any way separate him from Christ; and then knowing how it is needful for his salvation that he should profess the true Christian faith, and have no doubts or errors concerning the doctrine of Christ, he repeats the Apostles' Creed, and asks him whether he assents to all those most holy truths of Christ's Gospel which it contains; if the sick man says at once, "All this I steadfastly believe," and has no doubts or errors of doctrine to confess, he then proceeds to enquire more closely into his spiritual state, a matter which the sick should be ready to endure; for what man does not wish to have searching questions put to him by the physician of his body, that all may come out, whether the symptoms be bad or good; or that by accurate knowledge of the case, the doctor may the better administer *medicines* for the recovery of the

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sickly frame? So also what Christian man should not be willing to acquaint the physician of his soul with all his spiritual ailments and complaints, that he may better apply the doctrine of Christ to the healing of his soul? It is with this object in view, that the minister is directed to "examine whether he repent him truly of his sins, and be in charity with all the world; exhorting him to forgive from the bottom of his heart all persons that have offended him; and if he hath offended any other, to ask them forgiveness; and where he hath done injury or wrong to any man, that he make amends to the uttermost of his power." Wise is it of the sick who may so soon be standing before God, strictly to search himself after these directions, and to bear the questions which his minister may put in order to ascertain his spiritual state.

The minister next bids him to make disposal of his goods and property, that all worldly cares may be instantly taken from his mind; and in the passage which bids him to give such consent, it is also said, "But men should often be put in remembrance to take order for the settling of their temporal estates, whilst they are in health;" a most wholesome advice which it would be *wise in all men* to follow, that our souls may not

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be interrupted in time of sickness by the settlement of worldly affairs or by any thought concerning them.

The sick man is also urged to be liberal to the poor, as if in his own time of distress it were a fitting season for remembering the wants and necessities of other members of Christ's body.

We next come to an important portion of the Service which needs especial explanation, as it is often misunderstood. "Here," it is said, "shall the sick person be moved to make a special confession of his sins, if he feel his conscience troubled by any weighty matter." Observe, I pray you, first of all, that if the conscience is not greatly troubled, the sick man is not pressed to make special confession of his sins to his parish priest; but if any weighty matters harass and torment his conscience, then for the ease and peace of his soul he is pressed to open out his sins before his minister. We know that there will be cases in which, whether from great tenderness of conscience or from the very heavy burden of a very evil life, the sick man will be unable to find peace of mind or to apply to himself the promises of forgiveness *through* Christ, without telling his

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minister all these things wherein he has offended God. Now supposing a sick man to be in such a state of mind, there are other great benefits besides that of relieving the mind and owning to man as well as to God the sins that weigh it down. For after such confession it is said "the priest shall absolve him (if he humbly and devoutly desire it) after this sort. Our Lord Jesus Christ who hath left power to His Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in Him of His great mercy forgive thee thine offences: and by His authority committed unto me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, In the Name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." This is the comfort which is afforded to the conscience that is troubled and unable to apply to itself any general promise of forgiveness or any general absolution.

To explain what actually takes place; the sick man after the confession of his sins to the parish priest should humbly and devoutly desire absolution. And first of all, what is absolution? It is no less a thing than the remitting, the forgiving of sins committed, if there be in the sick true and unfeigned faith. Other sins may

be afterwards committed, and the person thus absolved may not have the final forgiveness pronounced by our Lord Himself on the last day, as he may fall away and turn back to sinful ways; but still so far, up to this point of time, his sins are forgiven if he truly repents and truly believes. We see then to a timid, overburdened conscience, what great comfort such an act must convey. But the next question is, who is it that forgives, who absolves, whence does the absolution come? It is said none can forgive sins but God only, and this is most strictly true. We know that our Lord alone could say, as from Himself, "thy sins be forgiven thee." The fountain of forgiveness was opened in our Lord's side, and came from the Cross. In Christ Jesus, in Him crucified, is remission of sins to be found. It is then God who absolves, who forgives for His Son's sake. But God "hath given power to His Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in Him." The power comes from God; He exercises it through men, through His appointed servants, through His ministry. They do not act of themselves, nor forgive of themselves; they are simply instruments of His, through whom He transmits His power, channels through which He conveys forgiveness to the

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penitent. What they do, they do not in their own name, but in His. And what they do in His Name, by the exercise of power given them by Him, takes effect, and is the same as if He did it. He makes them act for Him, and He acts through them; they are "in Christ's stead." Call to mind that wonderful text, "Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained." In these words God gave authority to His ministry; He empowered them to pronounce with authority that those who repent and believe are forgiven, and that those who do not repent and believe are not forgiven. He confirms their act and deed, and abides by it Himself. They have no power of forgiving in themselves. They are but deputies, ambassadors of Christ. And hence the priest says, "By His authority committed to me, I absolve thee;" he says plainly he acts for another, that is, for God, and that by God he has been sent to act. And though he says, "I absolve thee," yet the words mean as in the case of St. Peter, "In the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk," i. e. "I, Peter, bid thee rise, and at my bidding you will arise; but I have this power from Christ, and by the *power of His Name* my words have power;" "It

is not by our own power or holiness we have made this man to walk." And so the words do not stop with, "I absolve thee," but it is expressly added, I do it "in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Let me explain the point by a familiar illustration. Suppose some colony of the queen had rebelled against her. Suppose they are most truly sorry for their rebellion, and are in fear lest she should send her armies and destroy them. The queen, being merciful, and seeing their sorrow for their rebellion, does not herself leave her own land, but sends an ambassador to proclaim her pardon. The ambassador says, "By the authority committed to me, I bring pardon in the name of the queen, and free you from the penalties due to your rebellion." It is not, you observe, the ambassador who is the author of the pardon; though he says "I pardon," yet he adds, "in the queen's name." But what he thus does takes effect, nay, takes as much effect as if the queen herself had been there; his act was authorized by her; he derived power from her so to act; he was in the queen's stead, and that people actually receives pardon the moment he solemnly proclaims it. So also the priest absolves not in his own name, but in the Name of God; and

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when he so pronounces absolution it is a true, real, actual absolving of sins if the sick man truly repents and truly believes. Now while he will thus seek this absolution privately, others will be able to feel that the same gift is bestowed on them, when in the sick room they receive the Holy Communion, of which service the absolution, as you will see by turning to it, forms an important part.

After this the priest shall say the collect following. “ O most merciful God, who according to the multitude of Thy mercies, dost so put away the sins of those who truly repent, that Thou rememberest them no more ; open Thine eye of mercy upon this Thy servant, who most earnestly desireth pardon and forgiveness. Renew in him, most loving Father, whatsoever hath been decayed by the fraud and malice of the devil, or by his own carnal will and frailness ; preserve and continue this sick member in the unity of the Church ; consider his contrition, accept his tears, assuage his pain, as shall seem to Thee most expedient for him. And forasmuch as he putteth his full trust only in Thy mercy, impute not unto him his former sins, but strengthen him with Thy blessed Spirit ; and *when* Thou art pleased to take him hence, take

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him unto Thy favour, through the merits of Thy most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ our Lord."

Very earnestly is the soul of the sick pleaded for in this most beautiful prayer. God is addressed as a most merciful God, as in the multitude of His mercies desiring to put away the sins of the penitent; the sick man is represented as earnestly desiring His pardon and forgiveness; remembrance is made of those gifts of the Spirit, which as a member of Christ's Church, as one baptized into the body of Christ, he has already received. God is besought to renew, to repair the spiritual life which either has been weakened through the wiles of the devil or through the power of his own evil will; to grant that he may abide in Christ, and in that mystical body of Christ which is the company of all faithful men, to accept his repentance, to ease his bodily pain. In the latter part of it God is again besought to put away his sins, not to charge him with them at the last day, to strengthen him with His blessed Spirit, and whenever the time of his departure has fully come, to take him unto Himself for Christ's sake.

Then the minister repeats the seventy-first Psalm, adding a most earnest prayer to the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour, making mention of His

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Cross and Passion, praying Him by His sufferings to save and help; "O Saviour of the world, who by Thy Cross and precious Blood hast redeemed us, save us and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord." Having pleaded with the Saviour, he then gives utterance to a solemn expression of holy hope and trust, that his Saviour, the one sufficient sacrifice for sin, the only Saviour, may evermore defend him and enable him to feel that from Him alone health and salvation are to be obtained. "The Almighty Lord, who is a most strong tower to all them that put their trust in Him, to whom all things in heaven, and earth, and under the earth, do bow and obey, be now and evermore thy defence; and make thee know and feel, that there is none other Name under heaven given to man, in whom and through whom thou mayest receive health and salvation, but only the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ." He then solemnly commits the sick into the hands of God after this manner "Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee. The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace both now and evermore."

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With these words the Service ends. There are, however, certain prayers for special occasions which are to be used according to the state of the sick. Thus there is one for a sick child ; another for a person "when there appeareth small hope of recovery ;" another called a "Commendatory prayer for a sick person at the point of departure ;" a prayer greatly to be esteemed and used ; for oftentimes the friends of the sick seem to think the visit of the minister is useless, and that they themselves may cease from praying when the sick himself is past praying for himself, when his mind is wandering, his senses gone, and the last struggle actually commenced. That, my friend, is the very time to redouble our efforts for the sick man's soul ; that is the very time, not for ceasing to pray, but for praying more earnestly. If you read the prayer provided by the Church, you will, I think, at once confess the need and value of offering up some such petition for the dying at this awful hour, when the soul is about to be loosed from its earthly house. "O Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons ; we humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant, our dear brother, into Thy hands, as into the

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hands of a faithful Creator, and most merciful Saviour; most humbly beseeching Thee that may be precious in Thy sight. Wash it, I pray Thee, in the Blood of that immaculate Lamb that was slain to take away the sins of the world; that whatsoever defilements it may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and naughty world, through the lusts of the flesh and the wiles of Satan, being purged and done away, it may be presented pure and without spot before Thee. And teach us who survive, this and all other like daily spectacles of mortality, to see how frail and uncertain our own condition is, and so to number our days, that we may seriously apply our hearts to that heavenly wisdom while we live here, which may in the end bring us to life everlasting through the merits of Jesus Christ Thine only Son our Lord."

I think you will see at once how loving a thing it were to continue on our knees praying for the departing soul, beseeching God at the most solemn time to pardon the sins of our dying friend, and commending his spirit in the hands of our most merciful God. We should not leave our kindred or friends bereft of prayer when they are in the very agonies

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death, when the death struggle is taking place, when the awful change from life to death, from this world to the next, is just at the point of being undergone. How often at such a time the pains and weakness of the body prevent the sick from praying for themselves! how often are men at the last hour insensible! If praying for others is ever needful, surely it is so at such a time.

There is another prayer in the Service designed for occasional use, one adapted to "Persons troubled in mind or conscience," a prayer sometimes needed when God seems to withhold comfort and hope, when the soul seems to be over-burdened and sunk too low, a state of depression sometimes heightened by the effect of bodily sickness, which acts upon the soul, and drags it down into a desponding mood. The prayer is as follows.

O BLESSED Lord, the Father of mercies and God of all comforts, we beseech Thee look down in pity and compassion upon this afflicted servant. Thou writest bitter things against him, and makest him to possess his former iniquities; Thy wrath lieth hard upon him, and his soul is full of trouble; but, O merciful God, who hast

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written Thy Holy Word for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of Thy Holy Scriptures might have hope, give him a right understanding of himself, and of Thy threats and promises; that he may neither cast away his confidence in Thee, nor place it any where but in Thee. Give him strength against all temptations, and heal all his distempers. Break not the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. Shut not up Thy tender mercies in displeasure; but make him to hear of joy and gladness, that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice. Deliver him from fear of his enemy, and lift up the light of Thy countenance upon him, and give him peace, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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SUPPER.*

“ I WILL arise, and go to my Father, and say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son.”

“ I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me.”

“ I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord, and Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.”

“ Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.”

“ Examine me, O Lord, and prove me, try my reins and my heart.”

O MY God ! how shall Thy servant be disposed to receive such a favour, which is so great that the ever-blessed Jesus did die to purchase it for us ; so great that the fallen angels never could

hope, and never shall obtain it? Lord, I do from my soul forgive all that have sinned against me: O forgive me my sins, as I forgive them that have sinned against me. Lord, I confess my sins unto Thee daily, by the accusations and secret acts of conscience: and if we confess our sins, Thou hast called it a part of justice to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Lord, I put my trust in Thee, and Thou art ever gracious to them that put their trust in Thee. I call upon my God for mercy, and Thou art always more ready to hear than we to pray. But all that I can do, and all that I am, and all that I know of myself, is nothing but sin, and infirmity, and misery: therefore I go forth of myself, and throw myself wholly into the arms of Thy mercy through Jesus Christ, and beg of Thee, for His death and passion's sake, by His resurrection and ascension, by all the parts of our redemption and Thy infinite mercy, in which Thou pleasest Thyself, above all the works of Thy creation, to be pitiful and compassionate to Thy servant in the blotting out of all my sins. O grant me sorrow here and joy hereafter, through Jesus Christ, who is our hope, the resurrection of the dead, the justifier of a sinner, and the glory of all faithful souls. Amen.

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An Act of Contrition.

LORD, Thou shalt find my heart full of cares and worldly desires, cheated with love of riches and neglect of holy things, proud and unmortified, false, and crafty to deceive itself, entangled with difficult cases of conscience which have arisen through my own sinfulness. O my dearest Lord, if Thou canst behold such an impure seat, behold the place to which Thou art invited is full of passion and prejudice, evil principles and evil habits, peevish and disobedient, lustful and intemperate, (*here name particular sins and omit those to which by God's grace you are not tempted,*) and full of sad remembrances that I have often provoked to jealousy and to anger Thee my God, my dearest Saviour, Him that died for me, Him that suffered torments for me, that is infinitely good to me, and infinitely good and perfect in Himself. This, O dear Saviour, is a sad truth, and I am heartily ashamed and truly sorrowful for it, and do deeply hate all my sins, and am full of indignation against myself for so unworthy, so careless, so continued, so great a folly : I humbly beg of Thee to increase my sorrow, and my care, and my hatred against

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sin, and to teach me to love Thee as Thou wouldest be loved. Amen.

A Prayer for Repentance.

O LORD my God, deny not Thy servant when he begs sorrow of Thee. Give me a deep contrition for my sins, a hearty loathing of them. Give me grace entirely, at once and for ever to forsake them ; to walk with care and prudence, with fear and watchfulness all my days ; to do all my duty with diligence and charity, with zeal and a never-fainting spirit ; to redeem the time, to trust upon Thy mercies, to make use of all the instruments of grace, to work out my salvation with fear and trembling : that Thou mayest have the glory of pardoning all my sins, and I may reap the fruit of all Thy mercies and all Thy graces, of Thy patience and long-suffering, even to live a holy life here, and to reign with Thee for ever, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

An Act of Faith.

I KNOW, O blessed Jesus, that Thou didst take upon Thee my nature that Thou mightest suffer for my sins, and Thou didst suffer

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to deliver me from them and from Thy Father's wrath ; and I was delivered from this wrath that I might serve Thee in holiness and righteousness all my days. Lord, I am as sure Thou didst the great work of redemption for me and all mankind as that I am alive. This is my hope, the strength of my spirit, my joy and my confidence : and do Thou never let the spirit of unbelief enter into me, and take me from this rock. Here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein : here will I live, and here I desire to die.

An Act of Love.

O MOST gracious and eternal God, the helper of the helpless, the comforter of the comfortless, the hope of the afflicted, the bread of the hungry, the drink of the thirsty, and the Saviour of all them that wait upon Thee ; I bless and glorify Thy name, and adore Thy goodness, and delight in Thy love, that Thou hast once more given me the opportunity of receiving the greatest favour which I can receive in this world, even the Body and Blood of my dearest Saviour. O take from me all affection to sin or vanity : let not my affections dwell below, but so purwards to the seat of God, to the regions of glory, and the inheritance of Jesus ; that I may hunger

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and thirst for the bread of life, and the wine of elect souls, and may be filled with the love of God and the most merciful Jesus. Amen.

An Act of Desire.

O BLESSED Jesus, Thou hast used many art to save me, Thou hast given Thy life to redeem me, Thy holy Spirit to sanctify me, Thyself for my example, Thy word for my rule, Thy grace for my guide, the fruit of Thy Body hanging on the tree of the cross for the sin of my soul, and after all this Thou hast sent Thy Apostles and Ministers of salvation to importune me, to constrain me to holiness and peace and felicity. O now come, Lord Jesus, come quickly my heart is desirous of Thy presence, and thirsty of Thy grace. Enter in and take possession, and dwell with me for ever, that I also may dwell in the heart of my dearest Lord, which was opened for me with a spear and love.

OUR Father, &c.

The following passages of Holy Scripture should be carefully read and meditated upon before going to Church on Sunday morning, when you are about to receive the Holy Communion.

"This is the bread which cometh down from

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Heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die.”
—John vi. 50.

“ Whoso eateth My Flesh, and drinketh My Blood, hath eternal life ; and I will raise him up at the last day.”—John vi. 54.

“ He that eateth My Flesh, and drinketh My Blood, dwelleth in Me and I in him.”—John vi. 56.

“ If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.”—John vii. 37.

“ The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the Communion of the Blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the Communion of the Body of Christ?”—1 Cor. x. 17.

O taste and see how gracious the Lord is : blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.

The beasts do lack and suffer hunger : but they which seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good. Lord, what am I that my Saviour should become my food, that the Son of God should be the meat of worms, of dust and ashes, of a sinner, of him that was his enemy? But this Thou wilt do to me, because Thou art infinitely good and gracious, and lovest to bless every one of us. Enter into me, blessed Jesus : let no root of bitterness spring up in my heart : but be Thou Lord of all my faculties. O let me

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feed on Thee by faith, and grow up by the increase of God to a perfect man in Christ Jesus. Amen.

O BLESSED Jesu, who art my Saviour and my God, whose Body is my food, and Thy righteousness is my robe, Thou art the priest and the sacrifice, the master of the feast and the feast itself, the physician of my soul, the light of mine eyes, the purifier of my stains: enter into my heart and cast out from thence all impurities, all the remains of the old man; and grant that I may partake of this holy Sacrament with much reverence, and holy relish, and great effect, receiving hence the communication of Thy holy Body and Blood for the strengthening of my faith, of an unfeigned love, for the fulness of wisdom, for the healing of my soul, for the blessing and preservation of my body, for the taking out the sting of temporal death, and for the assurance of a holy resurrection, for the ejection of all evil from within me, and the fulfilling all Thy righteous commandments, and to procure for me mercy and a fair reception at the day of judgment, through Thy mercies, O holy and ever-blessed Saviour Jesus. Amen.

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

THE GATE OF THE LORD'S HOUSE, OR COUNSELS FOR CHRISTIAN WORSHIPPERS, AND DEVOTIONS TO BE USED IN CHURCH.

COME, O my soul, we will now go into the House of the Lord. He has said "Seek ye My face;" He has told thee what to answer, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

O my soul, let us be very careful that we do not waste, in idle or worldly thoughts, any of the little time that we can spend in God's House. Remember how large a part of the life of man is taken up with earthly matters, and how small a portion of it can be given to heavenly things.

Be sure then that the world does not intrude within the holy gates of the Church, and be very jealous and careful that you waste none of the precious minutes that you can spend in God's presence.

It is well to carry holy thoughts with us when we go into the world, but it is well to leave

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worldly thoughts behind when we go into the holy Temple of the Most High. We should think of Him, and have His fear before us even when we are taken up with our lawful business. But we should drive out all thoughts and cares about our worldly business, when we come to kneel before Him.

O my soul, of what use will it be for me to have entered into this holy place, if thou allowest thy thoughts to wander forth out of it? When the knee is bent in prayer thou must pour out thyself in earnest desire, and inwardly bow down before thy God.

When the voice is raised in praise, thou must lift up thy heart with the gladness of thanksgiving towards heaven.

Is the company of Christ's people about the offering up the united prayers of a Christian congregation? then join in the sacred service with all thy might, remembering the promise "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them," and again, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in Heaven."

If the public service of God be not yet begun, do not be thinking and observing who is coming

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to join in it, and who has stayed away, but make use of the time by holy thoughts and secret prayers; for so, like a well-tuned instrument, thou mayst be ready to join in the solemn offices of the Church, with devoutness and an earnest spirit.

O my soul, come and meditate while thou canst, while thou art yet within these sacred walls, on some of these words of Holy Scripture, or pour out thy thoughts and make known thy wants in some of these prayers which are offered for thy use.

“ Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the House of God, and this is the gate of Heaven.”

May the God who shewed Himself to Jacob make Himself known to me, even to me also; may He open my eyes to see Heavenly things, and shew me also in this holy House the ladder set upon the earth, with the top of it reaching into Heaven, even the Son of man who is also the Son of God, by whom the Angels of God ascend and descend on messages of love and mercy. (See Gen. xxviii. 10—22, and St. John i. 51.)

“So Hannah rose up after they had eaten in Shiloh, and after they had drunk. Now Eli the Priest sat upon a seat by a post of *the temple of the Lord*. And she was in bitterness of soul and prayed unto the Lord, and wept sore, and she vowed a vow. . . .

Then Eli answered and said, Go in peace, and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition that thou hast asked of Him.”

Thus did Hannah make known her wants before the mercy-seat of God; and very soon we find her returning to the same holy place where she had offered up her prayers of faith, and saying with a thankful heart;

“For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him.”

Why should not Christian hearts pour out their petitions in God's House after her example? Here let them make known their wants; Here let them set forth their troubles and perplexities; here let them seek comfort under all their fears and distress of mind. Does the tongue of some enemy vex thee, as Hannah was made to fret by her adversary? then return not railing for railing, but turn to God as thy friend, and ask of Him to undertake for thee.

Are there any dear to thee, for whom thou

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art sore troubled ; any who are far from thee, and whom therefore thou canst not help ; any who turn from thee, and will not follow thy teaching, nor listen to thy advice ; any for whom thou fearest lest they should fall into sin and into the power of the evil one, then make here, in God's House, "effectual, fervent" prayers in their behalf. God can help and protect them from evil, though thou canst not ; He can turn their hearts, though they may turn away from thy love and thy entreaties. Remember what David says, that sweet singer of Israel, that man after God's own heart, of the House of God.

"As for me, I will come into Thine House, even upon the multitude of Thy mercy : and in Thy fear will I worship toward Thy holy temple."

"The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble ; the Name of the God of Jacob defend thee. Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Sion. Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt sacrifice. Grant thee thy heart's desire, and fulfil all thy mind."

"Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth. O shut not up my soul with the sinner, nor my life with the blood-thirsty."

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“One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will require: even that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life; to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit His temple.”

“Then thought I to understand this; but it was too hard for me; until I went into the sanctuary of God.”

“One day in Thy courts, is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness.”

“Such as are planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of the house of our God.”

“O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise; be thankful unto Him, and speak good of His Name.”

“I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem.”

“O praise the Lord, laud ye the Name of the Lord; praise it, O ye servants of the Lord, ye that stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the house of our God.”

Shall we find less joy, less consolation, in a Christian Church, than David found before the

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Jewish tabernacle? Is not God more near to us than He was to the Jews? Surely if we have but faith in the gracious promises of God, we may find Him very near to us in His holy House; He will come near to us to bless us, and we may draw near to Him, and make known our wants to Him.

“I will wait for Thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of Thy temple.”

If this faith were more common among us, more vigorous and more earnest, then the Houses of God which stand in every village, in the midst of our houses, would be holy houses for all Christian people. To their own Church would the afflicted go, to find comfort in the presence of God; to the Church would those go who had any great request to make of God; they would go up to the House of the Lord, and make known their wants, and say after their prayer, “Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done;” and then they would come away with a calm and resigned heart. To the same holy place also would the joyful and prosperous eagerly hasten to thank God for His goodness, and offer the sacrifice of praise; and then the prayer which Solomon offered up in behalf of the temple which he had built, would be abun-

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dantly fulfilled in every Christian Church in this Christian country. "What prayer," he says, "and supplication soever be made by any man, or by all Thy people Israel, which shall know every man the plague of his own heart, and spread forth his hands toward this house; then hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place, and forgive, and do, and give to every man according to his ways, whose heart Thou knowest; for Thou, even Thou only, knowest the hearts of all the children of men."

"Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together," says an Apostle of Christ. He remembered no doubt what he had heard, that after Christ, our most blessed Lord and Saviour, rose again from the dead, He shewed Himself once and again to His disciples, when they were assembled together in His name in their appointed place of worship.

"The same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut, where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you."

"And after eight days again His disciples were within and Thomas with them; then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the

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midst, and said, Peace be unto you." And where then shall a believing soul go to seek for peace but in the holy House of prayer, where we trust, according to the promise, that our Prince and glorified Saviour will be in the midst of us?

DIFFERENT PRAYERS AND DEVOTIONS, WHICH MAY BE USED
IN CHURCH ACCORDING AS WE MAY HAVE TIME.

Lord have mercy upon me,
Christ have mercy upon me,
Lord have mercy upon me.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for my soul trusteth in Thee.

Under the shadow of Thy wings shall be my refuge.

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Into Thy hands I commend my spirit; for
Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, Thou God
of truth.

Heal me, O Lord, for I have sinned against
Thee.

Have mercy upon me, for I am poor and
needy.

My iniquities have gone over my head;
And are a sore burden, too heavy for me to
bear.

O Lord, save Thy servants;
That put their trust in Thee.

O God, save Thy people;
And make joyful Thine inheritance.

Deliver us from all our iniquities;
And help us for the glory of Thy Name.

Let the sighing of the sick and of the sorrow-
ful ascend before Thee;

And hear Thou the crying of the poor.

Let Satan have no advantage over us,
Nor wicked spirits draw near to hurt us.

O let Thine ears consider well
The voice of our complaint.

For out of the deep do we call unto Thee; and
to Thee alone, O mighty and merciful Saviour, do
we look for help.

O shew us the light of Thy countenance;

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And let Thy peace come down into our hearts.

Unto Thee, O Lord, do we lift up our souls ;

Let us not be put to shame, for in Thee alone do we put our trust.

O Lord, hear our prayer ;

And let our cry come unto Thee.

Let us pray.

GRANT, O Blessed Lord, the Father of mercies, that whether we live, we may live unto Thee, or whether we die, we may die unto Thee ; that Christ Thy Son may be glorified in our bodies, and in our souls, whether we live or die ; that neither life, nor death, nor any other creature, may be able to separate us from the love of Thee, in Christ Jesus our Lord : that so when the earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved, we may possess an eternal habitation, not made with hands, in the heavens ; through the same Thy Son, our only Redeemer and Mediator, Jesus Christ. Amen.

O GOD, Who hast willed that we, who are appointed unto death, shall yet know neither the day nor the hour thereof ; grant to us Thy servants grace that we may walk before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days, and

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finally depart in peace, and die in the Lord, through the same our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

O LORD Jesu Christ, the blessed Son of God, Who hast suffered death upon the Cross for us, that we might thereby be brought to eternal life; have mercy upon us we beseech Thee, both now and at the hour of death; grant unto us, and to all Thy faithful people, that we may ever have Thy blessed Passion in devout remembrance; vouchsafe to us a prosperous and godly life in this present world; and through Thy mercy eternal glory in the life to come, where, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, Thou livest and reignest, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

O SAVIOUR of the world, who by Thy Cross and precious Blood hast redeemed us, save us and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord.

MEDITATION ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, which art in Heaven.

O MY soul, lift up thine eyes to God thy Father. He is thy Father, for He made thee; He is thy Father, because He has called thee to be made a member of His only-begotten Son;

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He has adopted thee, in Christ Jesus, into His spiritual family. This thy Father is in heaven, but He is near to all who call upon Him. Put thy trust in Him, and set thy love upon Him. Love Him, because He is thy Father, and cares for thee with a Father's love; trust Him, because He is thy God, almighty, unchanging, faithful, and true.

Hallowed be Thy Name.

SEEK not thine own glory, but the glory of God. Be anxious above all things not to dishonour that holy name by which thou art called. As thou art a believer in God and in Christ, so seek to lead a godly and a Christian life. Say unto God, O most loving Father, forgive me, Thine ungrateful child, for that I have not honoured Thy great and glorious Name as I was bound. I have not sanctified and hallowed it with such devout reverence and worship as was due from me. Accept, O heavenly Father, in expiation of this my guilt, all that Thy ever-blessed Son did on earth, when by perfect holiness and entire obedience, He "glorified Thy Name;" for His sake, O God, and by His grace, help me to honour Thee more truly for the future.

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Thy kingdom come.

MAY that eternal kingdom come, where Thy people shall be filled with the plenteousness of Thy House. Fulfil the number of Thine elect, and hasten Thy kingdom. I believe verily to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living, in the kingdom of the redeemed. O what great goodness shall they see, even what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, shall they who love God find stored up for them in that kingdom! and to prepare me for that kingdom, let the kingdom of Thy grace and righteousness come now into my heart. Be Thou my King as well as my Father, and subdue all that is in me to the obedience of Thy laws. Even so, O Father, "Thy kingdom come," now and hereafter, partly on earth, and perfectly in heaven.

Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

THAT is, O may we who live on earth do Thy will as they do it who live in heaven. In heaven God is praised with joyous exultation. In heaven the angels do His will with glad alacrity. O that we could serve Him here on earth with the like zeal and eagerness! How often have I chosen to follow my own will rather than to obey the will of God! How

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ten have I murmured and complained when
od has been pleased to do what has crossed
y will! Where shall I turn for pardon for
y disobedience, but to the perfect obedience

Christ? Forgive me, O Father, my past dis-
obedience, my present most imperfect obedience,
r His sake. He came not to do His own
ill, but the will of Him that sent Him; He was
obedient, even unto death. O perfect pattern,
ould that I could better follow this example!

Give us this day our daily bread.

THOU, O bounteous Father, openest Thy hand,
and fillest all things living with plenteousness!
Feed us with food convenient for us.

Thou feedest the young ravens that call upon
Thee. Thou hast said all these things shall
be added unto them that seek first the kingdom
of God. Thou hast said, "bread shall be given
me; his waters shall be sure." Thou, O God,
hast fed me from my youth up. Let me thank
Thee for the past, and trust Thee for the future.
Let me not offend Thee by any excess of meat or
drink, but whether I eat or drink, or whatever
I do, let me do all to the glory of Thee, my God.

Thou, O God, knowest that the soul needs
God as well as the body. It needs to be often
renewed and replenished, by continual gifts of

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grace. Feed my perishing soul with the bread of life; give me to drink of that living water which it is said, "whoso drinketh of this water shall never thirst." Strengthen me with that bread which is "the communion of the Body of Christ;" refresh my soul with that cup which is "the communion of the Blood of Christ."

O Blessed Jesus, Who didst feed the famished multitudes in the wilderness, behold a soul ready to perish from spiritual hunger in the wilderness of the world. Without the nourishment of Thy grace its strength must fail and utterly vanish away. It can have no strength to believe in Thee, nor to love Thee, nor to obey Thee, unless Thou feed it with the grace of Thy Spirit. Let me feed on Thee by faith; let me feed on Thee in the blessed Sacrament of Thy last Supper, Thou art "the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die." Thou hast said, "My Flesh is meat indeed and My Blood is drink indeed." "This is the bread which came down from heaven; . . . that eateth of this bread shall live for ever."

*And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them
that trespass against us.*

ALAS! how many and great are my trespasses!
In many things we offend all, and I, an exceedingly

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nner, have offended very exceedingly. "If Thou couldst be extreme to mark what is done in us, O Lord, who may abide it." Yet behold, O Lord, with Thee there is mercy, and in Thy Son, whom Thou hast given for us, there is plenteous redemption. Behold, O Lord, here in Thy holy house I implore Thy merciful pardon for His sake. Forgive me my debts, for He hath paid the price. Forgive me my trespasses, for He hath atoned for my transgressions; "blot out as with a thick cloud my transgressions, and as a cloud Thy sins." Accept as a satisfaction for my sins, the infinite price of the Blood of Thy most precious and all-beloved Son. While He was hanging on the Cross He prayed Thee to forgive His enemies and murderers, and after His example I would humbly and sincerely forgive all who injure me, by word or by deed. Give me grace, O Lord, to forgive others as I hope to be forgiven; and then forgive me, Thy sinful child, even forgive me, O my Father.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

THAT is, let us not be tempted, for we are weak. If we were left to our own strength, we could fall under every temptation. Let us not be tempted above that we are able; but together with the temptation, make, O God,

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a way of escape for us, that we may be able to bear it. And so deliver us from all spiritual evil, from all the snares and wiles of the devil, from all the lusts of our sinful hearts, from all allurements of a vain and ungodly world. Deliver us also, so far as Thou seest fit, from the dangers and troubles and evils of life; deliver us from them, or else help us through them, and make them to be a blessing to us. If sorrows must come upon us, then bring good out of evil, and so deliver us from it.

*For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.*

THINE is the kingdom; Thou rulest over all. "Salvation and glory, and honour and power, unto the Lord our God."

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power; for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created."

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever *shall be*: world without end. Amen.

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MORNING HYMN.

GOD of the morning, at Thy voice,
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise ;
And like a giant doth rejoice,
To run his journey through the skies.

From the fair chambers of the East,
The circuit of his course begins ;
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he moves and shines.

O, like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day ;
With ready mind and stedfast will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

But I shall roam and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, shall disappear,
And leave me in the world's wild maze
To follow every wandering star.

EVENING HYMN.

TEN thousand mercies from the Lord
Have I, this day, enjoyed !
How should each grateful moment be
In prayer and praise employed !

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And now the transient day is past,
Gone like the passing wind,
What is the record, O my soul,
That it has left behind?

This night, my soul, thy walk renew,
And all thy sins confess ;
Nor close thine eyes till thou hast sought,
Through Christ, the promised grace.

There is a day, my soul, at hand,
O may that day be thine ;
Whose beams no cloud shall ever shade,
Whose Sun shall ne'er decline.

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

TRACTS FOR FEMALE PENITENTS.

VI.

The Eternal Meeting, and the Eternal Parting.

Let the penitent compose her mind, putting away every vain thought, that may at times distract her, and attend with the most fixed attention to the words that are about to be read. Let her try to feel that her life, her all depends on the solemn earnest thought, if God in infinite mercy bless it to her soul. Then let the following words be read.

MY child, hast thou ever endeavoured really to conceive an idea of ETERNITY? Think upon it now. Time never, never ending. Life, ever freshly beginning, without sleep, without decay; year after year onward, and still the same; one day which has no evening. Thou hast heard of, perhaps thou hast seen, the sand which is upon the sea shore, and the vast ocean which stretches out beyond the sight under the blue heavens. The grains of sand on that sea shore, the drops

of water in that mighty ocean, may be counted; they have their number and their end. But the years of eternity have no number, no end; when years shall have rolled away, as many as those grains or those drops, there will still be, onward, onward, the same vast, immeasurable eternity. Oh eternity! we cannot comprehend thy immensity! we may faintly conceive the idea of something too vast for our weak minds to measure, or too numerous for us to count; but we cannot understand, we cannot even in the faintest degree imagine, that which has no end, no height no depth, no length, no breadth. But such is eternity! and this vast inconceivable eternity, is your inheritance and mine! Yea we *must* enter into it. It must be our portion, whatever it be, whatever we shall have by the righteous judgment of God, to taste, to look upon, to feel, all through those endless ages, that we *must* taste, *must* look upon, *must* feel: we have no choice, no escape;—no; even if we sought to destroy ourselves, we cannot escape, we may hasten our change *out* of this life *into* another, but we cannot *destroy* our life; by dying we only hasten the commencement of our eternity. Into that boundless, endless eternity we must go:—*an eternity* of bliss, or *an eternity* of misery; a

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vast, immeasurable eternity, of far more exquisite enjoyment than in your happiest moments has ever entered into your heart to imagine, or the same vast immeasurable eternity of far deeper agony than in your bitterest hours of sorrow your soul could conceive."

Let the penitent be here instructed to pause and meditate on what has been read, trying to impress it more and more upon her heart, and to look if possible, even now for a while by faith, into that awful futurity which is before her, and into which she is most surely destined hereafter to pass. Let her meditate for a short space on this stupendous prospect, and then let the following words be read:—

CONSIDER then, my child, that when the awful judgment is over, when the final sentence has been pronounced, when those on the right hand and those on the left hand go away to their appointed places, then each single being enters on the portion of its eternal inheritance. What, oh! what, in that hour, will be thy portion? what thy certain destiny? what will be the days of the years of thy everlasting state; thy lot for ever and ever? Oh! hear thou the thrilling call of the voice of our blessed Lord

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Himself : "Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world." But to whom does He speak these words? All whom He called "blessed" on earth, are welcomed as "blessed" into Heaven. Ye poor in spirit are called blessed, for yours is the kingdom of Heaven ; ye mourners are called blessed, for ye shall be comforted ; ye pure in heart are called blessed, for ye shall see God ; ye true penitents are called blessed, for there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth. Art thou among these? Canst thou hope it? Oh ! who can tell, who can dare to speak of the unknown joys of that most blessed call into an eternity of bliss? what mind can contemplate the glorious meeting of the redeemed and the Redeemer, beside the still waters of everlasting comfort? who can paint now as in a picture the saints' everlasting rest beneath the outstretched branches of the Tree of Life? who can feel now what it will be then, to feel the meeting of the long lost, long parted, now met, *never* to part again? who can conceive the intensity of the joy of that moment, when the fond mother meets her long absent child, and the deep cherished hope, when hope was almost *gone*, is changed into certainty? Perhaps that

child had sinned, and that mother's earthly portion had been poverty and grief ; perhaps she had wept, and prayed, and fasted for her child, and hoped that God had heard her prayer, and that her poor wanderer might have sought her Saviour in sincerity and truth, and her sins had been forgiven ; conceive that hope exchanged for certainty, the mother and the child walking together in the Paradise of God, there to dwell together for ever ; there where sorrow cannot distract, neither can sin enter, for it is the dwelling-place of the Most High God. They are clad in shining garments made white in the Blood of the Lamb ; they have their golden harps, and they sing songs of praise : there nothing can enter in that defileth : for the throne of God is there, and a rainbow like unto an emerald round about, and God Himself the Everlasting Light, and angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim are there, the glorious company of Apostles, the goodly fellowship of Prophets, the noble army of martyrs, the thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, with the voice as of many waters, are together, saying, Alleluia, holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty. O glory too deep, too intense for thought ! what must be the beauty of that gathered host : the brightness.

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of the least of which would overwhelm our sight with its excess of brightness !

Here let the reader pause. Let the penitent endeavour to contemplate this eternity of glory, where they forever dwell who turn to Christ with all their heart, in weeping, fasting, and mourning. Let her try very much to look on it as a real thing, as a thing that will be hereafter. Let her try to see it now before her eyes. Perhaps she may in her meditations say to herself "Does my mother weep for me? Does she indeed pray for me? Is she now longing to embrace me? Has she not given me over in despair? May I hope to meet her again in bliss?" Then after a short space, let the reader continue thus :—

My child, there is another sight, which thine eye must look upon, a far different scene from that which thou hast been considering hitherto. Listen to me, and I will guide thee to behold another awful mystery, which shall be in the latter days. Perhaps amongst that vast multitude of the redeemed, there is one mother who has wept and fasted and prayed for her child but in vain. Perhaps that very child would not be brought back, would not heed any warning would not be won by any kindness, so hard so ungrateful was her heart; in her sin she was cut off. Ah! in that awful hour, when the

redeemed are gathered home safely to the bosom of their Lord, what will be that dreadful parting, that eternal separation; when the mother shall enter in, saved for evermore; and the child far away, borne far away, lost in utter despair, is seen passing into that blackness of darkness, where there is no hope, no pity! Will the mother mourn in that awful hour for that lost child? will the remembrance of her sinful child still burden her heart? We know not. It is a mystery beyond all human knowledge. God reveals it not. We know that into that blessed place no sorrow enters, all tears are wiped away. The mother in her perfect bliss sorrows not, weeps not. The agonized child prays for one drop of water to cool its tongue. The mother gives it not. The child in torment cries aloud. The mother sorrows not, weeps not. She cannot hear the piercing cry of her child's accursed agony. No, parted they are, and for ever. Throughout those countless ages of eternity, the miserable hopeless child will never more behold that loved, that loving face again: alone, in despair, parted for ever from every thing that can be loved or can love, she cannot even tell her tale of sorrow: there is none who can pity, none to hear: pent up within her own desolate

heart, her own secret agony and despair will be untold for ever. Those who might have pitied, those who once loved, far away from her : never to be seen, never even to know what she now feels, her bitter remorse, her intolerable pains. Oh ! agony too dreadful for thought ! Oh ! conceive that intolerable misery, lasting for ever, no change, no intermission, no allay, the same to-morrow, and to-morrow, throughout ages which cannot be numbered : Oh ! will not the bitter misery of that eternal separation come home to the heart, in the midst of that dreadful place, with anguish that cannot now be told, when all around and within is desolate, and full of horrors, and all before that miserable one is an endless, boundless futurity of the same unpitied, unchanging woe.

Here again let the reader pause : and then after a short space slowly proceed :—

My child, hear me now, before it be too late. Delay not a moment. Flee instantly from the wrath to come ; now is the accepted time, to-day is the day of salvation ; seek the Lord while He may be found ; call upon Him while He is near ; this may be the last call, yea, it may be the very last call, the last offer : the one

y chance, before the dark, dark night sets in,
 eternity begins. "This night thy soul may
 required of thee;" then, as thou dost pass along,
 ough the valley of the shadow of death, thou
 rest hear these dreadful words, telling thee
 surely of thine everlasting, unchangeable
 tiny: "Because I have called, and ye re-
 ed; I have stretched out My hand, and no
 1 regarded; but ye have set at nought My
 nsel, and would none of My reproof: I
 will laugh at your calamity; I will mock
 n your fear cometh; when your fear cometh
 desolation, and your destruction cometh as
 whirlwind; when destruction and anguish
 eth upon you. Then shall they call upon
 , but I will not answer; they shall seek
 early, but they shall not find Me: for that
 y hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear
 the Lord: they would none of My counsel:
 despised all My reproof. Therefore shall they
 the fruit of their own ways, and be filled
 h their own devices." How dreadful, my
 d, when all is over, and thou art gone forth
 n all that thou didst care for on earth, on
 t long and fearful passage to eternity, to hear
 se words, foretelling the hopeless end, the sure
 sentence, which will be heard in the ap-

pointed day, the sentence which through all eternity will ring in thine ears, and be as a curse weighing down thy soul: "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into the everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Oh! be warned, take heed while the day of salvation lasteth, for the night cometh when no man can work.

Here let the penitent kneel down, and endeavour to collect her thoughts, and quietly, devoutly and earnestly, try to follow in secret prayer, while her guide kneeling by her side thus prays for her :

O BLESSED and merciful Father, we give Thee most humble and hearty thanks that Thou hast vouchsafed to this Thy servant prolonged life and time for repentance, and that Thou didst not cut her off in the beginning of her days, and in the midst of her sin. O blessed Redeemer, pardon the errors and ignorances, the vices and vanities of her past life; give her grace to persist stedfastly in her purposes of amendment, and holy obedience, and her desire to be Thy faithful servant and child; let no temptation draw her back; let no root of bitterness spring up to disorder her mind or defile her, or quench the good which Thou hast mercifully awakened within her; be Thou her strength and

her guide onward through all her trials and struggles, even unto death. Draw her nearer and nearer unto Thee, and bring her at length into a glorious eternity, where she may dwell for ever with Thee, O Lord God, in peace which passeth all understanding, and in glory that fadeth not away, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

GRACIOUS Father, Thou knowest all her infirmity, her wanderings of mind, her frail and unstedfast heart; O do Thou, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men, so guide and strengthen her day by day continually, that she may advance in all godliness, in truth and purity, that with soul and body renewed and sanctified, she may walk before Thee in the ways of a true repentance, humble and lowly in heart, meek and gentle in temper, obedient and truthful in all her thoughts and deeds, reverent and devout in her prayers and meditations; and so continuing even to the end, may be saved for evermore, through the precious blood-shedding of Thy dear Son, our only Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

O Lord, hear our prayer,
And let my crying come unto Thee.

TRACTS FOR FEMALE PENITENTS.

Let the enemy have no advantage over her,
Nor the wicked approach to hurt me.

Be Thou, O Lord, a strong tower unto her,
From the face of my enemy.

Grant her the teaching of Thy holy Spirit,
And write Thy laws in my heart.

Withdraw her affections from the things
this world,

And fix them on those things which are eternal.

Raise up in her a holy fear,

*And preserve me from all vanity or hardness
heart.*

Teach her, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes,
That I may keep it unto the end.

Give her understanding, that she may keep
Thy law,

Yea, that I may keep it with my whole heart

O turn away her eyes, lest they behold vanity
And quicken Thou me in Thy way.

Preserve her from all doubts and evil thoughts
from all distractions and cares, from all foolish
desires, and suffer not her weak resolution
fail.

*O Lord, hear me in Thy great mercy, for Jesus
Christ's sake. Amen.*

Lord, have mercy upon us,
Christ, have mercy upon us,
Lord, have mercy upon us.

OUR Father, &c.

The Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, have mercy upon us. The Lord bless us and keep us. The Lord make His face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon us, and give us peace now and for ever. Amen.

Then let the following exhortation be read.

Go now thy way, be watchful, be sincere, be honest, be diligent ; remember that to-day is the day of trial ; we know not what may be on the morrow ; keep now the company of the good, and the ways of truth ; shun the company of the evil, the liar, and the blasphemer ; be not vain, neither love the foolish vanities of the world, nor seek its pleasures ; be content with humble things, and a lowly place.

Be plain in dress and manner, and love to have it so ; it becometh a true penitent, who now longs above all things to be saved ; learn often to be silent, and govern thy tongue ; hear reproof meekly, and thank those who point out

thy faults to thee. Try continually to learn more and more of thy duty ; and learn with all humility ; walk carefully in this evil world, and do thy diligence to win the favour of the good and merciful ; but above all to seek and value beyond all price, the blessing of thy heavenly Father and thy God. Thou wilt, no doubt, be tempted by foolish and over-gay thoughts, either from light companions, or from the changeable fickleness of thy own spirit ; and through such temptations thou mayest fall back ; and becoming light and vain, thou mayest lose the blessed thoughts of repentance, and the solemn purposes which thou dost now, through God's grace, feel.

Beware of such temptations, do not give way to such thoughts ; remember that if thou dost become wavering, careless, and light, thou wilt lose the good which, through infinite mercy and love, thou now hast gained. Thou wilt then be in fearful danger again ; thou mayest be lost in such a course, and the whole work of God in thy soul perish utterly.

Oh ! beware, be careful, be full of thought, be serious, be watchful, be more given to prayer than to laughter ; thou hast now tasted the powers of the world to come, thou hast looked *into eternity*, thou hast seen great and awful

sights, of the state of the dead, and of the resurrection; thine eye has opened to behold the vision of eternity, which spreads every way around the throne of God; lose not the vision; do not again become blinded, as if thou hadst seen nothing; if thou hast ever seen a startling awful dream at night, on thy bed, thou hast not forgotten it; do not forget now that which is not a dream, which by faith thou hast seen, and which hereafter thou shalt see in all its wonderful reality. Do not forget it, my child; keep it before thy eyes till death; it ought to be before thy mind always; thine eyes ought to be with thine heart very far away, in eternity; there are four things which concern thee, and me, and all of us more, very much more, than any thing else that thou canst mention; these four things are death, judgment, heaven, hell. Say these four words over and over again to thyself, till they are so firmly fixed in thy mind that thou canst not forget them, no, not even in thy lighter moments; say them to thyself in the morning, say them at mid-day, say them again in the evening, say them if thou dost lie awake at dead of night. Oh! my child, if thou hadst ever stood on a steep cliff, and looked very deep down into a terrible pit, and seen, amidst

flames of fire, and horrible darkness, wailing, and gnashing their teeth, the forms of beings like thyself, the damned, the eternally lost; and then had looked up into the bright, pure, joyous sky, amidst light too dazzling to look long upon, and seen in that place of unspeakable glory, forms of beings like thyself, in the most perfect purity, peace, and bliss, praising, rejoicing, adoring, loving, most purely happy, thou wouldst never forget such a vision.

Believe, feel sure, quite sure, that thou wilt one day be like one or other of those two companies. Think then; be a thoughtful being; move about, speak, work, do all things as one who hath eternity before thee, an eternity of bliss to win or lose, according as thou dost prepare for it now, or preparest not. The Almighty God be with thee, and mayest thou now in peace: go, and sin no more. Amen.

TRACTS FOR FEMALE PENITENTS.

VII.

The love of God.

the penitent first kneel humbly, and secretly ask a blessing of God, and then listen to the words which her guide is about to read to her. Let her seek a calm mind, and fix her thoughts attentively, while her guide thus addresses her :—

My child, I have told thee awful things which must come upon thee, which thou canst not escape: death, then the long, long waiting for death, in the intermediate place, either in the paradise of God in peace, or else in that dark and terrible prison-house in torments; according as thou diest in the favour of God, or under His curse; then the Judgment, when thou shalt stand before the Almighty, and every sin shall be made known; and then the eternal sentence, and then either the glorious entrance into heaven; or, for those who repent not truly, the

going down into the everlasting fire. My child, I have set before thee the choice that thou must make. "Behold, saith God, I set before thee good and evil, blessing and cursing." Thou knowest the consequences of that choice. Thou knowest too that the choice must not be delayed; one day lost, all may be lost, so precious is time, so sudden are the calls of God.

Oh! turn with all thy heart; turn now with a sincere and earnest heart. Behold, the goodness of God calleth thee to repentance. Thou mayest think perhaps, that God cannot be good to thee, who hast so grievously sinned against Him. Perhaps thou sayest to thyself, "He heeds me not"—"He cares not for me"—"He cannot love such as I am." My child, it is not so; the love of God embraces all things; look all around, far as your eyes can reach; thou seest His care and love extending on every side; Oh! how much farther than thou canst trace it! think of the bright light of the sun, the heat, the air, the streams of water, the plants, the flowers, the various creatures, every thing that delights us, every thing that nourishes us, all these things are God's blessings. He has preserved them to thee, for thy food, thy comforts, thy pleasure. Do not even these common blessings of every day

shew thee that the Almighty Creator is very near thee, is all around thee, always kind to thee, and doing thee good? I do not bid thee go back to the helpless days of thy infancy to learn how God cared for thee: nor to the many occasions on which He delivered thee out of dangers. The repose of last night, the many mercies around thee now, at this very moment, ought to be enough to convince thee of the love and care which have always been over thee; look within thy own self; dost thou not feel how Almighty God has formed thee with an exquisite wisdom, no mortal man can explain or comprehend? consider how the blood circulates in thy veins, and thy heart beats, and the breath of thy life is drawn in continually; all these movements of thy wonderful and mysterious body are not carried on by thine own wisdom, power or care; these things are done whilst thou art asleep, as well as whilst thou art awake; whilst thou art quite unconscious, thy heart still beats, thy blood still flows, thy breathing is still preserved; now what is this but the love of God, the power of God every minute supporting thee, and moving the various organs of thy body which He has made? think only of what goes on each moment, even in the very least

of the wonderful organs of thy body, which is the lowest part of thy being, and which the holy Psalmist considering said, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made : marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well."

But not only is the great God thy Creator, thy Preserver, and thy continual benefactor ; He is a Father, even to thee, notwithstanding all thy sins. Think what a good earthly father is to his own child, whom he loves, for whom he works, whom he shelters in his home and feeds with his bread, and teaches and guides continually. Does such a father turn away from his child because that child sins? when his child comes to him with sorrow for some disobedience, and with a sad heart, with tears and entreaties, and confesses that he has done wrong, and asks forgiveness very earnestly, does such a father reject his child, and look coldly on him, and turn away from him? Does he not rather turn to him with a more deep yearning, with a more tender and more compassionate feeling? Does not the father, even if he punish his child, grieve, inwardly suffer himself, more than the child can tell, perhaps more than the child himself can suffer? You may say, many fathers do not do so ; yes, hard-hearted fathers may not ;

hardness of heart, and sinful passions, hinder many from so feeling towards the child: but God is not such a Father. His love is perfect, His love knows no change, no ceasing. "I have loved thee," He says, "with an everlasting love." What does He Himself say of the tenderness, and softness, and unchangeableness of His love, in that beautiful description which He gives of Himself, when He compares His love to the love of a mother towards her child, whom she has just given birth to, and now clasps to her bosom. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, she may forget, yet will not I forget thee." Thou knowest the love which a mother feels towards a child just born to her; but God saith that His love is surer, and deeper, and more tender; a mother may turn against her own child, God cannot. Surely then the love with which God has loved thee, and still loves thee, is greater than thou canst conceive; and if thou dost now indeed turn to Him, and repent, and long to come back to Him, to serve Him, to be a child to Him, to fear and obey Him reverently and sincerely, canst thou for a moment suppose that He will deal hardly with thee, or receive thee coldly?

TRACTS FOR FEMALE PENITENTS.

Think, my child, of that blessed parable which is so full of comfort, of the prodigal returning home; there thou mayest see heavenly Father represented; He there describes Himself, He Himself there speaks to such as thou art, most plainly telling thee how He regards a returning prodigal, how He feels towards a penitent child. The prodigal is he who took his father's goods, and went away into a far country and wasted them, and that would fain have fed on the husks which swine did eat, is the sinner. A sinner leaves his heavenly Father, wastes His gifts, his strength, his days, and all for nought, for that which is not bread, which satisfies not, and then slides lower and lower, from one stage of degradation to another, and becomes like unto beasts that perish. The sinner comes to want and shame, and will do things which in his better days he never thought to do, and would have scorned to do; the heart of a sinner becomes worse and worse. There is a story in the Old Testament of a great king, who departed away from God and who then had given to him the heart of a beast, instead of his own heart, and he became as a beast, as a straw like an ox; that is the image of a sinner, "earthly, sensual, devilish," degraded and defiled.

not only in the eyes of others, but in his own eyes.

In such a state as this it was that the prodigal son began to reflect; a new thought sprang up within him, tears began to flow, a desire to leave his misery came over him, a hope that he might again be changed and be raised out of his degradation arose in his heart. How, thinkest thou, did these new feelings and thoughts come? not of himself surely, they were the inspirations of God; it was God's love stirring up these hopes and desires; then the prodigal resolves to return to his father; he does not at first think that he can be loved as a son again; he can hardly believe such joy as that; it is too much for him to conceive; yet he has confidence in his father, and he arises and goes towards him; he goes most humbly indeed, for he remembers his guilt and his shame before God and man, and fears; yet he goes with his whole heart, "make me as one of thy hired servants."

See now how he is received; even while he was a great way off, his father looked upon him, looked with compassion, and ran to meet him, and fell upon his neck, and kissed him. Canst thou doubt such love as this? and this is God, this is His way of meeting thee, when

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thou dost return back to Him; if thou only comest as that penitent child came, this is the way in which thou wilt be received. Then how great a joy there was, when the penitent came really home to dwell with his father, to be his true child again, to serve him, to live in constant daily intercourse with him, to feed at his table, to eat of his bread, to do his will; oh! the joy that there was then, the best robe, the ring, the song, and the dance, and the rejoicing all through the father's house; these are the tokens, the assurance of that bright, pure, fervent happiness which is felt in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth. All these things, these joys, these heavenly pleasures, these glories, are being prepared for thee even now; thou shalt taste of them at the last day, thou shalt enter into them, they shall be thine, if thou wilt only continue on in this blessed path, and not leave thy Father again, but live on in His holy ways, ever serving Him more and more.

Here let the reader pause: and give time that the penitent may meditate on the unspeakable love and patient tenderness of God, her heavenly Father, and then add the following words:—

My child, there is yet a deeper, more touching

proof of the love wherewith the heavenly Father has loved thee. Dost thou remember the story told in the Old Testament of Abraham going with his son, his only son Isaac, whom he loved, three days' journey, and then up the side of the great mountain Moriah, and on the top of that mount raising an altar of wood, and binding his son on the wood, and then taking a knife and stretching out his hand to slay his own son? It is a wonderful tale, and it deeply moves one's heart to think of that father and that son; what now is the spiritual meaning of that most touching story? It is God Himself, the heavenly Father giving up His Son, His only-begotten, out of His bosom, to die for thee, for the sinner, for all who lie dead in trespasses and sins; was not this love beyond all our thoughts? How did the angels wonder and adore, when they saw the everlasting Father thus surrendering His own beloved Son to all earthly suffering, to pain, want, disgrace, violence, shame, and horrible insults, and lastly to death itself; the most dreadful death that man could endure! How did the whole creation marvel when the rocks rent, and the sun hid its face, as the very Son of God, thus given up in God's great love, hung on the accursed tree, and this for the

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sinner, that our sins might be blotted out, our chastisements and our guilt being laid all on Him! How should the sinner himself marvel and adore and be moved inwardly, even to weeping and to mourning, and with the deepest thanksgivings and praise, while he thinks of this, though he cannot think or speak of such love fitly? How should the rebellious child, who has wearied his Father with his sins, feel at this? Oh! my child, what canst thou say, what canst thou do, to make any return for this? Thou hast it not, thou canst not make any return; but oh! be at least ashamed to think that thou hast wounded such a Father's heart; mourn and weep because thou hast done so much against Him, who has done so much for thee; thou canst at least mourn and weep; thy heart may melt, thy stubborn heart may give way under such love; thou mayest cry out to Him for pardon, and confess the exceeding sinfulness of such ingratitude. Couldst thou have shewn such ingratitude towards an earthly benefactor? Couldst thou have so displeased any earthly benefactor in his very presence as thou hast, day after day, done towards your Father in Heaven? the past cannot now be undone, thou canst make no amends to thy God. But thou canst, like St. Peter, when he thought

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his dreadful sin, go out and weep bitterly, or thou canst not weep, thou canst smite on thy breast, like the poor publican, and thou canst say, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Pray humbly for grace thus to feel, and thus to run unto thy heavenly Father.

At the penitent kneeling devoutly on her knees, offer up an earnest prayer to God.

MY God, Thou knowest that my heart is touched, for Thou knowest all things, and Thou knowest that it is by Thy Almighty and most merciful goodness, that I feel conscious of Thy great and most undeserved pity and love toward my poor soul. Stir up in me, O gracious God, more deep contrition for my sinful life, for so many years that I have disobeyed and despised Thee ; I knew not, O God, I knew not, that Thou wert so near to me and so merciful ; I thought not of Thee, O my Father, and now I am ashamed to turn to Thee, or to look up to Thee ; yet I beseech Thee, O gracious God, turn me not away, neither despise me, for my soul longeth after Thee, and in Thee alone do I hope to find mercy and grace to help me, for all my remaining days. O Lord my God, my heart is

wounded within me, I mourn at my deep ingratitude, and my insensibility to all Thy unceasing goodness; forgive me, and blot out all my sin which are like a heavy burden, too heavy for me to bear; give me strength and perseverance that I may not fall back from Thee, and return to my sin; but in mercy raise me up and quicken me, that I may now and henceforth walk before Thee and be Thy child; give me a childlike heart to learn Thy will, and serve Thee obediently; and may Thy Almighty hand be ever stretched out over me, to keep me in the hour of danger and temptation; to Thy infinite mercies, O God, I commend myself now and forever, through the merits of my only Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Then let the guide, kneeling by her side, offer up this prayer following:

O GREAT and holy God, who hast promised pardon and remission of all sin to those who cast themselves on Thy mercy in Jesus Christ, and who dost fulfil Thy promises beyond all that we either know or think, look graciously on thy Thy servant, who now, turning from her evil

ways, earnestly implores Thy fatherly compassion, and prays for grace to serve Thee truly; may Thy Holy Spirit visit her soul with His power, and great consolations; may Thy fatherly hand be ever over her, and be Thou with her in her going out and her coming in, and in all her ways, in her thoughts and her words; keep her in the hour of weakness; comfort her in sorrows; and when the enemy of her soul assaults, be Thou, O Lord, her stay in her strength, and enable her to overcome; that having known Thee and Thy great love, and having tasted the powers of the world to come, she may sin no more wilfully; and going on from grace to grace, and from strength to strength, she may come at last to Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwelling; to dwell in the light and joy of Thy presence, being saved for evermore, in the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, our only Lord and Saviour. Amen.

OUR Father, Which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation;

But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen.

Then rising up, let the guide of the penitent address her these few words of exhortation.

BE watchful now against all evil and unthauful thoughts; put away all murmurings and disputings; bow down thy whole spirit before Him, who has so graciously had mercy on thee and obey and serve for His sake all who are over thee; bear every thing meekly; take things which appear to thee as hardships, to wise chastisements of Thy loving Father; look on every thing as a proof of love; complain neither be impatient; keep thy heart tender and gentle, remembering how thou hast fallen yet knowing what love has so undeservedly raised thee up; pray to Him often during the day, with thy whole strength, and heart, and mind; however feeble that prayer may be,

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it be in sincerity, the best thou canst offer, He will accept it graciously in His boundless and everlasting mercy, He will hear Thee, and will pity and forgive ; He is faithful that has promised ; thou mayest at times distrust God's goodness, and it is the necessary effect of sin, we must not be as though we had not sinned ; yet have comfort to think that thou art now so changed from what thou once wert ; He who has changed thee thus far will change thee yet more and more ; God who created thee, God who redeemed thee, God who sanctifieth thee, He will work in thee to will and to do of His good pleasure ; He desires to do all this for thee ; though devils are against thee, though thy flesh war against thy spirit, yet greater and mightier is He that is for thee, than all that is against thee ; be comforted, be full of hope, and rejoice ; be strong in hope, and despair not ; lift up thine eyes and thine heart, and earnestly believe that He who ruleth heaven and earth is thy never-failing strength, O God, thy Father, thy everlasting friend. Listen to His gracious words, " Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy, and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend

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money for that which is not bread? and your
labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken
diligently unto Me, and eat ye that which is
good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.
Incline your ear, and come unto Me: hear, and
your soul shall live; and I will make an ever-
lasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies
of David."

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

*THOU SHALT HAVE NONE OTHER
GODS BUT ME.*

“THE fool hath said in his heart, There is no God;” the poor ignorant heathen make a multitude of things to be gods which are no gods; but to us most mercifully has been given the knowledge of the one true God, the Maker of heaven and earth, of angels and of men, of beasts and feathered fowls, of the cattle that are on a thousand hills, and of creeping things, of seas and rivers, of herbs and flowers; yea, the Maker of all things visible and invisible, of all things that are, of all things above or beneath, of sun, moon, and stars; for all these things were not made by themselves, neither are the fruits and handywork of what men call chance, for there is no such thing as chance; there is a Providence in all. “Be ye sure that the Lord He is God; it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.”

This God, I say, has revealed Himself to us, and we know that He is God; we confess Him

THOU SHALT HAVE NONE OTHER GODS BUT ME.

with our hearts and with our lips. We believe in Him and worship Him; we acknowledge Him to be our only Lord God; we own no other Lord but Him; He is God alone, to whom all things do bow and obey; He ruleth over all; He is infinite in power; He is everywhere present; He supports all things by the word of His power; He is all holy; He is Love. And He has charged us that we should believe in Him, fear Him, love Him, obey Him, give Him thanks, trust in Him; He has charged us that we should love Him with all our heart, with all our mind, all our soul, all our strength.

Surely we should worship Him, for He is God; we should fear Him, for He is all holy, all mighty; we should give Him thanks, for we owe Him all we have, all we are, all we hope to have; we owe Him even our own selves, our being, our birth, our creation, our preservation; we should love Him, for He has first loved us; He is love; He hath redeemed us by His love.

When we speak of this redemption, we draw near to the mysteries of the Godhead. While God has revealed Himself to us as one God, He has also revealed to us the great mystery that there are three Persons in one Godhead; one Person *of the Father*, one Person of the Son, and one

THOU SHALT HAVE NONE OTHER GODS BUT ME.

Person of the Holy Ghost. And while the Father is God, the Son is God, the Holy Ghost is God ; yet the Godhead of the Father, of the Son, of the Holy Ghost, is all one, the glory equal, the Majesty co-eternal. While every Person is by Himself God and Lord, yet there are not three Gods, but one God. Great is this mystery, past finding out ; wonderful art Thou, O God ; while we know most, we know nothing ; we understand nothing ; we can but exclaim, " Lord, I believe ; help Thou mine unbelief."

And there is this further mystery in the Godhead ; for God the Father so loved the world that He sent His only-begotten, everlasting, ever-blessed Son to become man, that He might taste death for every man and redeem all from death. Thus, though perfect God, He became perfect man ; He added the human nature to the divine. After His death and resurrection He ascended with His human body into heaven ; and there is He now for ever at the right hand of the Father, being for ever both God and Man, ever to be worshipped, ever to be adored, ever to be loved. " Great is the mystery of godliness ; God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory."

THOU SHALT HAVE NONE OTHER GODS BUT ME.

Think then of the greatness and goodness God ; though you cannot find Him out, and to understand the mystery of His divine nature and have never seen Him, and could not in this world see Him and live, still confess Him among men, own Him to be your God, bow your head down before Him, bear witness to Him, thank Him with reverence, speak of Him with reverence ; for in Him you live and move, and have your being ; through His love, manifest the suffering of Christ Jesus our Lord, your hope of forgiveness of sin, and of being lifted into Heaven at last. Never deny Him either with your lips or in your lives. Stand in His presence, and sin not ; remember that you live always in His presence, that He is not far from every one of us, that He is about your path and at your bed, and spieth out all your ways. Walk therefore purely and holily before Him, that you may see pure thoughts in your hearts, pure deeds, pure lives, after the example of the most precious most holy Jesus our Saviour, whose memory we are.

*THOU SHALT NOT MAKE TO THYSELF
ANY GRAVEN IMAGE.*

“God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth.” No man hath seen God at any time;” though we gaze up into heaven, we cannot behold Him, for He is a Spirit; the eye of flesh cannot look into the spiritual world. Even the soul of a mother or a child whom we have known, when it breaks forth from the body, cannot be seen; we know not what it is like. As for God, He reveals Himself inwardly to our souls, but He cannot satisfy our sight; nay, we could not even try to look on Him; we should wither and be consumed and die, were He openly to shew Himself to sinful flesh. He requires us to have faith, to believe in Him, to act as seeing Him though He is invisible. He makes trial of our faith. Our struggle lies between the world which we see, and God whom we do not see; and it is a struggle to care for the unseen more than for things that are seen.

THOU SHALT NOT MAKE TO THYSELF

And hence man often longs to escape this trial of faith. He wants something to look at, something for his eyes to gaze upon; and he often shapes created things, wood and stone, into various forms by which he designs to represent God to the eye, that he may then picture to himself the truth that there is a God. But by all likenesses of God, we offend the Majesty of God; He will not have created things to picture Him who filleth all things by His Presence. As in the first commandment, He forbids any false god to be worshipped, any other god to be worshipped except Himself, so in the second commandment He forbids any representation to be made of Him, who is the true God, any likeness of Himself, any feigned similitude of Him, who cannot be represented by any earthly things. All graven images, all likenesses, dishonour Him, and are breaches of faith; they are efforts to bring down God to the level of our senses; and though at first we may use such likenesses only as helps to enable us to think of God, yet at last men get to worship these things as if God resided in them, as if they had power, as if there were divine virtue in them, yea, as if they were *gods*.

ANY GRAVEN IMAGE.

Remember how strictly this commandment is, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them." Very fearful is the sin of idolatry, and very careful should we be to keep off the first steps that lead to it. We see how strong is the leaning to idolatry, by the countless idolatries which there have been, and which there are in the world; for the truth is as I have said, we like to see a sign; we like something that is visible; something we can touch or look upon. It is an effort to act in faith, to adore One whom we cannot see, to realize the Presence of the invisible God; but God is a jealous God; He will have no false gods to divide honour with Himself; He will have no false representations of Himself which dishonour His Majesty, and all representations which are false, and must be false, utterly unworthy of Him, utterly unworthy of being gazed at. Keep away then from such a sin; do not go near it; seek to make your worship spiritual; avoid any thing that tends to make you lean upon your senses; exercise yourself in acts of faith. However difficult it may be to feel the

THOU SHALT NOT MAKE, &c.

Presence of the unseen God, try and try to feel it; try to worship in spirit and in truth; try to lift up the soul far above the earth and all earthly things; think much of the jealousy of God; He will "visit the sins of the father upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him." Remember also His great mercy, "mercy promised unto thousands in them that love Him and keep His commandments."

O seek this His mercy; see how He delight in being merciful; how wide He stretches the arms of His mercy, that thousands may be embraced; worship with true spiritual worship bowing the knee and heart, kneeling before Him in bodily and spiritual prostration. Worship Him both with flesh and spirit; offer your whole self to Him, for you are altogether His. His by creation, His by redemption, His as regards your body, His as regards your soul and so walk by faith, so love Him, so keep His commandments by the help of His holy Spirit, that at last you may behold Him as He is, and with glorified body and soul may live for ever in His most glorious presence.

***THOU SHALT NOT TAKE THE NAME OF
THE LORD THY GOD IN VAIN.***

THOU shalt not swear; swear not at all; take not God's Name in vain. If all sins of the tongue will receive their punishment on the last day, will not the sin of false oaths, or of swearing shly, of treating God's Name profanely in any way, in any degree, have its punishment? What said of any taking of God's Name in vain? the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his Name in vain." We are plainly warned in these awful words; we are told that God will sit with His fierce anger all who offend against this law.

Has not God given us our tongue that we should bless Him therewith, that we should declare His love and power, that we should make confession of all that He has done for our souls, that we should glorify Him with our mouth, that we should praise Him with joyful lips, that we

THOU SHALT NOT TAKE THE NAME

should solemnly and reverently profess our faith? It must needs be a most sinful thing, if after having received the gift of speech, that above all other ends it might be used to declare His glory in the world, we should not only not use it in praises and thanksgivings, in prayers and holy professions, but should call upon Him with a lie in our mouth, or drag His name into our scenes of anger and drunkenness, and use it either in false oaths or in rash cursing and swearing. No wonder that sometimes we have heard of even present punishment falling on men while they were in the very act of taking God's Name in vain ; no wonder we have heard of them falling down dead, just as some fearful oath had broken from their lips.

And yet while perhaps there are few who commit the blackest form of this sin, I mean the sin of false oaths, of perjury, yet think how common, how very common it is to hear men curse and swear, to bring the most holy, most awful, most glorious Name of God Almighty into their common talk, into their brawls and quarrels, into their mirth and merry making, into markets when they are buying and selling, into taverns when they are drinking. O what *thousands* of oaths go up daily into the ears of

OF THE LORD THY GOD IN VAIN.

God ! How many get into such a habit of swearing as scarcely to know how many oaths they use ! And yet for all this there is vengeance to be endured, wrath is coming, divine anger, great and terrible, is about to descend ; every oath is written in God's book, and for every oath men will have to give account ; every oath will bring its most fearful punishment ; then will the swearers wish they could have their words back ; then will they wish that they had rather been born dumb than have thus so abused, so perverted, so defiled the gift of speech ; then will they find the oaths that they uttered in their anger, in their mirth, in their worldly dealings, in their common talk, turned into scorpions, bringing upon them most fearful torment, hurling them down into the place of devils, and casting them out among the enemies of God. O that men would but think while they so irreverently use God's Name that they then give up their tongue to the devil and are murdering their own souls.

But if you would avoid the fearful sin either of taking false oaths, or of using light rash oaths, you must avoid the beginnings of such sins. You must never speak the Name of God except with the greatest reverence and solemnity ; you must reverence every thing that has to do with God ;

THOU SHALT NOT TAKE THE NAME, &c.

reverence His Ministers; reverence the House of God, and all that is in it; reverence the written Word of God. You will sometimes see people talking in Church before the Service, hurrying into it carelessly, or lounging in the seats, or not kneeling when they pray; you will see them treating their Bibles as if they were common books, throwing them here and tossing them down there, without care or reverence.

Now all this sort of conduct is among the beginnings of taking God's Name in vain. It shews a want of reverence. If we let the feelings of holy awe and reverence go down, if we treat holy places, holy things, holy persons irreverently, we shall be drawn into the darker and blacker breaches of this law.

And what we want so greatly at this present time is reverence; O seek to be reverent, think very greatly of the glory and greatness and goodness of God; think of His Presence; think of the honour due unto His Name who has created, redeemed, and sanctified you.

HONOUR THY FATHER AND MOTHER.

WE are to worship God and to honour those whom God has set over us. "Honour thy father and mother," is a commandment bidding us to give honour to all unto whom honour is due. It speaks first of all of parents, for they are the first whom we can reverence, they are the first who call forth our love and honour, nay, we begin to know how worthy they are of love and honour before we could know any thing of God or of the far higher honour due to Him.

"Honour and succour thy father and mother" is the teaching of the Catechism in explaining this commandment; while you are young obey them in all good things; treat them with respect; do their will; address them in no familiar way, nor call them by familiar terms; turn your eyes from their faults, and let your love, however warm and ardent it be, be seasoned with reverence, so that it may be distinguished from that which you give to a brother or sister. When they are old continue to honour them, even though their senses may be weakened, though old age and

HONOUR THY FATHER AND MOTHER.

many infirmities may cloud their minds. Succour them too, if they need your succour, and aid them not grudgingly, nor of necessity, for in this case above all others "God loveth a cheerful giver." It is after all no generous act, nothing to boast of or to glory in, for it is but the repayment of what you have yourself received. For many years you ate of the fruit of their toils; and shall they not, if need be, in their turn eat of yours? Succour them therefore because you ought to give freely as you freely received; and do this kindly, out of real love and honour, out of true affection; think nothing of what you do; let not your parents see an unwilling mind; but so give as to make their minds at ease in taking what you give; if you thus sweeten their last years, and support them when their strength is spent, you are laying up a store against your own day of need, and God will bless you when your own day of trial comes.

But not to parents only is honour to be given, though they claim the first portion, and though that portion should be mixed with especial love; you should honour and obey the queen, and all that are put in authority under her; kings, princes, governors, judges, magistrates, all these *receive power from God*; and as God is to be

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worshipped, so those who on earth promote peace, quietness, order, and truth, as instruments in His hands, are to be greatly revered, as bearing rule under Him. To despise an ambassador is to despise the king who sends him ; for he comes in the king's name and is clothed with the king's authority, and the king's word is uttered through his voice. So to despise those who are set by God to rule on earth, and to make or to execute laws, is to despise Him who sets them in their place. Very plain are the words of the Apostle, " Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God : the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God."

But as God sends these rulers in civil things, in matters of the state, so He sends others to rule in spiritual things, in His household the Church, which is a spiritual kingdom, a kingdom not of this world, not governed by worldly laws. You should honour your spiritual pastors and masters, your spiritual overseers and guides, those whom Christ Jesus has entrusted with spiritual authority over His flock. " Whosoever receiveth you," says our Lord Himself of His ministers, " receive Me." St. Paul, speaking in the same

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strain, says, "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray for you in Christ's stead." "Remember them which have the rule over you . . . Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls as them that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief." "We beseech you, brethren, to know them which labour among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake."

Holy Scripture, you see, places this matter in a very clear light; do not therefore be slow to give honour where it is due: do not be proud and self-trusting; do not go haughtily, nor refuse to be meek and teachable; do not have high thoughts, nor break the yoke of obedience from your neck; for we are all called to obey; and if we obey not God's servants, how can we have any love towards God Himself, or any love from Him? The self-willed, the unteachable, the unruly, the men who follow the way of their own hearts, follow an ill guide, and will reach an ill end.

THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY.

“ THOU shalt not in any way dishonour or defile thy body, whether by greater or lesser acts of defilement ;” so speaks God in these words ; for not only are our souls to be pure and given up to God, but our bodies are the Lord’s and also consecrated to His service. Despise not your body, for it is designed by God’s mercy to be raised into Heaven itself and to be glorified ; despise not your body, for already by holy Baptism it has been made a temple of the Holy Ghost, and He dwelleth in you. Not only has the spirit been redeemed, but the whole man, flesh and spirit, all is Christ’s.

Think in how many and in what plain-spoken words bodily purity is enforced in the Gospel, and bodily impurity is condemned. All positive sins of the body, all that leads ever so slightly to such sins, all the acts of sin, all the preludes and steps towards it, all the darker and the lighter forms of it, are denounced in many strong and striking words. The appearance of evil, evil itself, the beginning of it and the end, all that

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provokes desire and feeds it, together with the desire itself, all alike is placed under one great class of sins and condemned ; evil companions and communications, foolish talking and jesting, the very looking on a woman with an evil thought, chambering and wantonness, fornications, adulteries, are all counted as breaches of this law ; not only is the last and worst act of all condemned, but all that is of that kind, feasting, merry-making, gluttony, surfeiting, drunkenness, youthful lusts.

With all these strong plain warnings against sinning with our bodies, or yielding to any form, any kind, any degree of impurity, of unchasteness, of fleshly lusts, must it not be a very terrible thing to yield ? Must it not very greatly provoke God to cut us off, to smite us, to take away our life, or take away His grace and Holy Spirit while we live. And yet see how lightly this great commandment is esteemed ; see how many of the young trample it under foot and are not afraid of the tremendous judgments of God. Nay, many seem to think that they may for a time give rein to their lusts ; they think that the sins of youth are excusable in youth, and instead of striving against youthful sins, they give way at once. And in what deceiving

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words does the devil tempt them to cloak over the gross guilty deeds for which God has threatened to cast souls into hell. A fornicator is said to be simply "gay," a bastard is called "a love child," the giving birth to such a child is said to be not a sin, but "a misfortune," a harlot is called a "woman of pleasure," and in these and such like soft words the most fearful sins are softened down to the consciences of those who sin. In the Gospel things are called by their right names; good plain words are used. "Thou shalt not commit adultery," says both Old Testament and New, while the world tells us only of such an one being "a little wild," or "living freely."

O hear God's word on this matter; I pray you to hear it, for it is a sinful age, and men make light of sin. O how few young men pass through a chaste pure youth! how many young women fall and live in sin, or so give way to passion as to indulge in much that is sinful, though worldly fear may hold them back from the blackest form of this sin. Every country village with its large mass of illegitimate children or with those born just after marriage, shews how little chastity is preserved even amid country scenes by country folks; while the streets of

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

WHATEVER cannot be got honestly is not to be gotten at all ; for men must not snatch at that which God withholds. Who makes one man to differ from another ? Who makes this man rich and that man poor ? Who places one man in the midst of abundance, and another in poverty ? Does not God set men in different places in the world to make trial of them in different ways ? If God has allowed such a man by his hard toil to have obtained such a sum of money, or if it had come to him from his father's toils, and you go and take it by subtlety, are you not fighting against God ?

What good did stolen goods ever do a man ? Does he gain or lose ? Does not every breach of God's law, every wrong done to his brother, cause a man at last to weep and lament ? Is not the thief heaping coals of fire on his own head, and are not all the things that he steals so

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much fuel gathered together by his own hand which will speedily be set on fire and consume both his body and soul?

If then you would keep this commandment keep it in little things; no man ever begins breaking into a house. First of all there are some lesser thefts, some little frauds, some petty acts of dishonesty in trifles; then the stream swells, the thefts do not remain of a little size they grow; they increase; they become more frequent; conscience speaks less and less; the hand gets more apt, the desire of gain more strong, till at last, he who begins with stealing an apple or two, ends with being a daring and desperate thief.

Remember also that this commandment like the others is directed against the very faintest form of stealing, against any thing that leads the way, and not only against the plainer bolder acts of theft. Thus a steward or a servant who wastes his master's goods, who does not take proper care of them, who lets them spoil, who does not guard them sufficiently, in some sense breaks this law; for he does not in such case faithfully execute his charge; he does not act towards his employers as he would be doing, were he the master; he does not treat his

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master's goods as carefully as if they were his own.

So again a steward or a servant who lets other servants waste and spoil, or who lets them take and steal and put to their own use any of his employer's goods, breaks this law. If he sees such conduct and reports it to his master, he is no tale-bearer; he is acting a true part as a faithful honest servant. Many think they may see an employer wronged, and that as long as they do not encourage or take part in the wrong, it is no duty of theirs to speak of it; but we should never see wrong done, or any fraud committed, without speaking of it at once. It is false charity to the wasteful or fraudulent servant to conceal his fault; it is want of charity to the employer. Of course in the case of wasting of goods there should be certainty upon the point; the waste should be of a decided kind before it is told, otherwise, when there is no intention to be wasteful, wrong might be done.

Again, when a dealer, whatever his trade or profession be, overcharges, he breaks this law; an excessive extravagant charge is a breach of honesty, is a theft. A trader who over-reaches in a bargain, who takes advantage of the seller's or the buyer's ignorance to buy at a cheaper or sell

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at a dearer rate than is fair, breaks this law. Do we love our neighbour when we thus make gain of his ignorance and squeeze out of it something for ourselves? If we sell a horse to him at a higher price than it is worth, because he is ignorant of the value of a horse, should we like him to do the same with us in selling us some goods, such as linen and cotton, about which we are ignorant? A labourer who shuffles over his work, who when his master's back is turned idles away his time, and spares his strength that he may work the better for himself when he goes home, breaks this law; for he robs his master of that for which his master has paid him; he has robbed him of so much time and so much strength, which is the same as robbing him of so much money.

I have given you some instances of the way in which we may break this law without thinking we are thieves. I might give others of a like kind; but these may serve to shew how greatly we should be on our guard, how carefully we should watch our neighbours' interest, and how easy it is to be led to break the spirit of this commandment even while we keep the letter.

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

**THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS
AGAINST THY NEIGHBOUR.**

"THE tongue is an unruly member." How easily you may hurt your neighbour therewith; you may wound him as with a sword; you may ruin his character through with false accusations; you may publicly and privately spread the rumours concerning him that may blot out and blacken his good name; if you indulge hatred and ill will, your hatred and ill will may carry you into the other sin of speaking falsely to your neighbour's hurt. Where there is charity in the heart there will be charity in the tongue; and they who love their brother for Christ's sake will not scatter the seeds of falsehood abroad, these seeds that grow so quickly into so great a tree, for no falsehood remains in an evil world at its original size; it grows as it passes from mouth to mouth. The wind swells it as it flies on. Remember that whoever speaks falsely to do his neighbour harm, cuts himself with a two-edged sword, for he commits a double sin; he is a hater and a liar. What woeful judgments will fall on such when account is taken of every word that has passed from the lips of men. Those

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hot, false, malicious words will recoil and strike down the man who hurled them like arrows against his neighbour's name.

There are however many ways of breaking this commandment, which aims to secure both truth and love, besides stating that which is plainly false. You may exaggerate what your neighbour has done or said ; you may over-colour it ; you may give a wrong meaning to his words or deeds ; you may bring all his bad points to the light, and paste them together, leaving the good points out of sight, all which creates a false impression of his character, though perhaps you state nothing that is positively false ; you may suggest unworthy motives, put the worse construction on his course of conduct, which is uncharitable, though it may possibly be true ; you may hold back the truth, and keep silence, when love should make your tongue ready to deliver good words to do your neighbour good, when you have it in your power to say true things that would benefit him.

Consider how much Scripture speaks against slandering, backbiting, tale-bearing ; against all scandal, gossip, and talking about our neighbour. Believe me you will seldom talk over your neighbours for ten minutes without saying something

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against them, something to their discredit or detraction, whether it be in the way of ridicule or in earnest ; and believe me you will seldom find men talking over their neighbours without being led to break the law of truth as well as charity ; for how else has the proverb risen that every tale grows as it flies ? every body adds on a little, invents and manufactures something to make it more wonderful or horrible. The love of the truth, and love of your neighbour, are things greatly to be loved, and if you get to love them, you are on the true road truly and wisely to love yourself.

Sometimes indeed we may give an untrue colour to our neighbour's conduct without uttering a word ; a look, a shrug of the shoulders, a sigh, has done many a man as much wrong and injury as a thousand bitter words.

O my friend, keep the law of love and truth ; never utter one false word against your brother ; keep on the side of the very strictest truth ; nay, even if you might speak evil with truth, rather keep silence unless justice or necessity force the evil from your lips. Avoid altogether much talking about your neighbours ; it is difficult to talk much of them without sin ; it is a very narrow path, and your foot may easily slip into

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the mire on either side. Remember, too, how difficult it is to call a slander back. A few words to your neighbour's hurt, spoken in haste, travel quickly, and get beyond your own power; you may grieve over them; you may contradict them; you may try to make amends for them, but you cannot altogether undo the evil; you know not where the evil tale has spread, and you cannot make sure the contradiction will in every case reach the ears of those who heard what you said at first. Very carefully therefore should you speak of your neighbour, lest some speeches should escape your lips which, though afterwards repented of, may still go on working injury to his name.

In short, only bear such witness about your neighbour as you would not be ashamed or afraid to hear of on the day of judgment. All you say will then come out. Think, then, in all your present words of the judgment which you have to meet. Happy will they be who on that day will be found to have observed the royal law of love, never to have spoken falsely concerning their brother, and never to have spoken any thing to his reproach except what justice and charity to other men have required.

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

THOU SHALT NOT COVET.

"This commandment," says an old writer, "cuts to the quick; and the scope of it is to extirpate the very root, and destroy the seed of all iniquity and uncharitableness from the earth;" for you will observe that this drives not only at the deeds but at the thoughts of men, at the secret hidden thoughts, before they break out into any open act. As the same writer goes on to say, it shews that "God looks further than man, and His law is more perfect and exact than all the laws of men; for, whereas the laws of men only restrain the outward act, bind the tongue, and stop the mouth, and, in case they are unruly, punish the malefactor; God's law reaches hold on the first and inmost thoughts, inclinations, and motions to evil, and in case they be entertained will call men to the bar for them."

If indeed this commandment were but kept, many others would be kept also; for this may

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be said to keep the door of many others. For instance, if a man who has stolen his neighbour's goods, had checked those first desires which passed secretly through his heart as he gazed on his neighbour's goods, he would never have stretched forth his hands to steal. Or if the murderer had been content with that which he possessed and had stifled those first desires to have the gold and silver of his neighbour's purse, he would never have stained his hands and his soul with blood. If the adulterer had driven back those first desires when he gazed at his neighbour's wife, he would never have broken his neighbour's peace or blackened his own soul with that sin which provokes the vengeance of the Lord. If the cheat and the defaulter had never let the desire for more money than fell honestly to his portion get the head, he would never have taken those crooked paths which bring shame and dishonour before God and man.

We must begin with the thoughts, with the spring and fountain of all our deeds and words. Purify our thoughts, and all is done; and hence in this commandment God speaks to us not of our deeds and words, but of the seed from which these grow; He speaks of the management of *our thoughts*. Do not wait till you do evil and

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put your hand to sin ; but stop sin in the bud ; stop it as it begins to work like leaven in your heart ; stop it when you hear some evil whispers of the evil one bidding you long for that field or house, that rank or station, that honour or dignity, that carnal enjoyment, that indulgence of the flesh. Take out your knife at once and cut out these thoughts the moment they are born, while they are yet young. Otherwise they will lead you on to acts of sin. The covetous thoughts may seem slight and faint at first, for Satan often whispers before he speaks out loud ; but slight beginnings lead to fearful endings, and those who have been most deeply dyed with sin and stained through and through, at first had no more than the slightest tinge, a mere streak upon their souls.

Stop, I say, all greedy, covetous thoughts. Do not let your wishes rush after things which you have not, for the devil will give you wings to your feet that you may seize on them and possess them in some evil way. Even if you never reach them, if you go on simply coveting and longing after them, all that coveting and longing is sinful before God ; it is want of faith, want of trust ; you take upon you to decide that you know better than God what you ought to have, for

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whatever you have not has been with God.

Stop all covetous thoughts, as you were saved; be patient, humble, content, as with your earthly lot. He that covets things is losing heavenly things; better yourself when you begin to covet, "What fiteth it a man if he gain the whole world yet lose his own soul?" Let your neighbor have what God hath given him, whether it be his house, his wife, his children, his proper flocks, his herds, his silver and gold, his reputation, his power. If you have less of these things than he, what will it matter on the day of death? If you have less it is God's will; they that submit like Christians to His will have better things hereafter. Covetousness is idolatry; covet not lest you be consumed with all idolaters.

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NO. VII.—ON OUR BELIEF IN GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

“THE Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.” (Gen. i. 2.) “The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life.” (Job xxxiii. 4.) “Whither shall I go then from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I go then from Thy Presence?” (Ps. cxxxix. 6.) “And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.” (Joel ii. 28.) “And Jesus when He was baptized went up straightway out of the water: and lo, the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon Him.” (St. Matt. iii. 16.) “Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” (St. Matt. xxviii. 19.) “The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.” (St. John xiv. 26.) “When He the Spirit of truth is come, He will guide you into all truth.” (St. John xvi. 13.) “And when the day of Pentecost was fully come there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them: and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit

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gave them utterance." (Acts ii. 1—5.) "And when they had prayed the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness." (Acts iv. 31.)

WE have all been baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and we profess our belief in the Holy Ghost, as the third Person in the ever-blessed Trinity. We cannot therefore be like the disciples at Ephesus, who said they had "not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." But have we ever thought of the nature and office of this Divine Being, of His work in the blessed scheme of Redemption, of His gracious influence upon our souls, and of our duties towards Him? These are points which Holy Scripture has clearly revealed, and which the Church distinctly teaches. May every baptized Christian, then, take them home to himself for his own individual meditation and profit.

That the Holy Ghost is truly God, equal with the Father and the Son, we gather from many passages of Holy Scripture. Here the attributes which we know to belong to God only, are constantly ascribed to the Holy Spirit, as when He is described as "eternal" in the Epistle to

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the Hebrews, (Heb. ix. 14;) and omnipresent (i. e. present in all places) by David, who says in the Psalms, "Whither shall I go then from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I go then from Thy presence?" (Ps. cxxxix. 6.) Of His omniscience (or perfect knowledge of all things) St. Paul speaks, when he says: "The Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God," (1 Cor. ii. 10;) and of His omnipotence we can have no doubt when we read of His taking part in the great work of Creation, and of the miracles wrought by His Divine power. Often, too, the titles assigned to God alone are given to the Holy Spirit, Who is distinctly spoken of as God; as when Ananias, being charged with lying to the Holy Ghost, is said by so doing to have lied unto God. (Acts v. 4.) But here the Church comes in to gather up these scattered passages, telling us plainly in the Athanasian Creed that "the Holy Ghost is God," that the Godhead of the Holy Ghost is "all one" with that of the Father and of the Son, the "glory equal, the Majesty co-eternal."

But while we speak of the Holy Ghost as God, of one substance with the Father and the Son, we must not forget that He is at the same time a distinct Person. Upon a subject so deep

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and awful we shall do best to use the Church's own words. She teaches us in the same Creed that "we are compelled by the Christian verities to acknowledge every Person of Himself to God and Lord," and that, "as there is one Person of the Father, and another of the Son, so there is also "another of the Holy Ghost. And of this Divine Spirit what is the special office or mission in the great work of man's redemption? This the Nicene Creed and the Catechism tell us: the former by speaking of Him as the Lord and Life-giver, the latter as the Sanctifier of God's elect people. He is then the Author and Giver of life, spiritual as well as temporal; so God's own Word abundantly plainly teaches us, where we read that in creation "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters;" (Gen. i. 2;) and again, that it was the Spirit of the Lord that made man, and the breath of the Almighty that gave him life. (Job xxxiii. 4; Gen. ii. 7.) But it is of His gracious gift of spiritual life that we have now more especially to speak.

This gift, we know, was foretold and promised by our Blessed Lord while on earth. To Nicodemus He said, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the king-

dom of God," (St. John iii. 5;) and we have seen that when He spoke of His departure out of the world He consoled His sorrowing disciples with the hope of a Comforter. "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever, even the Spirit of Truth." (St. John xiv. 16, 17.) "He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you." (xiv. 26.) "When the Comforter is come Whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of Truth which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of Me." (St. John xv. 26.) "He will reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment," (St. John xvi. 8;) "He, the Spirit of Truth,—will guide you into all truth." (xvi. 13.)

Such are the words in which our Blessed Lord promised the gift of the Holy Spirit. They were fulfilled, when on the day of Pentecost God the Holy Ghost descended on the Apostles in the likeness of fiery tongues. Since that time He has ever been dwelling in the Church of Christ, sometimes shewing His Almighty power by signs and miracles, sometimes working invisibly, though no less surely, through His appointed means of grace. In the days of the

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Apostles He gave the miraculous power of suddenly speaking divers kinds of languages. In answer to their prayers He descended sensibly upon them enabling them to speak the word with boldness, (Acts iv. 29—32;) and He was ever present with them, not only by these extraordinary gifts, but also through His ordained sacramental channels. By Him also they were inspired (as were also the other authors of Holy Scripture) to write those sacred Books which have been handed down to us for our instruction and profit. So did He manifest Himself in the early days of the Church. So did He strengthen and continue her, giving life to her and all her members. And so it is still. His workings are as wonderful, though perhaps less open and visible. Still is He present in all the Church's ordinances, as truly as when His power was openly displayed in the days of the Apostles. Still does He descend in holy Baptism, and in Confirmation. In Ordination, we doubt not but that His blessed influences surely rest upon those to whom it is said "Receive ye the Holy Ghost;" but especially in the holy Eucharist, it is through His sanctifying influence that the outward elements of bread and wine become, in a mysterious manner, the Body and Blood of our Lord.

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It is thus that God the Holy Ghost fulfils His promised office of being to the Church a Comforter, a Guide, a Teacher, a Testifier of Christ: and it is thus that we realize the truth of our Lord's mysterious words: "It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you." But if such are His dealings with the Church of Christ, His workings in the soul of each individual member, who can tell? First; it was He who gave us in holy Baptism a new and spiritual life. The Spirit "moving upon the waters" of Baptism gave them their life-giving and regenerating influence. Though seen but by the eye of faith, yet could our bodily eyes have been opened to discern Him, He was, we may be sure, as truly present at that solemn hour as when, at our Saviour's Baptism, He was seen descending in bodily shape like a dove. In Confirmation again He came down upon us, showering upon us His manifold gifts of grace, "the spirit of wisdom and understanding; the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength; the spirit of knowledge and true godliness, and of holy fear." But He does not leave us here: He watches continually over that soul which He has made His temple, warning it by

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the voice of conscience when it goes as teaching it, and guiding it by His heavenly influences.

Thus are Christians in very deed temples of the living God. "Know ye not," says St. Paul, "that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy: for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." (1 Cor. iii. 16, 17.)

This is a very awful, as it is also a happy encouraging thought. Did we but strive to keep it steadily before our minds, surely it could not fail to lead holier and better lives. We know how we should deal with any person to whom we loved and honoured, and wished to keep within our dwelling. We should diligently exclude everything which could give him offence, and promote everything which could make it an abode fit for his presence. Just so ought we to act towards the great and mighty God Who dwells within us. He has indeed promised to abide with us for ever if He finds our souls fit temples for His habitation. But we may offend Him. We may so vex and "grieve," and quarrel against Him, as to provoke Him to leave us to ourselves. His very names of "Guide"

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“Teacher” shew how He governs us. He points out to us the right path, but He does not force us to walk in it; He teaches us our duty, but He does not necessarily oblige us to perform it. With us then it remains to “watch and keep” our souls, so that He may never depart from them. To this end we must every day, by prayers and self-examination, root out every evil thought or inclination which may offend Him, and when He puts good thoughts and desires into our hearts we should carefully cherish and follow them, remembering from whence they proceed, and never resting until we have acted upon them, and made them our own.

So may the Holy Spirit of God give us a right judgment in all things, that we may perceive and know what things we ought to do; and increasing more and more in His heavenly gifts, may at length attain to His everlasting kingdom.

DEVOTIONS.

DELIVER us, good Lord, from all those sins which exclude the Divine Comforter and daily increase in us His manifold gifts of grace,

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the spirit of wisdom and understanding ; the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength ; the spirit of knowledge and true godliness, and fill us, O Lord, with the Spirit of Thy Holy fear, now and for ever. Amen.

O Thou plenteous source of every good and every perfect gift, shed abroad the cheering light of Thy seven-fold grace over my heart. Yea, Spirit of love and goodness, I most humbly implore Thy assistance. Thou knowest my faults, failings, and necessities ; the dulness of my understanding, the vehemence of my affections, the perverseness of my will. When therefore I neglect to practise what I know, visit me, I beseech Thee, with Thy grace. Enlighten my mind, rectify my desires, correct my wanderings, and pardon my omissions ; so that I may by Thy guidance be preserved from making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, and at length be safe landed at the haven of eternal rest.

COME, Holy Ghost, Who ever one
Art with the Father and the Son,
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls possess
With Thy full flood of holiness.

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Let mouths, and heart, and flesh combine
To herald forth the Creed divine,
And love so wrap our mortal frame
Others may catch the living flame.

This grace on Thy redeemed confer,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Holy Ghost the Comforter,
Eternal Three in One.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.
Thy blessed Unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One,

THE CHIEF TRUTHS.

**That through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song ;
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.**

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

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NO. VIII.—*THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH, AND COMMUNION OF SAINTS*

“**THE Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the Truth.**” (1 Tim. iii. 15.) “**The Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved.**” (Acts ii. 47.) “**Christ is the head of the Church, and He is the Saviour of the body.**” (Eph. v. 22.) “**Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it.**” (v. 25.) “**Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone.**” (Eph. ii. 20.) “**And He gave some Apostles; and some Prophets; and some Evangelists; and some Pastors and Teachers: for the perfecting of the Saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the Body of Christ.**” (Eph. iv. 11, 12.) “**Now ye are the Body of Christ and members in particular.**” (1 Cor. xii. 27.) “**. . . holding the head, from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God.**” (Col. ii. 19.)

It is as members of Christ's Holy Catholic Church that the blessed truths which we have

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been considering are applied to us. When therefore we profess our belief in one Catholic and Apostolic Church, we think with gratitude of the precious gifts of which it is the channel, and we naturally seek to know something of that divine Body which conveys to us such great blessings.

The Church is the institution of Christ Himself. He would have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of His truth ; and so He established this holy society, into which men, struggling in this wicked world, might be called and placed on their road to heaven. We read in Holy Scripture how this divine society was formed and constituted. Our Blessed Lord before His ascension called unto Him His Apostles, and endued them with power from on high. As His Father had sent Him, so did He send them, giving them the Holy Ghost to guide them and to lead them into all truth. He authorized them to admit men into His Church by Holy Baptism, to guide and govern, to bind and to loose in His Name. And this power was not to rest with themselves only ; it was to be transmitted to others after them, who again conferred upon others also this apostolic or episcopal office. And so it has continued up to the present day.

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None have power to celebrate His holy mysteries or minister in His Church, but those who in this manner have been lawfully called and sent by Him.

Thus does our Lord fulfil His promise of being with His Church (through these His appointed ministers) even unto the end of the world, and thus has the Church been built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone.

In the Acts of the Apostles, as well as in many uninspired writings, we read how this divine Body, so formed, was continued and carried on. We find a regular order of ministry established ; priests, or (as they are sometimes called in our Bibles) elders or presbyters, serving under the Apostles or Bishops, with deacons, again, under them ; and taking counsel together in regulating the affairs of the Church (as when they came together under S. James, the Bishop of Jerusalem, to consider the question of circumcision). Above all, we find holy Sacraments and ordinances duly administered by them ; and numbers gathered into Christ's fold through the appointed means, "for the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved."

The Church on earth, then, is an outward

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visible Body, made up of fallible men and visible instruments, but conveying invisible and spiritual graces. Although holy through union with its Divine Head, yet while it is still militant here on earth, the evil must ever be in it mingled with the good ; just as there may be dead branches of a fruitful vine, diseased members of a living body, disobedient sons in a well-ordered family. "In a great house there are not only vessels of gold and silver, but also of wood and of earth ; and some to honour and some to dishonour." (2 Tim. ii. 20.) Or to use our Lord's own words, "The kingdom of heaven (or the Church) is like unto a net that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind, which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away." (St. Matt. xiii. 47, 48.) While, therefore, we behold strife and division, rebellion and wickedness abounding, let us not doubt Christ's promise, or the holiness of His Church. Rather let us listen to what Holy Scripture teaches us concerning our privileges and responsibilities as members of His Body.

Many are the figures and parables in which they are laid before us for our instruction and profit. Amongst others we find the Church spoken of as one great family, of which one part

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is still militant on earth, the other already triumphant in heaven ; as an ark in which we find safety and refuge whilst passing through the waves of this troublesome world ; and as a house over which Christ rules as a Son. Above all, it is likened to a Body of which Christ is the Head, and we the members. (Eph. i. 23 ; iv. 12, 13, 15, 16 ; Col. ii. 19 ; 1 Cor. xii. 12, 13.) It is on this figure that we would especially dwell, for it is this which makes us realize more than any other the high privileges to which we have been admitted, leading us with devout and grateful hearts, as well as with our outward lips, to profess our belief in “the Holy Catholic Church and Communion of Saints.”

“Now ye are the Body of Christ,” says St. Paul, “and members in particular,” (1 Cor. xii. 27 ;) and again, “. . . . holding the Head from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God.” (Col. ii. 19.)

From these passages we gather how close is the communion which the members of the Church enjoy with Christ and with one another. We know how the life and energy and activity of the whole body depend on its union with the head.

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and we know too how the health and well-being of each single limb may be affected by the state of the others. Just so is it with the members of Christ's Church. In holy Baptism we were joined to Him, and made, in a mysterious manner "members of His Body, of His Flesh, and of His Bones." (Eph. v. 30.) This union, so begun, has, in all faithful Christians, been nourished and strengthened by the continual streams of grace flowing through His appointed channels. As members of the Church we have all been taught the same great Catholic truths, fed by the same Sacraments, strengthened by the same prayer. We have "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all."

Hence we see what is the position of each baptized Christian in the Church of Christ. Could we but realize it, our duties to our Lord and to one another would be no cold or formal service. Looking to Christ as our Head, we should gladly seize every opportunity which He mercifully gives us of strengthening our union with Him, thankfully waiting upon Him in the holy ordinances, and holding communion with Him by prayers, and meditation, and watching. In our daily life too, did we but keep in mind the comforting yet overwhelming thought that

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we are "very members incorporate of His mystical Body," how should we strive diligently to fulfil His will in all things, as active and healthy limbs, living and moving by the influence and under the direction of the Head !

And what should be the feelings and conduct one towards another of those who are members of the same Body, children of the same Father, fellow-heirs of the same promises? Surely they should all endeavour to grow in charity one towards the other, taking care that no word or work of theirs may cause division in the body, but rather, speaking the truth in love, strive to be more and more joined together in unity of spirit and in the bond of peace. Many are the ways by which the members of Christ may help each other. By example and influence in their daily intercourse they may be promoting or retarding more than they are aware the well-being of their fellow-members or of the whole Body ; but more especially it is by their mutual sympathy, and prayers, and intercessions, that they may most avail. If one "member suffer, all the members suffer with it ; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it." So says St. Paul, and St. James bids us "pray one for another ;" for "the effectual fervent prayer of a

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righteous man availeth much." Let none then think that anything can exempt him from the duty and privilege of intercessory prayer. The prayers of individual Christians may be compared to small streams, which mingling together and running into each other, unite at last into one mighty river running into the great ocean ; so will the intercessions of the poorest and most unlearned of Christ's members, offered up in faith, and joined with those of his fellow-brethren, whom perhaps he may never see in this life, yet with whom he is closely united, rise up, with them, before the throne of God, and obtain blessings for himself, for his fellow-members, and for the whole Church, even the promotion of that unity which it must be the heart's desire of every one of our Lord's devout members to obtain.

But this wonderful communion is not limited to the visible part of Christ's Body still struggling in the world. It extends also to that invisible part which is removed from our sight. The saints already at rest form as much as we do, a part of the Church to which we belong, only they have reached that portion of it which is excluded from our view. Still, however, they may hold communion with us, and we on earth with them, they compassing us about like a great cloud of

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witnesses, strengthening us by their examples, helping us, it may be, by their prayers; we on earth striving to walk in their footsteps, commemorating their virtues, and praying that "we with them, and they with us," may in the last great day obtain the final consummation and bliss both of body and soul, in the glorious presence of God.

May we then, who have been made members of Christ's Church, thus "grow up into Him in all things who is the Head, even Christ," living and acting as true and faithful members under Him in this life, and numbered by Him with His saints in the next, in glory everlasting.

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ALMIGHTY God and heavenly Father, who of
ine infinite love and goodness towards us
t given to us Thy only and most dearly be-
ed Son Jesus Christ, to be our Redeemer, and
author of everlasting life; who after He
made perfect our redemption by His death,
was ascended into heaven, sent abroad into
world His Apostles, Prophets, Evangelists,

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Doctors, and Pastors, to set forth the eternal praise of Thy holy Name; for these so great benefits of Thy eternal goodness, and for that Thou hast vouchsafed to perpetuate among the same office and ministry appointed for the salvation of mankind, we render unto Thee most hearty thanks, we praise and worship Thee; and we beseech Thee, by the same Thy blessed Spirit to grant unto all who either here or elsewhere call upon Thy holy Name, that we may continue to shew ourselves thankful unto Thee for these and all other Thy benefits, and that we may daily increase and go forward in the knowledge and faith of Thee and Thy Son, by Thy Holy Spirit; so that as well by the ministers of Thy Church, as by them over whom they are appointed, Thy holy Name may be for ever glorified, and Thy blessed kingdom enlarged; through the same Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the same Holy Spirit, world without end. Amen.

O HOLY Jesus, King of the saints, and Prince of the holy Catholic Church, preserve Thy Spouse whom Thou hast purchased with Thy right blood and redeemed and cleansed with Thy Blood.

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even the whole Catholic Church, from one end of the earth to the other. O preserve her safe from schism, heresy, and sacrilege. Unite all her members with the bands of faith, hope, and charity, and an external communion when it shall seem good in Thine eyes. Let her daily sacrifice of prayer, and praise, and sacramental communion never cease; but be for ever presented unto Thee, for ever united to the intercession of her dearest Lord, and for ever prevail for the obtaining for every one of her members, grace and blessing, pardon and salvation; who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

O ALMIGHTY God, who hast built Thy Church upon the foundation of Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the head corner-stone; Grant us so to be joined together in unity of spirit by their doctrine, that we may be made a holy temple, acceptable unto Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O ALMIGHTY God, who hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship in the mystical Body of Thy Son Christ our Lord;

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Grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed as
in all virtuous and godly living, that we
come to those unspeakable joys which Thou
prepared for them that unfeignedly love Ti
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

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No. IX.—THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

THE Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." (1 St. John i. 7.) "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." (St. John i. 29.) "Thou shalt call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." (St. Matt. i. 21.) "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins." (1 St. John ii. 1, 2.) "In Whom we have redemption through His Blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." (Eph. i. 7.) "Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." (Acts v. 31.) "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 St. John i. 9.) "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the Name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." (Acts ii. 38.) "He breathed on them, and saith unto them; Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose-soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." (St. John xx. 22, 23.)

It is sin which separates us from God and from heaven. From the transgression of Adam

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up to the present moment, sin has abounded in the world, shutting men out from the privileges of Christ's kingdom here, and the hope laid up for them in His kingdom hereafter. What a blessed truth then is that of the "Forgiveness of sins" which the Church declares to us in the Creed !

This is a truth which concerns us all ; for "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." All therefore should seek to know what sin is, and how its forgiveness may be obtained.

By sin we mean anything which offends God. "Sin," says St. John, "is a transgression of the law," and "all unrighteousness is sin." It differs in kind and degree, but all, whether it be the original sin with which as children of Adam we are born into the world, or the wilful stain with which we afterwards defile ourselves, is a departure from the holy will of God, and as such subjects us to His wrath and displeasure. We may, then, well ask with St. Paul, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and with him we may thank God "through Jesus Christ our Lord," for it is His Blood alone which cleanseth us from all sin, and "there is none other name under heaven given unto men whereby we must be saved."

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The merits of Christ, then, are the sole cause of our pardon, on them we rest all our hopes of forgiveness and acceptance; it remains however with God to bestow this precious gift of remission of sins in His own way; and the ordinary means which He has appointed to convey it is through His Church. It was part of the apostolic commission to preach repentance and remission of sins. This was the work which our Lord Himself gave to His Apostles, and which they fulfilled by admitting men to the "washing of regeneration" in holy Baptism. St. Peter said, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." (Acts ii. 38.) And Ananias to St. Paul at his conversion, "Arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord." (Acts xxii. 16.) So also in the words of the Church, the water of holy Baptism is sanctified to "the mystical washing away of sin," and the persons baptized therein are "released from their sins," and declared to be of "the number of God's faithful and elect children."

Thus in the "one Baptism for the remission of sins," we were washed and made white in the Blood of the Lamb. It might then have been

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said of us and of all who have duly received that holy sacrament, as St. Paul said to his Corinthian converts: "Ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." (1 Cor. vi. 11.) Then we had, as it were, white robes given to us which it was our part to keep pure and undefiled from the spots of sin. Blessed are those (if such there be) who do so watch and keep their heavenly garment. But, as there are, alas! very few of us who have so retained our baptismal innocence, it seems most natural for us to enquire what hope there is for fallen sinners, and how we may return to God and regain His favour, after we have erred and gone astray.

Blessed be God, in the precious Blood of Jesus Christ there is still a continual fountain opened "for sin and for uncleanness," in which all may "wash and be clean," if only they seek its healing influence through God's appointed means; and these are, penitence and earnest confession of sin.

Sins are of various degrees, some greater, some less in the sight of God; therefore our penitence must be in proportion to our guilt. Each person then will do well seriously to examine *himself*, that he may know how he stands in the eyes

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of a heart-searching God. And if he hopes for forgiveness he must repent, earnestly, deeply repent; for the impenitent there is no hope, no promise, no offer of forgiveness. Repentance and confession of sin are the first things to be considered. Unless these take place there is no remission. He Who has given His Ministry power to declare and pronounce the absolution and remission of sins through the merits of Christ Jesus our Lord, has given them no power to pronounce such absolution, no power to speak any word of peace or pardon, except to the repentant. While in those awful words our Saviour gave power to His Priesthood to act as His ambassadors, to declare peace or war in His stead, "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained," He only gave them authority to pronounce remission in the case of sincere, earnest penitents. All other sins are "retained," and the "ambassadors of Christ" are bound to declare wrath against the impenitent, even as they give peace in Christ's Name to the repentant.

If you do repent, then come into the House of God, there confess your sins in God's presence, there kneel down and hear God's servant pronounce absolution and remission of sins to you

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and to all who repent ; there receive with faith those words in which they pray God to “ Have mercy upon you, pardon and deliver you from all your sins, confirm and strengthen you in all goodness.”

Or if you are unable to apply to yourselves these words when you kneel with others in God’s House, if you feel a weight upon your conscience, then listen to the counsel which the Church gives to all such before they come to the Lord’s Supper. The parish Priest is made to say, “ Because it is requisite that no man should come to the Holy Communion, but with a full trust in God’s mercy, and with a quiet conscience ; therefore if any of you who by this means cannot quiet his conscience herein, but requireth further comfort or counsel, let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned minister of God’s Word, and open his grief ; that by the ministry of God’s Holy Word he may receive the benefit of absolution.” In any case, all must humble themselves at the foot of the cross, and trusting entirely to His merits who hung and died thereon, we may confidently hope that He will vouchsafe it to them in His own good way.

Holy Scripture gives us many encouraging proofs of our Blessed Lord’s love for penitent

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sinners. None can limit the depths of His love, nor measure the limits of His grace. He has invited all who are weary or heavy-laden to come unto Him, to obtain remission of their sins ; He also lives for ever in heaven interceding for sinners. He is our advocate with the Father, and the propitiation for our sins ; let all therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that they may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

But penitents, who are thus seeking pardon for the past, must be no less careful to amend their lives for the future. The last state of the man to whom the one evil spirit returned with seven other evil spirits, was declared to be “worse than the first ;” and it is our Lord’s own caution to the man who had been released from the punishment due to his sins, “sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.”

Let all then take care that penitence and contrition for sin be followed by amendment and newness of life. Let him who humbly trusts that his sins have been forgiven still bear about him a sorrowful remembrance of his former transgressions, continually mortifying himself in that particular point in which temptation has most overcome him. May we all increase in

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hatefulness of sin and in watchfulness against it, ever bearing in mind the words of St. Paul, "how shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?" and may our daily prayer be that God would not deal with us according to our sins, nor reward us according to our wickednesses, but that the Lamb of God Who taketh away the sins of the world would have mercy upon us, and grant us His peace !

DEVOTIONS.

O LORD, we beseech Thee, mercifully hear our prayers, and spare all those who confess their sins unto Thee : that they, whose consciences by sin are accused, by Thy merciful pardon may be absolved, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

O LORD, we beseech Thee absolve Thy people from their offences ; that through Thy bountiful goodness we may all be delivered from the bands of those sins which by our frailty we have committed ; Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our Blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

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No. X. - THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

"AND many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake ; some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." (Dan. xii. 2.) "The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth ; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life ; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." (St. John v. 28, 29.) "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment : but the righteous into life eternal." (St. Matt. xxv. 46.) "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." (Rev. xx. 15.) "Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord." (2 Thess. i. 9.) "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever, and they have no rest day nor night." (Rev. xiv. 11.) "The fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." (Rev. xxi. 8.) "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." (St. Matt. xiii.

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43.) "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." (Dan. xii. 3.) "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know, that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." (1 St. John iii. 2.) "And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." (Rev. xxi. 3, 4.) "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of the Lord did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." (Rev. xxi. 23.) "And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and His servants shall serve Him: and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads." (Rev. xxii. 3, 4.) "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." (1 St. Peter i. 3—5.)

EVERLASTING life is the end and aim of our being on earth. None can escape it. After the *general* resurrection, we must either live for ever

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with God and with His holy Angels, or be tormented with devils for ever and ever. One of these two states must be ours. It was to procure for us the former, and save us from the latter, that our Lord Jesus Christ came down from heaven; for this that He suffered, was crucified, dead and buried; for this that He ascended into heaven to plead for us at the throne of the Eternal Father; for this too, it was, that He placed us in the way of salvation by receiving us into the ark of His Church, and washing us from our sins in His own Blood. In His own words: He came that we "might have life," (St. John x. 10,) and "he that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (St. John v. 24.)

An everlasting life then, of perfect bliss and happiness, is placed by God's mercy within our reach: yet we may lose it, we may forfeit the precious gift, and earn for ourselves an everlasting life of misery and torment. These are very awful thoughts, but thoughts which should suggest themselves to every reflecting Christian, when he concludes the profession of his faith by repeating the words, "I believe in the life everlasting," or as the Nicene Creed expresses it,

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"the life of the world to come." And if we would make our meditations profitable, there are two things which it would seem natural for us to do. First, to strive to bring before our minds, as in a picture, all that Holy Scripture says concerning it, and then to ask ourselves to which of these two states are we hastening? to life everlasting in endless misery or in endless bliss?

God has told us in His holy Word quite enough for us to realize our future state. Our Lord Himself describes the moment when it will be decided. At the great day of the general resurrection, when all men being raised again with their own bodies shall have been judged before His great throne, we shall be numbered either with those on His right hand, or on His left; either we shall go away with the wicked into everlasting punishment, or enter with the righteous into life eternal. Let us then follow each into their different abodes, that we may now choose to which of these two classes we shall wish to belong at that great day. What will become of the wicked Holy Scripture plainly warns us. "Whosoever was not written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire." (Rev. xx. 15.) The wicked shall be "punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of

the Lord." (2 Thess. i. 9.) They will go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched, into that awful place "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." (St. Mark ix. 46.) "The fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." (Rev. xxi. 8.) There they shall "be tormented day and night for ever and ever." (Rev. xx. 10.)

So God's Word teaches us of the awfulness of hell's sufferings and of their eternity. Perhaps in this life it may be difficult to realize them, and to bring before our minds the full meaning of that awful word, eternity! When we suffer pain either of mind or body, we are accustomed to look for relief, and to hope that sooner or later it may come to an end; but in hell it will not be so; there, torments, greater than any thing we have felt or endured here, shall never cease; from the moment in which the terrible words are pronounced, "Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels," there is no more respite or hope for those unhappy ones to whom they are addressed. A hundred, a thousand, or even a million of years, will not

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bring them nearer to the end of their misery ; it must last for ever. May this awful picture be before our eyes, to check us when we are tempted to commit sin or yield to temptation : who knows whether, if not resisted, one single sin into which we may fall may not be to us the first step to everlasting misery ?

But if none can count the years of an eternity of woe, who can measure the bliss of an eternity of happiness? "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." (1 Cor. ii. 9.) It is chiefly in the writings of the beloved disciple that we learn the happiness of heaven. He tells us that "it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." (1 John iii. 2.) And in the book of the Revelations he describes the happiness of the blessed ; "They are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple ; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed *them*, and shall lead them unto living fountains

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of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." (Rev. vii. 15—17.) "They shall see His face, and His Name shall be in their foreheads, and there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever." (Rev. xxii. 4, 5.) In this then consists the happiness of the glorified saints of God, that they see their Lord face to face, that they are safe in His hands where no torment can touch them, or sorrow or temptation approach them; in the holy city of God there can enter nothing that defileth; no more sin, nor strife, nor divisions, which make up the sorrows of this life, can appear there to mar the perfect bliss and concord of God's blessed ones. All unite in serving Him and doing His will; and of this their perfect happiness they need fear no change nor end; it will last for ever and ever.

And who are they who will form this heavenly company? St. John in the Revelations gives us the answer, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb." (Rev. vii. 14.) Saints, and martyrs, and confessors, and God's servants, who have

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“followed the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.” These all meet in a multitude which no man can number, around the throne of God and of the Lamb. And can we sinners hope to join this blessed society, and to enter into this heavenly place? God, in His mercy, has willed that all His people should attain unto it. He hath “begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.” (1 St. Peter i. 3, 4.) And in His holy Scriptures He has taught us the way that leads thereto. He has promised to the “pure in heart” that “they shall see God.” (St. Matt. v. 8.) He has bid us follow after “holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.” (Heb. xii. 14.) And He has said, speaking by His servant David, the holy Psalmist, that he that would ascend into His holy hill must be one of clean hands and pure heart, that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, nor sworn to deceive his neighbour. (Ps. xv.) Moreover, in the picture of the day of judgment given by our Lord, we find that to such as delight in works of mercy and charity, doing them as unto Him, is reserved a place on His right hand. (St. Matt. xxv.)

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Thus there is set before us who are militant on earth, life and death, blessing and cursing. The way of life is still before us, but the broad way which leads to everlasting death is open to us too. If we walk in the way of sinners, yielding to temptation, and perchance dying in unrepented sin, we may hear that most fearful of all sentences—the condemnation pronounced by our Lord Himself. Yet, praised be God, for us who are still in the flesh there is still hope. If only we seek for the continual cleansing of His most precious Blood; if we strive to walk in holiness, purity, and charity, daily endeavouring to become more and more meet for His glorious presence, it may yet be reserved for us to hear that most joyful summons: “Come, ye blessed children of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world,” an entrance may yet be ministered unto us, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Surely thoughts such as these should be enough to encourage and bear us up in all the trials and temptations of this mortal life. As the bare possibility of eternal condemnation should check us from sinning, so the contemplation of the blessed hope of everlasting life should make us feel no

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exertion too great, or suffering too grievous, if by any means we might attain unto it, for "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us," (Rom. viii. 18); and "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh in us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." (2 Cor. iv. 17.)

DEVOTIONS.

O most blessed mansion of the city which is above! O most clear day of eternity, which night obscureth not, but the highest truth ever enlighteneth! O day ever joyful, ever serene, and never changing into a contrary state! O merciful Jesu, when shall I stand to behold Thee? When shall I contemplate the glory of Thy kingdom? When wilt Thou be to me all in all? O when shall I be with Thee in Thy kingdom, which Thou hast prepared for Thy beloved from all eternity?

THOS. A KEMPIS.

Grant that I may employ all my faculties in the work which Thou hast assigned them

THE CHIEF TRUTHS.

that I may obtain heaven, and avoid hell. Let this be my great concern, and let my principal care and diligence be employed about it. Make me sensible, O God, of the vast and infinite moment of it ; no less than eternal happiness or eternal misery depending upon it. Let me often consider how bitter it will be to be for ever excluded from the beatific presence of God, and to be full of desire, and full of despair, without any other relief than lamenting my folly to eternal ages : and who is able to dwell with everlasting burnings?

O Lord Jesu, Who hast redeemed us with Thy precious Blood, make me to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting. O let my name be found written in the Lamb's book of life at the great day. Amen.

MELSON and BISHOP WILSON.

O God, Who hast prepared for them that love Thee such good things as pass man's understanding, pour into our hearts such love toward Thee, that we, loving Thee above all things, may obtain Thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O Almighty God, Who hast knit together thine

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elect in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of Thy Son Christ our Lord, grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys, which Thou hast prepared for them that unfeignedly love Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.



THE COTTAGE PIG-STYE.

JOHN and Mary Burnet were not a little surprised when they one day received a letter, telling them of the death of an uncle, who had kept a grocer's shop in the neighbouring town. He had not been friendly with John for some years, and therefore when he found that the old man had left him a legacy of five pounds, he scarcely knew whether he was glad or sorry at the event.

"It is," said he to his wife, "hard to think, that for so many years he should have turned against us as he did, and then when he was near death have had no opportunity of telling us that

his feelings were changed. I would rather have had half the money in his life-time, if he had said, Here, John, I hope it will prosper with you."

"My dear," said his wife, "it was no fault of yours that the ill will was kept up so long. It was only three months ago that we sent James in to Brentfield to shew his uncle the new Bible he had gained by good conduct at the Sunday school, and he never so much as gave the child a few raisins, or a bit of sugar candy. Nay he said, you know, that he hoped John Burnet was not trying to make his children wiser than their parents, that he had got on very well without so much learning."

"Very true, Mary, so he did, but I am glad to be able to recollect, now that the old man is gone, that we did send James to see him. Perhaps if he had lived, he might in time have taken him into the shop."

"How should you like to be a grocer, James?" said his mother.

The boy said "that he liked the sugar, and treacle, the figs and currants, but that he had rather be out in the fields with his father, than shut up in a close shop, standing all day behind a counter. And you don't want me to go, father," said he, "do you? you would be

obliged to have a boy, you know, if you sent me away, for you could not do without one."

John Burnet laughed. "Since you have had your new smock frock, and can hold the plough, you have begun to think yourself a great man, I think, James. But, my boy, I don't want to get rid of you I can tell you, while you are so useful as you now are, and I suppose if you were not, your mother there would make a great outcry if I proposed sending you away. I should not tell you this, if I did not know, James, that you would much rather work than be idle, and as we are both obliged to be careful that not a minute slips away from us this fine weather, we had better set out on our day's work. When we come home in the evening, we will consult together as to the best mode of laying out our fortune. And Mary, my dear, you can be thinking, while we are away, what will be our best course."

Mrs. Burnet told them that the employment would not take her very long. Like people in every class of life, she found that there was always plenty of temptation to spend money, and that many things were thought necessary because an opportunity for the purchase offered. During their married life, however, she and her

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husband had been obliged to think more of what they could do without, than of what they wanted, but as they were both of a cheerful, contented disposition, they were more disposed to be thankful for what they had, than to repine for what was out of their reach. A family of four children had sprung up around them, and but for great industry on both sides, their poverty would have been hard to bear; but by the frugal care of Mary, their cottage did not appear to be half so destitute of comfort as many others in the village, where such good management was unknown. Active and bustling as was Mrs. Burnet, she did not, as you may suppose, sit down in the midst of her household work to think about the five pounds which had so unexpectedly dropped into her purse. It was washing day, and the clothes she had put in to soak the night before, were to be washed, dried, and put by, before her husband came home to his evening meal. His dinner, Peggy was to take to the field, and though it was only a pie made of turnips, potatoes, and a small bit of bacon, yet as Mary's crust was never lumpy, and the materials of her pie always chopped small, and seasoned with a little pepper and salt, John *Burnet's* pies were greatly admired by his fellow-

labourers, who, with a piece of hard cheese, or a lump of cold meat, envied John Burnet and his son their savoury meals. They scarcely believed John, when he assured them that his dinners taken altogether cost no more than their own. Mrs. Burnet liked John to have a hot dinner now and then, and though he thought it hardly worth while, she frequently in the winter season sent Peggy, the eldest girl, with a pitcher of pea soup for the dinner of her husband and James. This soup was made at a low cost, and swedish turnips cut up into small square bits, with onions or leeks, made it very palatable. A few bits of bacon did not do it any harm, though it was not always that Mrs. Burnet had any to put in. How well she remembered when in her father's house the comfort it was to have a large flitch of bacon hanging by the fire-side to cut from, and the treat it gave the children when a black pudding was added to the usual meal. Mrs. Burnet however had never wished openly to be able to keep a pig, because she knew they had not the means of getting either pig; or a house for him to live in, and she would not vex her husband by wishing for things beyond their reach. While over her wash-tub the morning when the important letter arrived, she allowed her

thoughts to dwell more upon this great object of her concealed desires than she had ever before done, and made Peggy laugh when she told her the "black puddings" were ready to hang out, meaning all the time John's worsted stockings. When he returned in the evening, a hot supper was waiting for him ; all tubs and appearance of washing were carefully cleared away. Although it was fine spring weather, a cheerful fire burnt in the grate, and on it a saucepan sent out a very savoury odour. Bacon, leeks, potatoes, and turnips do certainly smell very nice when cooked with care, and after a hard day's work were as welcome to John Burnet and his son, as the finest turtle served in the rich man's silver tureen. The latter perhaps is not equally relished, from the want of that appetite which is one of the mercies permitted by a gracious God to be the reward of honest industry.

"Well, Mary," said John, "have you settled how we are to spend my uncle's legacy?"

"If I was to do it as I liked," replied Mary, "I should build a pig-stye, and buy a pig to live in it."

"How shall we feed it?" said John ; "his life will be but short I fear, if he gets only what *we leave*."

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"Do you set about his house," said Mary, "and I will undertake to feed him, and fatten him too."

"I am sure, my dear," said John, "looking round on his four rosy children, if he thrives by your management like our little ones, he will do you credit. But I thought you would rather have laid out the money in clothes. We all want something or another I am sure, and nobody more than yourself."

"Wait a bit, John, the pig shall soon give us all a garment; that is to say if he turns out well."

"And to secure that," said John, "we must have a good breed to begin upon. I am sure I know no more about pigs than I do about knitting the stockings that I see Peggy is now quite smart about. If I was to go to Brentfield market to buy a pig, ten to one but I should
♥ bring home any thing but a bargain."

"I don't know," said Mary, "enough about pigs to be certain of getting a healthy one, but I am sure that Mr. Morton the steward would sell us one of his stock. It was only last summer that he stopped his horse as he was passing down the lane, and said, 'Mary Burnet, you only want a pig to make your little bit of garden-

ground pay you well.' And then, John, he admired the roses, and said, 'he wished I could tell Mrs. Morton how to get such deep red roses to grow over her porch door,' and said too that she was coming to see the children, but she has not yet called. I wish the roses were out, and I would take a bunch, and ask her if she would please to let her husband know that we want a pig."

"And can pay for it too," said John, feeling proud of his unusual stock of ready money. "Take little Peter with you, Mrs. Morton is as fond of children as she is of roses, she would give something to have a few of both sorts like ours, Mary."

"Shall I offer her little Peter," said Mrs. Burnet, "in exchange for a pig?"

Little Peter, who had been roused by the mention of his name, did not give John time to reply; being five years old he was quite aware of his own value, and declared that he would not be treated in any such manner. Indeed, Mrs. Burnet had some trouble in persuading him to go with her to Mrs. Morton's, so afraid was he of being left behind to live in a pig-stye.

Mr. Morton was a person who not only took great interest in farming himself, but gave every encouragement in the improvement of their cot-

tages to the labourers on the estate. His advice was always to be had, and when followed generally proved of great service. But people are more fond of asking for advice than of benefiting by it, and if Mr. Morton had not had great perseverance in doing all the good in his power, he must have been disheartened at the frequent failures when he had hoped success. He set, too, an excellent example in many points by which the labourers might have gained great good, but they were reluctant to take advantage of the least proposed change in their old customs and habits. 'The farmers' wives found with annoyance that Mr. Morton's pork always fetched a penny a pound more than theirs in the market, but though Mr. Morton assured them it was entirely owing to the different mode of keeping the pigs, they preferred going on in the old way. Pigs had always been used to live in filth, they had not got their name of being dirty for nothing, they liked foul food, and filthy bedding. Mr. Morton had very often tried all his skill in proving to them the contrary, entreating old farmer Stubbs to come and judge for himself; "If," said he, "you could only hear the grunts of pleasure that arise from my pig-houses after fresh straw has been put in, you must confess

that they like it at any rate as much as the wet and filth. Besides, the hog thrives better and fattens more quickly if kept clean."

But old farmer Stubbs came and looked at Mr. Morton's piggery, and though he was obliged to confess that the inhabitants were in a fine and creditable state, yet he went home and told his wife that such new-fangled things were all very well for the gentry, and Mrs. Stubbs warranted that the mange would get in, in spite of all their care. "My father never had his pigs, poor things, scrubbed with soap and water, and what bacon he had! side after side has he sent to market and got the best price." Mrs. Stubbs did not reflect that he might, under Mr. Morton's plan, have had half as many more sides at the same cost.

Mrs. Burnet could not have the pleasure of her husband's company when she went to Mr. Morton's to make her request about the pig, but John said that James should have a holiday and go with her. Peggy was left at home with the baby, and was very proud of the charge; little girls of twelve are pleased to be thought women enough to have charge of the house, and she seemed to think all her mother's cautions *about household matters* not at all necessary,

though she carefully obeyed them. She was on no account to try, with baby in her arms, to remove or change the place of the pot on the fire which held her father's supper, the child was safer on the floor even if he did cry a little. "While he is asleep don't go out of the room, Peggy; take your knitting, and sit by the cradle, he is strong enough now, dear little fellow, to upset it, if he wakes and finds us all missing."

Now as Peggy, although she was a sharp little girl, might not have thought of such things, Mrs. Burnet acted as every kind and careful mother should do; she preferred warning her daughter to avoid evils rather than (as too many do) punishing her for them after they had happened.

Mr. Morton's house was about three miles from the village where Mrs. Burnet lived, and after a pleasant walk through the lanes and fields, she was so lucky as to find Mr. Morton in his farm-yard. He kindly begged her to come in, and when he heard how she and John wished to dispose of their legacy, he said he would spare them a fine little pig, and for twelve shillings it should be sent to them in his market-cart, as soon as their sty was ready. He gave her too some most valuable advice about keeping pigs, to which both she and James listened attentively.

"The pig," said Mr. Morton, "is not naturally the stupid unsociable brute that people generally consider him to be. A great deal of this notion arises from the wrong mode of treatment commonly followed with regard to him. If he is treated properly, and with kindness, his sagacity will display itself in a remarkable way. Cleanliness is, in my opinion, one of the greatest points to be observed in the management of pigs; if this with warmth be duly attended to, the animal will very seldom be afflicted with any disease. Most of his maladies proceed from bad feeding and the neglect of these."

"I am sure," said Mrs. Burnet, "I am very much obliged to you for all you have told me about feeding and treating pigs, I shall follow out your plans in every way that I can, for I must say I never saw such clean comfortable-looking pigs as those belonging to you; I am sure the children might almost go in amongst them without getting any harm from dirt."

Little Peter, who had been fast holding by his mother's gown, here said he did not want to go in with the pigs at all, and Mr. Morton laughed and said he should come in and see Mrs. Morton instead, so they all went into the little parlour, where she was at work. She looked

very pale and ill, but she kissed little Peter and gave him a large piece of cake.

"I shall pay you a visit, Mrs. Burnet, as soon as the roses come out, for as well as seeing them, I hear that you have another fine little boy to shew me."

Mrs. Burnet curtsied and looked much pleased as she said, "and by the blessing of God, ma'am, before the summer is over, I hope that a cradle may be rocked here, with as fine a baby as mine in it." And Mrs. Morton smiled a little and said "she should like just such a boy as little Peter," and kissed him once more, so that little Peter again laid hold of his mother, fearing perhaps that the lady might be about to take possession of him altogether.

Mr. Morton walked a little way with Mrs. Burnet, as he was on his evening visit round the farm-yard, and he gave her some more hints about her garden, which we shall find were of great use to her.

John had finished his supper, and was sitting with the baby on his knee, while Peggy with her frock pinned up under a coarse apron was clearing away the supper things. Mrs. Burnet was very welcome, for John said he always felt lonesome when she was out, he had no one to listen

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to the story of his day's work, and the news he might have to tell about his fellow-workmen, their wives and families. This evening he was of course more than usually glad to see his wife, as Mrs. Burnet was a sharp observing woman, and never went any where without gaining some useful information or warning caution from what she saw or heard. Some clever man has said, that those are the wisest who thus manage to benefit by the experience of other people instead of their own.

"I wish you had been with me, John," said his wife, "for really Mr. Morton's piggery is well worth going to see, even if you don't want to profit by his method of keeping pigs, they look so clean, comfortable and happy. He has a long range of pigs' houses, so built as to be sheltered from wind and weather; the ground is paved and sloping outwards, so that the styes are always dry, and are besides kept so clean that you would hardly believe pigs were in the habit of living there. The ground is divided into two parts by a drain right through it, into which all the wet and dirt run, and this falls outside into a large pit made on purpose for this kind of liquid manure. Mr. Morton said, that even in keeping *but one pig* we should find this a great help in

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manuring the garden. Years ago liquid manure was not thought of such consequence as it now is. The pigs are kept warm by having clean straw, and this when dirty is removed, and when put in the manure pit repays its first cost. Each house has a door that is shut in cold weather, for it seems that pigs fatten much faster and better when guarded from severe weather, but the houses have holes to let in air, that the styes may be kept sweet. Mr. Morton has brought a stream of water through the piggery, for he says that good fresh water is as necessary as food for the pigs; he used before to give them clean water twice a day in tubs, that they could not get their feet in while drinking, and so make the water dirty. Pigs you know always like to do this when they can."

"Really," said John, "Mr. Morton's pigs ought to pay him, for he seems to make them comfortable enough. Our pig must be contented with a less grand place to live in."

"Yes," said his wife, "but I intend that he shall have a house as much like the one he leaves to come to us, as I can make it."

"And so he shall," said John, laughing; "he shall not pine away because he is not so well off

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as his grand relations. I will go at once to Job Bridgman the mason, and ask him what he will charge for knocking us up one, and you, my dear, shall have your own way, and make as many doors and holes in it as you like."

"I shall only want one of each, John, and I hope the pig will thrive in his sty, well enough to repay us some of the expense; of course, while we are about it, it will be wise to have a good strong place, that will outlast his life, and do for many more."

"Mother did not tell you," said James, "that Mr. Morton's pigs are scrubbed with soap and water once a week; this prevents them, he says, from getting the mange, and that when he buys a new one, he is so afraid of its infecting any of his pigs with this nasty complaint, that he washes the new comers with chloride of lime mixed in water."

"I suppose," said John, "that there is a pretty noise when this pig-washing goes on."

"No," said his wife, "Mr. Morton said that he really believed that the pigs like it, for it keeps their skins cool and free from vermin. The reason why pigs wallow in the mud is to do this, not because they like to be dirty."

With the help of Job Bridgman a house for

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the pig was soon built, it was about seven feet square, with a door; and three mud walls joining to it made a little court for the convenience of the inhabitant, in one of which was a gate for him to go in and out.

As he was not at first meant for a bacon pig, Mary intended to let him have a run now and then for the good of his health, and in the season he could pick up acorns or chesnuts in the lane. By feeding him in the morning before he set out, and having a meal ready in the evening for him, the pig soon learnt to come home without the trouble of being driven.

At the end of a week James went to Mr. Morton's to give word that the pig might be sent, and accordingly he arrived on the next market day greatly to the joy of the children. He squealed a little when he found himself alone in the new house, but soon made himself comfortable in the clean straw provided for his bed; a warm, dry, and comfortable one being of quite as much consequence to the pig as feeding. For the latter purpose, John had provided a stone trough, as though it cost more at first, it would outlast any number of wooden ones. These, even when bound with iron, have been soon gnawed to pieces by the pigs, who when they are inclined

to be lively, frequently amuse themselves in this way. This trough held alternately both food and water, and great attention was paid that it should be kept perfectly clean. John also made his manure pit as far as he could from the cottage, though it did give him the trouble of digging a longer trench, for he knew that nothing is more apt to breed malignant fevers than the bad smell which arises from decaying vegetables and other filth. He also took the precaution of whitewashing the walls and inside of the pig-stye.

As Mrs. Burnet had benefited so much by her visit to Mr. Morton's piggery, it was not surprising that her new purchase throve better even than she could have hoped, and she determined to keep him living in the stye for a bacon pig instead of a porker.

In Mr. Morton's yard there was a large boiler fitted up for cooking victuals for the pigs; Mrs. Burnet used a large pot instead, which she kept as clean as if their own dinners were cooked in it. Owing to the failure in the potatoe crop, the value of swedish turnips as an article for fattening pigs was now generally acknowledged, and Mr. Morton declared that he found it a more profitable diet. He gave

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John directions to sow his bit of ground with these, (selling him some for present use,) and beans, peas, barley, buckwheat, flax, parsnips, carrots, cabbage, lettuce, Lucerne, Italian rye grass, clover, rape, chicory, vetches, and sow-thistle. John could not manage to find room for all Mr. Morton's list, but he had a good many of them in his little garden. Sow-thistle, which he had never heard of before except as a weed used in feeding rabbits, he found a very nourishing kind of food for his pig.

Such vegetables boiled with meal, bran, brewers' grains, wash, half malted barley, pollard, &c., well boiled in water together, a little salt added, and then given to the pig when nearly cold, and not too thick, were found to answer the purpose of fattening a fine little bacon pig.

Care was taken not to give too much food at a time, and when a pig has meals (which he ought to have) at regular hours, the exact quantity he will eat can soon be found, and over feeding, which is bad, be thus avoided; a change now and then in the diet is very desirable.

Mrs. Burnet was advised by one of her neighbours to buy chandlers' greaves as food for her pig, but Mr. Morton had told her that unless it was given in very small quantities with bran,

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meal, and boiled roots, it would make the pork have a strong taste. If fed wholly on either greaves, or oil cake, or flax seed, the flesh becomes loose, unsubstantial, and carriony, giving out a taste like that of rancid oil.

“Pigs,” said he, “that have been fed chiefly on corn, in turn with the vegetable diet, produce pork, nearly equal in delicacy of flavour, whiteness of colour, and consequent value, to that well known article called dairy pork. Such pork you cannot expect to have, Mary, for it is fed entirely on milk and bruised corn from the time of weaning, but by proper attention to the directions I have given, in about three months you will be able to kill a bacon pig of that moderate degree of size and fatness, which is most profitable for your purpose. The bacon pigs we get from Ireland, which are fed entirely on potatoes, however good they may appear in weight and condition, yet unless they are fed some weeks in England on good substantial food to harden their flesh, are always found to be inferior to the pork and bacon of this country. The fat has a tallowy look and shrinks when cooked. Good bacon such as I hope yours will be, Mrs. Burnet, should be, when *boiled*, firm, with a tinge of pink in its colour,

and swell in the pot. And I can assure you, from my own experience, that a hog washed weekly with soap, water, and a brush, will be found to thrive at least three times as well as he would otherwise do. And this, after he has been so served once or twice, the pig himself discovers, for he shews no objection to his weekly washing. I have told you this before, I know, Mrs. Burnet, but I repeat it now, because I know full well, that unless your pig is kept clean, dry, and warm, you will lose half the benefit he ought to be to you. If your pig should become ill in any way, for they are liable to a good many diseases as well as ourselves, do not trust to the advice of any 'pig doctors,' 'cow doctors,' or any other of those impudent quacks who profess to have a cure for every complaint. Nor would I have you trust too much to books, unless well recommended by those who understand the subject. A little book on pigs, their origin, varieties, and treatment under diseases, written by a gentleman called Richardson, and to be had at any respectable booksellers for one shilling, contains a great deal of useful information, and is well worth the small price of its cost to any cottager who wishes to make pig-keeping profitable.

But you may rely on it, Mary, that if could enquire into the way your neigh Tompkins lost his pigs, you would find th was from the bad sty he expected the thrive in, and the bad food he gave them saw in the trough, one day, mouldy bread, v shewed but bad management on the part o wife, and some stale boiled turnips and which I am sure if the pigs had not been r ously hungry they would have turned from in disgust. When they had dev this wretched meal, I saw them lying a filthy heap of wet straw, and their own . The next time I passed, Mrs. Tompkins crying because both her pigs were dead, mange, and I could not help telling her t their sty was not cleaned out, the bad would breed a fever that would perhaps her to shed tears for the loss of her chi Tompkins told me he had done every for his pigs, spending two shillings in ment made of hellebore, lard, and t water. The very way to kill instead of You have done every thing, said I, but your pigs clean, and well fed. I don't you to think, Mary, that I was boastir much over my neighbour, when I told

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kins to come and have a few lessons at my piggery. I really wished him to have some advantage from keeping a pig, as I know he laid out some hardly-earned savings in getting one. At the first feeding, he nearly killed the animal, by giving it a great quantity of raw food to eat, after it had fasted for a long time. As the trough was emptied, so he filled it, until the pig was actually sick. He thought it was dying, and came to me in a great fright. I recommended him to give it no other food for a day or so, but some sweet grains, and thin wash, with a little sulphur in it, and the pig soon recovered. But from bad management he has lost both this and another he bought afterwards."

Mrs. Burnet thought it very kind of Mr. Morton to make a point of calling whenever he passed through the village, to enquire for her pig; he also told her the best time for killing, which she would not otherwise have known.

After they have got to a certain degree of fatness, pigs begin to eat less, and do not continue to increase in size; this, therefore, is the best time for killing.

It was not a pleasant thing for Mrs. Burnet to tell the butcher to come and kill the poor

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animal they had taken so much care of for so many months, but, said she to John and the children, who liked it as little as herself, the poor pig has had a very comfortable life, and he does not know what is about to happen to him. And it is a comfort to know that the cruel custom of being so long in killing pigs is done away with.

Mary was here right ; no respectable butcher now kills a pig without first stunning it by a blow on the head before cutting its throat, and the blood flows and is caught for the purpose of making black puddings, just as well as if the dreadful screams of the poor sufferer were stunning the whole neighbourhood.

We are permitted by a merciful God to slay the animals He has created for our use, but in the Holy Scriptures it is expressly enjoined, that no unnecessary cruelty be employed in the painful duty, and he who exercises this, or any other species of wanton mode of giving pain, commits a direct offence against the divine ordinance, and one for which he will have to answer in another world.

None however, even in this world, can now be cruel with impunity. Thanks to the excellent *Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*,

such crimes when detected, or informed of, receive the punishment they so well deserve, and it may in many instances have been the means of checking a career of cruelty which would have eventually led to the gallows.

In the confession of the condemned criminal, how often may it be observed that his heart became hardened at an early age by the torture of the lower animals, thus preparing him to raise his hand against his fellow man.

Mary Burnet sent her children from home the day that the pig was killed, as she wished, she said, to bring them up tender-hearted; they will see suffering and pain enough in the world, poor dears, without my putting any in their way.

The children indeed did not know what had happened until the supper-time of this important day, when Mary told James that the poor pig, instead of being out in its comfortable warm sty, was hanging by its heels in the back-kitchen until the butcher should come again and help her to cut it up for salting.

Mrs. Burnet, as may be supposed, did not forget to make as many black puddings as possible, and both her husband and the children greatly enjoyed the unusual treat. The butcher

THE COTTAGE PIG-STYLE.

took the two legs, being well aware that he could sell the pork at a better price to a good customer, than that of pigs fattened on his own premises, which it was too well known he occasionally fed upon offal. Mary salted down the rest. She laid the sides upon a table and well rubbed in dry salt and nitre, (or saltpetre,) first on one side and then on the other. She then placed some clean straw in the corner of the outhouse, and placed a flitch upon it, rind downwards, placed more straw, and then another flitch, and so on. Above the whole she then placed a board, and heavy stones.

In about a month the meat was sufficiently cured to be hung up to hooks in the kitchen rafters. One flitch Mary determined to sell, and as, for breakfast bacon it is more saleable when smoked, she resolved to try the plan she had heard Mr. Morton recommend.

The turf and wood which is burnt in Irish kitchens, gives a flavour and sweetness to bacon which is not to be met with in any which you purchase. Mary thought that she could at all events improve the taste of hers, by hanging it over the smoke of smouldering sawdust, first rubbing the bacon well with bran.

The fire was kindled in the outhouse with

oak sawdust, (as that of deal gives a bad flavour,) and the door of the house closed ; in two days the bacon looked as brown as any in the grocer's shop, though Mary found that she lost too much of the weight to make it profitable for home eating. The lady who had given James his prize at the Sunday School, was asked if she would make a purchase of his mother, and she gladly gave Mrs. Burnet 7d. a pound for her side of bacon, desiring that one might always be reserved for her.

When Mrs. Morton paid her long-promised visit, Mary was very proud to tell her that she had received for the pork she had sold more than the money paid at first for the pig, and had, besides, bacon enough to last them for a very long time.

" You would, ma'am, have been pleased to see little Peter sitting on his stool in the porch eating the black pudding I have so often wished I had been able to get for him, and indeed his father and James work all the better for the bit of meat, and they never tire of bacon. I am thinking, ma'am, of getting another house built up against the present sty, and of keeping two pigs, and having a sow and litter."

" You must talk about this to Mr. Morton,"

THE COTTAGE PIG-STYLE.

said the lady, " my health does not permit me to see as much as I could wish into such things myself, but I am sure you must be too good a manager not to make any thing you undertake answer ; I should not be surprised to see you one day with as profitable a piggery as ours is to us, for Mr. Morton is about, at the request of the Squire, to portion out some land for allotments, and as it is his desire that the most industrious and deserving men should have the first choice, I think your husband will have a very fair chance of getting a good piece of garden ground, in addition to what he now makes so profitable."

Mrs. Burnet was not a little pleased to hear this good news, and picking some of her finest roses for little Peter to give to the lady, she begged to thank both her and Mr. Morton for the kind interest they took in behalf of the family.

" It was indeed a good day for me," said Mary, " when Mr. Morton stopped to admire my roses, and to hope that I would one day be able to keep a pig to eat the produce of our little garden."



Spanish Cock and Hen

Dorking Cock and Hen.

KEEPING POULTRY NO LOSS.

WHEN Jonas Reed married his wife Susan, they contrived for some months to live very comfortably on his wages though they were but small. Jonas was a day-labourer on the farm of a richer neighbour, but he had been a steady good servant, and for the two years before his marriage had prepared the way for it, by laying by a little money every week, which he could well do, as he was an orphan, without either brothers or sisters, and had boarded with an old woman in the village at a cheap rate. How the pretty Susan Giles ever came to notice him favourably, we cannot say, for Susan was the

daughter of a farmer well to do in the world, and desirous that his children should be equally well off. The only objection her father could have to Jonas, when he asked permission to marry Susan, was, that in becoming his wife she would change her comfortable home for one where she would perhaps suffer many privations. Still, as old Mr. Giles could not deny but that Jonas was a very steady young man, bearing an excellent character for honesty and sobriety, he told his daughter that she was welcome to choose him for a husband if she liked. "Though," said the old man, "he has not a relation in the world that I know of, to give you a helping hand when you may want it." To which his daughter replied, "that, poor fellow, it was very true, and therefore he the more needed a wife to comfort and take care of him."

"You must not expect," said Susan's mother, "that we shall take so much notice of you as we do of our Harriet, who has married so well, and is able to go to Church in a silk gown whenever she likes."

"Ah! but mother," said Susan, "her old husband is very seldom able to go with her, he has the rheumatism now worse than ever. If I marry Jonas, I never expect nor wish to have a

silk gown, but I may expect to have his sturdy arm to lean on when we go to Church together, with perhaps two or three little ones walking before us, that will be more pleasure for us to look at, than if I wore the finest gown in the world."

"You prate, Susan, like an ignorant girl as you are. Talk indeed of rearing up children, you will find it hard, I know well, to be able to feed yourselves."

"Well, but mother, you cannot say Jonas has not done every thing in his power to make me comfortable. He has taken a cottage with a bit of garden, and with my savings and his, it is already nearly furnished as much as I could wish; for of course I can add many little things he did not think of, or even know about, when I get settled. What is now in it, is all paid for, that is one great comfort, and we shall start together in the world, mother, young and strong, loving one another, and determined, with the blessing of God, to make the two ends meet. That is what father and you are so often pressing upon your children, you know, and if I am inclined to follow your advice, I can do it as well in Jonas's cottage as Harriet can in her house in the town. And I shall have more heart mother to do it

with a husband of twenty-six, than she has with one of sixty-two."

"I will not hear," said Mrs. Giles, "any more jeering about your sister, Susan, so let us say no more on the subject. We chose her husband for her, and if you prefer doing so for yourself, you must be answerable for the consequences. Do not think that you may expect a welcome here with five or six ragged children at your heels, for neither your father nor myself will think ourselves justified in giving help to one who might have chosen so much better. However, Susan, you have been a good girl in your rearing up, and now that you are two and twenty, are quite old enough to judge for yourself, and as your father has given his consent I suppose I must add mine." So Susan married the young man with whom she had kept company for two years, and whose character and disposition she thus had the means of studying.

As we have before said, at first the young couple contrived to live very well upon their wages, though twelve shillings a week is but a small sum for maintenance when house-rent and clothes are to be deducted from it. For the latter, they always laid by what they could *afford*, for though Susan was possessed of a

good stock of clothes, the fruits of her own industry before marriage, and Jonas had taken care, as he said, to have something besides old garments for the employment of his wife's needle, they still reflected that a time would come when clothing must be replaced.

Sixpence laid by each week, gave Jonas a new pair of shoes in less than three months, and he acted wisely by getting them before his others were too far worn to bear repairing. Susan could thus always give her husband a dry pair of shoes when he came in on a wet day, and as they lived in a very damp part of the country, and his chief employment was in making drains, she thus kept him often free from the colds which frequently laid up his fellow-workmen. Some people are hardy enough to suffer no risk of cold from wet feet, but they must allow that there is far more comfort and tidiness in having a whole pair of shoes, and Susan's care extended to stockings as well. She was an excellent knitter, and when first married had plenty of time to knit stockings for Jonas, before she began to make baby-clothes.

Susan's father and mother did not come to see her, but they now and then sent a basket with a loaf of home-made bread, or a bit of home-cured

bacon, and when Susan numbered three dren, the old woman sent a message to that she had taken to keep fancy fowls, as Susan would come over in the carrier's cart, she should have a couple or two, as when they were rightly managed, they were very profitable both for breeding and laying.

Now as Mrs. Giles had always kept fowls, matter of course, in her farm-yard, Susan took this fact very well, but she determined to accept her mother's offer of coming to fetch the proposed present, as she in truth had long been longing to see her parents, and tell them that that she had now three children, and found it hard to live, yet that so kind, steady, and industrious her husband, that she never for one moment regretted taking him as a companion through this world of care.

Susan was received by her parents very kindly but could not help feeling grieved to hear that things had not altogether prospered with them, that they were about to give up their farm and take another in a very distant county. The next step they had been urged by their favourite daughter Harriet, whose husband had already determined to leave that part of the country.

The stock was to be sold, and Mrs.

favourite poultry were expected to fetch a high price; amongst them she had some very fine sorts, and a pair of them, a cross between the Spanish cock and the common or Dorking hen, one of the most valuable fowls a cottager can have, were put aside for Susan. The Polish fowl in Mrs. Giles' keeping, had been greatly admired, and one sort, the Polish black fowl with a white tuft on the crown of both cock and hen, were great favourites with her, as if kept warm, they were such good layers, as to lay nearly throughout the year. This was the case too with the Dutch every-day layers, or everlasting layers, as they have been called. These are most unwilling to hatch, in consequence of which, they lay an egg every day nearly all through the year, and if properly cared for, and warmly nursed, would do so when the snow of a hard winter was on the ground.

"It is very trying to me, Susan," said Mrs. Giles, "to be obliged to part with all my fancy poultry, but I cannot carry them with me, and in truth I want the money they will bring; your brother, I am sorry to say, has been a great drain upon us, and now as he has been persuaded to emigrate, requires money to fit him out, and pay his passage. Your father says he

does not think he will get on a bit better abroad than he has done at home; that it is as great a mistake to think you can be idle there, and hope to get on, as it is to expect to prosper in England when you won't put your own shoulder to the wheel. But take your fowls, Susan, you know how to make them prosper without their costing much outlay, and there, you may as well take four hens with the cock, he won't then miss his old companions so much. He is a fine fellow, Susan, just a year and half old, neither too young nor too old, and I don't think he will let any cock in your neighbourhood outcrow him. I should advise you to choose that black hen for sitting, she has such large wide spreading wings, and not very thick legs and feet, she will be fit to sit too, for I had marked her out, as she has laid for two years. They never sit well the first year. And now, Susan, if you want to have a brood of chickens by any particular time when she does not seem ready to sit, give her a little dry bread soaked in good ale, or well boiled oatmeal porridge with a little red pepper mixed through it, or hard boiled eggs, and fresh raw meat cut very small. This kind of food will make the hen desire to sit. After feeding her in *this way* for a few days, place the hen upon the

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eggs in a dark place, or set her in a tub, and cover her up with a cloth, and you will find her quite willing to be a nurse. But do not let any one persuade you to pluck off her feathers, and to use nettles, for that is a very cruel practice, and I never heard of its succeeding. Don't forget to keep her warm, Susan, whenever she sits. Some of my hens have been so obstinate in sitting that they would have half starved themselves if I had not taken them away and fed them myself, and then they would drink as a matter of course. I never kept them more than ten minutes from the eggs though, and the last week I only allowed any of them to leave the nest but once a day. Now I had one hen which used to break her eggs and eat them; if any of yours should do this, just look about to see if there is any chalk or sand near, I dare say you will find that there is not, it is the longing for such things as these that makes the fowl peck her eggs. Without them, no fowls will lay so well, and indeed I really believe when they cannot get them, that they scarcely lay at all. I had a good laying hen once, who had the misfortune to break her leg; we tied it up, and as it was much smashed it was a long time healing, and all that time she never laid an egg. Our surgeon

who was then attending your poor father, is fond of looking at my fowls, and he said that the bone, while growing together wanted all the chalk which before this accident went to the forming the egg shells, and until her leg was healed we should have no more. And he was right, for as soon as her leg was all right again she began to lay as well as ever. Recollect this Susan, and never let your poultry-yard be without chalk, gravel, or sand, or all of them indeed. Take that basket of eggs home to the children. It is of no use for me to see them before I leave, as it would only perhaps make me more sorry than I am; Harriet's little boy is no great comfort either when he does come here, he is so petted, and seems to me as if he turned up his nose at your poor father, but don't say anything about this to him."

"I wish, my dear mother," said Susan, "that you could have seen my little ones before you left, but you may rely upon it that they shall always be trained up to think of both you and dear father with great respect. I am sure they would have loved you too, if you had only let them do so."

"If you had married differently, Susan, I *might* have tried, but now when I see you

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standing there in the same gown that you wore when you used to be here living, washed as it is almost out of my recollection, I cannot but feel what a change you have cut out for yourself, and how much better off you might have been."

"My gown is clean, mother," said Susan, not very well pleased at this slighting remark, "and it does not hide an aching heart, which many a silk one covers."

"Now Susan, that will do, don't be preaching to your own mother in that way, if I could afford it I would give you a new gown with all my heart, but what with one thing and another, I have not been able to make the two ends meet as well as I used to do. Your brother setting up for a gentleman has not added much to our comforts, I can tell you, nor to his own either for that matter. Your father says he is only laughed at as being neither one thing nor another, and he might have been as respectable a farmer as his father."

Every one may be both respectable and respected in the rank of life in which it has pleased God to place them, and Susan's husband Jonas, while doing his duty as a day labourer, was a more valuable member of society, than her horse.

racing brother, who was wasting his own and his father's money, in pursuits unbecome either his home or station in life.

When Susan returned home laden with poultry, eggs, and a bag or two of food for fowls, she found her husband very thankful to have her back again. The old woman, Grace Brown, with whom Jonas had formerly boarded, had taken charge of the house and children while Susan was away, but the baby was nursed by his mother, and both Grace and Jonas had been attempting to comfort him in her absence.

After the baby had been nursed and put to bed, Jonas and his wife examined the fowls, which were in fine condition. "We must now," said he, "contrive to keep them in this healthy state if we can, though I fear it will be an expense to us."

"Not so much as you think, Jonas," replied his wife, "we have not even to build a large pen for them."

"I thought of the feeding, my dear," said Jonas, "but I dare say your mother has given you some good hints about that."

"Why yes, Jonas, she certainly has, but I don't think you seem to forget that I was once very fond of poultry and had plenty to look after

It was fortunate for Jonas that the former tenant of their cottage had kept fowls, for a hen-house was ready, and though it was only of mud, Jonas had that morning cleaned it out and given it what he called a brush of whitewash, so that it was both clean and warm, and looked very tidy. It was built against the outside of the wall, opposite to which the fireplace was within, and this secured the hut from being damp. Cleanliness, warmth, and good feeding, with a good stock to start with, were advantages within the reach of Jonas in his proposed undertaking, and we shall see that his poultry-yard prospered accordingly.

The next day Jonas for the convenience of his fowls gave them what is called a hen ladder. One long perch had been thought enough by the former tenant, as he fancied that fowls having wings could of course use them in flying up and down at night and morning. And in a wild state so they would, but tame fowls become too heavy in the body by the different diet they eat, and the finer your hen, the more likely she is to suffer when she attempts to fly down from a high roost. If we feed our poultry for our own purposes and make them helpless, we ought not to let them suffer in consequence, and so

22

Jonas thought when he fixed his hen lad
This was merely some poles stretched ac
the inside of the hut, one a little higher
the other, yet not exactly over it, but a l
in advance.

The small bit of garden ground had l
made the most of by Jonas, and planted
cabbages, and as many other vegetables as
could find room for, while a narrow border u
the cottage windows was kept for Susan's flow
She now directed her husband to begin to
pare for the feed of the poultry, by sowing s
sun-flower seed given her by Mrs. Giles, re
the hen-house, and the hedge of the gar
The fowls are so fond of the seeds that they
if not prevented, snatch them up when pl
in the ground for growing, and when the
ripens on the plant, you cannot give the
greater treat than by throwing the heads into
poultry-yard. Jonas to be sure had no pou
yard, but the neighbouring lane, along the si
which ran a stream of clear water; this

trive to pick up a good living with a very little help, and are considered too, very good eating. This arises from the variety of things on which they feed. They require a mixture of green food with hard food, quite as much as horses and cattle do. When they can have a good run, they will find this for themselves, but when shut up in a close yard it is a good plan to fasten cabbages, lettuces, rape, or other green herbs, by the roots to the fence and let the fowls pick for themselves. When it is difficult to get such green food, swedish turnips chopped very small is a good substitute. The same yellow turnips boiled soft, and mixed with bran and pollard, or given by themselves, are also good for a change, and fowls require, like pigs, a change of diet. The carrots and parsnips in Jonas Reed's garden he was too glad to keep for his own eating, but still some of the refuse ones Susan carefully boiled for the fowls. Mangel wurzel was recommended by a neighbour, but Susan knew that the fowls do not like it, and that it did not do them good or promote the laying. Oats, when cheap, were given, and a few handfuls now and then did no harm, though such food is said to be heating. Barley is only desirable as an occasional food when fowls are over fed, as it acts in

a purgative manner. Wheat, when a sound saleable article, Susan well thought too valuable to be wasted on poultry, but her mother, the hens, had given Susan a bag of damaged wheat, which was used with profit and advantage. Rye is perhaps the cheapest grain in use; when damaged it may be had at a low price, and after being kept for a little time will not do the fowls the injury which human beings suffer when such infested grain is run into bread. Too much however should not be given at any time given.

To promote laying, Susan followed the method of feeding adopted by her mother, of giving the fowls scraps of animal food; about twice a week she threw to them a piece of raw bull's liver, which the fowls liked to peck and to eat about, almost as much as they enjoyed eating Lights, entrails, or other animal refuse, she boiled for this purpose. A pennyworth of food, as she remarked, would be well returned out of the egg store. Cayenne, or red pepper,

"If our fowls," said Susan, "had been kept shut up in a yard, instead of being allowed to run about in the lane, I should have taken care to supply them with plenty of sand or gravel, or pounded chalk, for it seems that they absolutely require such things to be within their reach, they are good for the gizzard, as well as to supply them with matter for the egg shells. Another point Jonas too, we must remember, and that is how to use the hemp seed and buckwheat, which my mother says is like so much medicine. If a hen pines or seems disposed to be thin, a little buckwheat will be of great service, but any hen that is fat must not be allowed to share in it, for according as hens take on fat, so do they fall off in laying. For such hens a little hemp seed is better than any other hard food."

To which Jonas replied, "that he thought he must leave such matters to her, that he had always thought the fattest hens were the best layers, but it seemed that he was wrong, and that he did not either know before, that all poultry required better feeding in winter than in summer."

"Yes," said his wife, "and a mess of cabbage or other greens boiled and hand bruised, with bran

or pollard, and a little pepper added, gives them as good and warming a mess as they can desire."

"But," said Jonas, "suppose we cannot get such things as cabbage and greens."

"O we can use swedish turnips instead."

"I think," said Jonas, "that with an onion and a bit of bacon added to it, we should not run away from such a mess ourselves. Since the potatoes have failed it has been a good thing for us, Susan, that we have taken to the swedes. However, I intend to follow the plan with my patch of ground that master recommends, and he says it answers, and is used by the best gardeners. I don't like the thought of giving up potatoes altogether, so I shall plant them as early in the year as possible, and to secure a double crop, at each root I shall leave room between them for a cabbage. Master says he found this plan answer so well that he had a better crop than any body in the country round, and besides had several tons of excellent cabbages per acre, which are much better food, his wife has found out, for his cows than turnips, because it does not give their milk a bad taste. Now you see, though I have not a large field to plant, I don't see why I may not try the plan in my bit of ground; and master is so anxious to recommend his plan, that he has given me a few

clear sound-skinned potatoes that I may have a good chance of success. He tells me that he never uses the potatoes for seed which were raised from the same soil only the year before."

"I shall be very glad to have potatoes again, Jonas," said his wife, "and I am sure the plan of just planting a cabbage between, is a very simple one, and well worth trying, it will not after all waste a bit of our garden, and the cabbages at any rate will be sure to answer as they have done before."

Both Jonas Reed and his wife were always ready to take a hint from those who knew better than themselves, and though they sometimes failed, that did not prevent them from being ever ready to profit by the experience of others.

Grace Brown was not of course very well pleased when she lost a steady boarder in her little cottage, by the marriage of Jonas and Susan, and at first used to be very fond of trying to find fault with all Susan's plans of housekeeping. Under the pretence "of knowing the ways of Jonas," she used often to trouble the newly married wife, by dropping in at all times of the day and giving advice. Now this kind of officiousness there is no occasion to encourage,

however desirous we may be of gaining experience; but Jonas being accustomed to the old woman was not so much annoyed as his wife, by the frequent visits of old Grace. Susan however managed, without affronting Grace Brown, to let her know that she felt quite competent to manage her own affairs, adding that she hoped Grace would be so good as to give her advice when she asked her.

The old woman found out by degrees, that meddling with other people's affairs, does not dispose them to be your friends, and she accordingly resolved to let Susan alone. "We shall see," said Grace, "how she gets on this time twelvemonth." But when this time arrived, Susan's first baby was born, and before the event took place she and Grace had become perfectly good friends. Susan was really glad at such a moment to apply to her for advice, and the old woman was both kind and useful in giving it. Having neither husband nor children, Grace had always looked upon Jonas as her son; his children therefore were very dear to her, and this quite secured the heart of Susan, who in time really began to look upon Grace quite as a relation.

Old Grace did not much approve of Susan's keeping fowls, she said they would eat their

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heads off, or be stolen. "I have kept hens myself," said she, "and know the bother of them. As for rearing winter chickens, I hope you won't think of it." But Susan not only thought of it, but made up her mind to try and get a brood.

Old Grace was one of the people who contentedly sit down without the desire of trying any new plan, or if they do, become discouraged at the least failure. She might have found her poultry as profitable, as with care they can always be made. But she said she had no luck in such things, she never should have. She had better have said, she had no idea of management, and did not wish to be told. Old Grace was very poor, but she met with many kind friends among her richer neighbours. One of them had given her the fowls we have mentioned, and the same person, a lady, advised her to sow some sunflowers in her little garden, as the fowls were fond of the seed; and also gave her seed for the purpose. This was sown, a good crop raised, for which Grace found her poultry all the better. But the next season, the lady calling at the cottage asked Grace if the sunflowers answered, and as they did, why she saw none now in the bit of ground.

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“ Why, ma’am, I had no seed to sow.”

“ But why did you not take the trouble to keep one head ?”

“ The fowls, ma’am, were so ravenous after it, that all the plants were pulled down one after another, and every seed pecked out.”

“ It is fortunate,” said the lady, “ for us, Grace, that our farmers are more provident in saving seed.”

“ Oh, ma’am, they get a pretty good profit to make them remember to be careful.”

It was no use to attempt to make old Grace see that this argument told against herself. We only mention this little anecdote as one of the reasons why old Grace did not find poultry keeping profitable, and why, from Susan’s knowing her character, she did not allow her to succeed in deterring her from bringing out a brood in winter as well as summer ; the chickens would thus fetch a high price in the spring.

By keeping the hen-house warm, which was done by sheltering it with a wall of sods, and, as we have remarked, allowing it to have the advantage of warmth from the kitchen fire, one or two of the hens laid all through the winter. Susan took advantage of a hole in the corner of *the* hen-house, which was a very hot one, from

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being almost close to the fire, to put a laying nest of straw, (hay, breeding vermin in the fowls,) and this was directly chosen as a favourite spot. In this nest the black hen was put to sit upon nine eggs. An odd number is better covered by the hen, as Susan knew. They were quite fresh, and Susan marked the day on which she put them under the hen. There was no occasion to turn them, for this the bird does much better itself. On the twelfth day, Susan wishing to be sure that all the eggs were fruitful, held each of them between her hands in the sunshine. As the inside of each seemed to move or waver about, she knew the chicks were all right. If she had seen no movement she must have thrown them away as addled. On the sixteenth day, as her eggs had been quite fresh, she put one of them to her ear, and heard a thin, piping kind of noise come from within. From this time she was most attentive to the hen, and very cautious that she was not disturbed, allowing her to leave the eggs only once a day and never for more than ten minutes. Some people shut in hens altogether, and never allow them to leave the nest, but the bird suffers from a want of exercise and thus becomes unhealthy. Susan's hen would have sat until half starved if not removed, and then

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would of course have been too weak to attend to her chickens when she had hatched them. Susan would not feed her upon the nest, but coaxed her to eat by giving her bits of favourite food ; such as chopped raw meat, hard egg, &c.

It is anything but easy work for a chick to get out of its prison. Sometimes the tough lining of the shells does not give way so soon as the chick expects, but still it is better to let them alone, and not interfere with their efforts either by breaking the shell, or handling them ; even should a bit of shell remain on the feathers it is better let alone to drop off. Some people dip the eggs into warm water the day before they think the chick will peck them, but this is not only likely to injure the chick, but to prevent its getting out altogether ; for the white of the egg round the chick is turned by the heat into a kind of glue, and fastens the bird to the shell. After eight hours have passed, and the chicken does not come out, it may be perhaps as well to enlarge the crack with the point of a pair of scissors, and then by a careful use of your fingers, you may get out the chick, but you more frequently kill than cure.

The yolk of the egg forms the food of the chick before it comes out, and serves for twenty-four hours afterwards. Susan did not cram her

chickens with hard eggs and crumbs of bread, she left them to nature for the above time and then gave them some cold well boiled oatmeal porridge. As at first, chickens are more thirsty than hungry, she put a plate of clear spring water within reach, and the hen, weary after her long task, led the way to it. After a day or two, Susan gave some chopped bits of fresh meat, and soon they would eat anything that came in their way. It being the month of November and very cold, the chickens were carefully shut in the hen-house in their coop. Two of them being very weakly, Susan took them under her care in the kitchen, cramming them with good white bread soaked in milk. When a little girl, Susan had killed a little chick by giving it too much, and she never forgot what her father then told her, that the crops of chickens were not large enough to hold more than the size of a pea, and great care must be taken not to over-feed them. If the hen had been much exhausted by her hatching, Susan had ready a little ginger cordial, in which she would have soaked some bread, and crammed the mother also.

In the spring of the next year, Susan's brood of chickens brought her four shillings a couple, and though this was but two thirds of the price

for which they would be sold by the dealer, still she was amply repaid for her trouble. The eggs of her fowls, from being of such a fine breed, always fetched more money than those of the common sort, and being well fed and cared for, the present received from her mother became eventually a little fortune to Susan.

Jonas turned half his garden into a hen-yard, and enlarged his fowl-house; he frequently and thoroughly cleaned out the latter; whitewashing, and now and then fumigating it with a little sulphur. Fowls breed vermin it is well known, and as we have remarked, hay is very objectionable in a fowl-house; little flat wicker baskets make good nests, and in these should be put straw instead of hay, as the latter breeds vermin in the sitting hen, which frequently drives her from the nest. Care should be taken to put fresh straw frequently, taking out the old, and washing the basket. In her Majesty's poultry-yard at Windsor the laying nests are made of the common heath, and small branches of hawthorn on which has grown a white skin called lichen. This rubbing off in powder, makes its way between the feathers of the skin, and is generally found to rid the poor sitting hens of all their troublesome vermin. The moment a fowl seems to be

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sickening, it should be removed from the rest, as they will otherwise hasten its death by pecking at and tormenting it. People who keep large poultry-yards, have a separate place or crib to put any diseased fowl in. In hot weather the young fowls are liable to a disease called the pip, which is shewn by the poor birds gasping for breath. This happens from the tongue getting sore and swollen. The plumage is ruffled and neglected, and the sick fowl shews its distress by moping, pining, and seeking dark corners. This complaint is said to come from want of fresh water, and feeding on hot food ; the general plan followed is to remove the tip of the tongue. There is no occasion for this ; anoint it with fresh butter or cream, and give the bird every morning a pill, about the size of a small marble, of scraped horse-radish and garlic, with a very little cayenne pepper mixed with fresh butter. Keep the bird warm and alone, well supplied with fresh water, and if the disease be taken in time, it will generally be cured. Old Grace, whose fowls were, as we have said, but ill kept and cared for, lost many of them by this disease ; for her remedy was pulling off the sore with her nail from the tongue, and then cramming the mouth with snuff. A remedy which was always

at hand, as Grace took a good deal of snuff, and it is to be feared that this cruel attempt at a cure is often practised by ignorant people.

Susan's eldest little boy once found a cock which had been turned out to die, from some neighbouring farm-yard. It was suffering from what is called roup, and was quite blind, with a bad discharge from the eyes and beak. Susan determined to try her skill in curing it. She washed the nose and mouth with warm soap and water, and the eyes with warm milk and water, quietly rubbing the head with a dry cloth. She then gave it every morning some long pills made of barley meal, flour, and a little mustard and ground ginger mixed with butter; keeping the bird by the fire-side. In this complaint the bird suffers much from thirst, so she gave him plenty of lukewarm water, sweetened with a little treacle. In three days the bird began to see, and in a week was no longer blind. A little mustard was given in the water and then some flour of sulphur. Susan gave him once a grain of calomel, in a bit of dough. With this treatment, in a month, little John's sick fowl quite recovered, and afterwards turned out to be as fine a cock as any that crowed in the hen-yard. Susan often remarked to her hus-

band how pleased she should be to shew her mother what a flourishing poultry-yard she had, and being of a dutiful, affectionate disposition she always felt anxious to know how the old couple had borne their change of residence. In a very short time she heard, to her sorrow, that her father had died very suddenly, leaving her mother almost destitute. If Susan had been able, she would instantly have set off to see and endeavour to comfort her widowed mother, but though Susan had been able with great thrift and care to make the two ends meet, she had no money to spare for travelling expenses. She however wrote an affectionate letter to her mother, begging to know if she could be of any service.

“It is very right, Susan,” said Jonas, “to do this, for though your mother has never answered any of the letters you have written to her since she left her old farm, yet now that she is in trouble we must forgive and forget.”

It was a happy thing for Mrs. Giles that Susan’s husband encouraged her in the dutiful part she acted, for the poor old woman was reduced at last to write and ask if they could receive her to live with them. “Your sister Harriet says, that with her husband to nurse, she

has enough to do without having any more old people to tend, but she is willing to pay five shillings a week to any body that will take charge of me. I am too crippled with rheumatism myself to be of much good, and want waiting upon instead of bustling about as I used to do, but I feel lonesome now that my dear old man is gone, and should like to be near some one belonging to me, if they will have me."

Susan instantly wrote to say that her mother would be most welcome whenever she could come, and Mrs. Giles was not long in making her way to the home of the daughter she had once little thought of ever entering. Mrs. Giles had been long enough in her daughter Harriet's house to feel that neither fine clothes nor good eating make up for want of that affectionate attention, which in sickness is so peculiarly welcome from those who love us. Mrs. Giles felt a little awkward at first when she met Jonas, but she soon got over it, for he took care to be at home when she arrived, and handed her out of the cart as carefully as if she had been still the mistress of the great farm once belonging to her husband. She brought a bed and some chairs, with a bit of carpet and a few other things saved from the wreck of all her former household property, and

though Susan could not, with her four children, give the old woman a room entirely to herself, she took care that the little ones should not trouble their grandmother, and indeed made her so comfortable, that the poor old woman declared with tears in her eyes that she had never expected to be so happy any more in this world.

The poultry-yard was a great object of amusement to her, and she would sit for hours in the old chair watching the fowls she had once herself taken so much pride in rearing. We must do Harriet the justice to say that the allowance for her mother's board was always regularly paid, but as it is much easier to give money than to sacrifice in any way our own pleasure and comfort, we think that Jonas was quite right in saying that his wife had a much better notion of the way the fifth commandment ought to be observed, than Mrs. Giles's daughter Harriet, who out of her abundance gave what she did not miss; while Susan bestowed her time and attention in nursing her sick parent with the most affectionate care. Misfortune, too, had brought Mrs. Giles to feel that there is something else to be thought about in this world besides making the two ends meet; that it is in vain for our barns and storehouses to over-

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flow, without the blessing of God has rested our endeavours in filling them. Unless when employed we have sought that one thing need which sanctifies to our use the good thing of this world, and remains to console us for loss, when it pleases God in His good pleasure to take them away.

MRS. MARTIN'S BEE-HIVE.

WHEN Thomas Martin was left a widower, with two children, he lived for many months alone with them in his little cottage, endeavouring as well as he could, to fulfil the duties both of father and mother. But he missed the care of his late wife so much during a cold and fever, caught in harvest time, that the neighbours were not surprised, when Thomas Martin told them that before Christmas was over, they would perhaps see another Mrs. Martin in his home.

The eldest child was a boy about twelve years old, and the other a girl of seven, and consequently both were at an age to feel the real loss of their mother, as well as to understand the idle, and sometimes wicked remarks of those who endeavoured to prejudice them against the person who was to supply her place. Such people do not consider the lasting mischief they may do by their pretended sympathy.

Little Sally could not but feel alarmed, when Mrs. Pryman the clerk's wife said to her as she was playing in the lane, "Ah, dear little lamb, laugh while you can, when you get your new mother, may-be you'll not be inclined to laugh any more." George Martin, too, had gone crying to bed because his friend the shoemaker had told him "that he would not wear out many more pairs of shoes at home, his new mother would soon get him apprenticed off."

Now as the future Mrs. Martin lived at least eighteen miles distant from them, these village gossips knew no more of her, than that she had for many years kept house for an uncle while his own child was growing up to take her place, and could therefore have known nothing to her disadvantage to warrant such remarks.

Thomas Martin, though a poor man, was one who feared God and wished to bring up his children in the way they should go; and therefore when he chose one to supply the place of the mother they had lost, took care that she should as much as possible resemble her in those qualities, which are as much to be respected in the cottage of the poor man, as they are in the costly mansion of his richer neighbours.

When Thomas Martin brought his new wife

home, the children to their surprise saw a good-humoured looking woman about the age of their own mother, who kissed them kindly, and said she had no doubt they would get on very well together. George went to bed, hoping his tears had been shed in vain, and Sally thought that as her new mother laughed herself, she would not be very cross if Sally did the same. The neighbours found a kind, civil friend whenever they required her services, and Thomas a carer for his home comforts, which he had never again hoped to find.

Mrs. Martin set very actively to work in her new home, without making any unnecessary fuss or display; and it was high time that somebody should set the once neat little cottage into order again, for during the eighteen months that Thomas had been a widower, it had got into a great state of untidiness. He, with his son, worked for a farmer in the neighbourhood, and when his wife died the neighbours had kindly taken charge of Sally while he was absent during the day; but as of course they had their own families to attend to, Thomas, before he set out in the morning had the fire to light to cook his meals, and in the evening returned to a desolate looking home. He was

obliged to pay a woman for washing the cloth and doing many other little jobs in his household, which are best performed by female hands.

In a week or two, the cottage with its garden ground, looked as comfortable as days of old, and the inside was perhaps more so. George became very fond of his mother as he found that she had no intention of sending him away, and gladly gave his help in every way; the walls were whitewashed, some belonging to Mrs. Martin stuck on them diamond shaped panes of glass in the windows cleaned, so that they now let in twice as much light, and therefore allowed of Mrs. Martin's white blinds being placed in them. These were made from a muslin apron which had belonged to Mrs. Martin's aunt, but was considered as an attempt at gentility which did not become Mrs. Martin, and Mrs. Prymar heard to say that "she hoped all Tom Martin's wages were not going in finery."

Sally told this to her new mother, she smiled and said, "if I had worn my aunt's dress she might perhaps have been better excused for fearing it."

The outside of the cottage was next taken

hand. In the summer season a honeysuckle nearly covered the front, so Mrs. Martin thought it as well to use her whitewash before the leaves came out, that she might do it more effectually, and thus keep off slugs and insects. In a month or so, she was quite pleased to see the number of plants that began to appear in the garden. It was a good sized piece of ground, and the first Mrs. Martin had taken great pleasure in having more flowers than are usually seen in such humble gardens.

Thomas had taken care to have ground enough for potatoes and other vegetables, and then let his wife do what she liked with the rest. George had, during the last summer, taken care of his dear mother's flowers for her sake, and the garden was in much better order than Mrs. Martin said she could have expected; and as George remarked to his friend the shoemaker, "so far from mother's flowers being all pulled up by the roots, as you told me they would be, our new mother has tied up many of them herself, and set Sally to weed all the borders, and Sally says she will do any thing for her."

Upon hearing this the shoemaker shook his head, and hoped that "such a state of affairs was not too good to last."

"I see," said Mrs. Martin to her husband looking at some old straw hives, "that you have been in the habit of keeping bees."

"Yes," said Thomas, "but they were hardly worth the trouble, for when we took our honey comb to market, I don't know how it was, but we never got the price that we heard was given to many other people. My wife carried it late time to a druggist, and he said that he would give two shillings a pound for good honey, but that he would not buy ours at any price, for it was dirty and smelt of sulphur, and my poor Jar was quite hurt, for a cleaner creature never was."

"How did you manage to get your honey from the hive?" asked the second Mrs. Martin.

"Why when we thought the hive was full, we dug a hole in the ground and put in a bundle of matches, or some scraps of tow dipped in sulphur; then we set them alight, and in the latter part of the evening, we put the hive covered with a cloth over the hole; the fumes of the sulphur soon killed the bees, and then we took out the comb."

"Ah," said Mrs. Martin, "that is the old fashioned way of going to work; you saved your honey but lost your bees. I wish you would let me try my skill in bee-keeping, and you should

keep both ; the only expense will then be at first, and that, the first honey harvest will soon repay."

"Do you think," said Thomas, "that we can from this week's wages afford to lay out a small sum my dear ; if we can, pray buy what you want, and welcome ; but I am, you know, a little backward in the world, because I have that doctor's bill hanging over me, and it will take a shilling a week out of our store for some time to come."

"We will pay him in honey before the summer is over," said Mrs. Martin.

"Father," said George, who had been attentively listening to what was going on, "I can do without my shoes for a week longer, and that will be something towards buying what mother wants."

But this Mrs. Martin would not hear of. "You work hard," said she, "and want firm sound shoes to do it in, particularly in this hedging and ditching time. Nothing gives cold sooner than working in wet feet ; and besides," said the careful Mrs. Martin, "bad shoes wear out the stockings."

By some economical contrivance, she managed to save the few shillings necessary for her

purchase, and George walked in his new shoes to the next town to market for her.

Mrs. Martin's uncle had made bee-keeping a very profitable undertaking. Besides his own hives, he took charge of those belonging to others. He lived near an extensive heath, and about the middle of August his garden might be seen full of bee-hives, brought there from a distance, that the bees might feed upon the heath; heather honey always fetching a higher price in the market than any other. For this accommodation he received a shilling for each hive during the season; and so profitable did he find it, that he was induced to enclose a small piece of ground, by hiring a few dozen of stout stakes, &c. from the neighbouring farmers; and by having the bars of them full of coarse thorns, briars, or furze, the cattle and other depredators were kept out.

When the blooming of the heath was over many of the stocks were suffocated on the spot the honey taken out, and those intended for winter stocks were conveyed home by their respective owners. He himself, being an ingenious man, had made for his own use a set of bee boxes, by which the silly, and we must say cruel process of killing these industrious little

creatures is done away with ; they are sheltered and fed during the winter, and are thus ready to commence their work in the spring. For his plan of making the bee-boxes he was indebted to the kindness of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who allowed him to come when he pleased, and take pattern from an expensive thing of the sort which he had purchased for his own amusement.

This is the way Mrs. Martin's uncle set to work to make one like it in a humble way. He took as a stand, a piece of strong thick wood, deal, about four feet long, and about two feet wide ; this he placed on four legs, over which the edge projected, in order to prevent the attacks of caterpillars, snails, &c. ; the top of this he planed quite smooth. He then made three boxes, without bottoms, each of ten inches square, having the edges of the bottomless portion planed quite smooth, so as to lie as close as possible to the board. He then cut away a portion of the bottom of one side of each box, and in the box intended for the middle one, he cut out a piece on two opposite sides, so that the three boxes communicated with each other. He then, between each of these box doors put a thin piece of wood ; he used a

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broken tea chest, but two sheets of tin would have been better. These cut off communication between the boxes, until it was desirable to open it, when of course they could be easily removed, and the boxes pushed close together. The piece of wood I have described, was placed slanting on the legs, enough to throw off wet; and the boxes were placed in it about a couple of inches from the edge to give room for the bees to alight. A small hole was then made in front of the middle box, partly in the box, and partly in the board, on which it rested, that the bees might get in and out; and one was bored at the back of each, stopped with a cork, for the purpose of letting in air when necessary; the cork was not pushed entirely through the wood, as the bees would then have covered it with their cement, and made it difficult of removal without injury to the combs. Some considerable time before use, the boxes were painted on the outside, and then placed for protection from the hot sun and wet, under a rough shed, "knocked up" for the purpose, against the garden wall.

After the first honey harvest which brought him no less than £10, he was enabled to purchase two small bell glasses; these he placed over

holes cut for the purpose in the tops of his bee-boxes, and protected them by a covering of wood. As glass had just become cheaper he purchased these at a cheap rate. When the boxes were full, the bees filled these bell glasses with honey of the purest description, and from this, and the curious appearance of the comb through the glass, it was very saleable. Similar glasses of honey comb may be seen in the shop windows in London, where such dainties are sold at a good price.

Now Mrs. Martin knew that though her husband was a good hedger and ditcher, and willing to do a good turn for any body, yet that he had not much notion of carpentering. So when she described the bee-boxes of her uncle, she saw by his manner that he considered it quite a wonderful undertaking.

“Your uncle must indeed be a handy person,” said he, “what a gift it is to have a turn for such useful things.”

“Well, my dear,” said Mrs. Martin, “uncle could not dig a line of trench like that you have just finished in the great meadow, if his life depended upon it, so you see you are just as clever in another fashion.”

“That trench, certainly may be called a pretty

tidy bit of work," said Thomas, going off to his employment highly pleased with his wife's compliment. Wise Mrs. Martin! many a wife would have affronted, instead of gratifying their husband while they were extolling the cleverness of their own relatives.

We have mentioned that George had made a purchase for his mother-in-law, and it was one that, as she could not yet have bee-boxes was intended to take the place of them. We can confidently recommend the substitute, as a cheap, simple, and effectual one.

George was desired to buy two straw hives; one the usual size, and the other a little larger than those commonly made. The largest was then cut across about one third of its length from the upper or pointed end, and fitted into this end was a round piece of wood, about an inch in thickness, having in the middle a hole about an inch and half round fitted with a cork or bung. It then looked somewhat like a tub in shape. The other hive was then placed over it, and this is called capping. The outside was then whitewashed to guard the hives from too much heat, cold, or wet. A coating of Roman cement does this better than any other kind of *protection*, and does not require to be renewed.

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When, during the coming season, the bees should have filled the lower part of the hive, and by trying to swarm shew that they wanted more room, the cork could be taken out, the cap replaced, and the bees have the room they required. In this cap Mrs. Martin knew that the bees would make honey as fine as any procured from the most costly bell glasses, as it would be that produced by the new swarm, called virgin honey. Mr. Chip the carpenter, who had taken a great liking to George, had been persuaded by him to lend his mother a helping hand in putting the board into her hive and boring the hole, and she promised him payment in honey after the first harvest. When all was completed, the hive was placed on a stand such as that we have described as made for the bee-boxes, in a sheltered corner of the garden.

Mrs. Martin begged George, in his way home across the little common, to dig up a furze bush or two, and plant them near the stand as a shelter for the bees; "Indeed, George," said she, "we must plant as many shrubs and flowers as we can get, and my uncle will give me a list of such as are best for the bees."

In the course of that spring and summer, you

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might have found in Mrs. Martin's bee-garden, as she called it, whole beds of thyme, especially lemon thyme, Dutch clover, sage, parsley, radishes, turnips, (when in flower the bees are fond of these,) marigolds, crocus, primroses, daffodils, violets, sunflowers, privet, great white lilies, single roses, and borage. A flower the seed of which is bought at the nurseryman's under the name of *Melilotus Leucantha*, was sown in the beginning of April on the soil which happened to be rich, in rows about a foot apart, and the plants then thinned to nine or ten inches distance from each other. These grew from four to eight feet in height during the first summer, and from ten to twelve during the second; by cutting down some plants when about two feet high they bloomed later. During every fine day throughout the season, thousands of bees might be seen hovering round these favourite plants.

But we must now say how the said bees got there. It seemed in truth, as if a vagabond swarm were aware that a comfortable home was awaiting them, when they settled on the branch of a fir-tree which overhung the back part of Thomas Martin's cottage. They were discovered *with great glee* by George, who according to

the old, and generally received custom, considered that the fugitives belonged to the person in whose domains they were captured. Mrs. Martin, however, had lived too long with her uncle, the bee-keeper, not to know that they had no more right to them, than they would to a stray sheep, or colt, which accident drove into their garden, and said, that "if they were so lucky as to secure them she should make a point of enquiring if any one near had missed a swarm, and of giving them a recompense out of the honey," which Thomas began to think would really be at the end of the season, a "perfect golden treasure." We may as well add, that Mrs. Martin was as good as her word, but after enquiring far and near, no claimant appeared, and she concluded that the swarm must have flown from a great distance.

George had run off to borrow Mr. Chip's ladder, and speedily came back and placed it against the tree; he then with a piece of muslin over his head, and a pair of woollen gloves on his hands, got up the ladder to tap the branch, and thus shake off the swarm into the hive, which his father with an apron over his head held under it. But whether George was too rough, or the bees were unwilling to give up their liberty,

instead of the swarm falling comfortably into the home prepared for them, they chose to alight upon the head of Thomas, and there to his great alarm, they settled. Mrs. Martin had at such a moment great presence of mind, and she begged her husband to stand still. When a swarm settles, the bees collect in a heap around their queen, hanging to each other by their feet, and as they always stock themselves with honey before setting out on their travels, the weight of a swarm is very considerable. Thomas therefore may be excused for being much alarmed, at feeling between five or six pounds of bees on his head and shoulders, though the apron fortunately prevented him from seeing or being stung by his assailants. But for the entreaties of his wife he would have instantly thrown off the wearisome load.

“Pray stand still, my dear Thomas,” said she, “the bees never sting so much when swarming, I will come and find the queen bee and when I put her into the hive they will all leave you.” So Mrs. Martin put the piece of muslin over her face, and George’s winter gloves on her hands, and courageously came to her husband’s help.

The queen bee is longer and larger than the

others, and of a blackish colour above, and yellow under; Mrs. Martin was so lucky as to find her after a very short search, and the instant she was secured and placed in the hive, the whole multitude began to dislodge and hurry after her, and in the space of a few minutes not a single bee was to be seen on the white apron, which Thomas now joyfully threw off.

"There might, my dear," said Mrs. Martin, "have been two queens, and then you would not have been free so soon. I feared at one time, that the swarm was going to divide, and then I must have looked for the other queen, and when I had taken her away, the swarm would have again united."

"I am very thankful to get rid of such a cap," said Thomas; "thanks to you, my dear, I have not one sting."

"If you are ever stung," said Mrs. Martin, "I will tell you what to do; press the tube of a small key over the part, to take out the sting, and then rub the place with hartshorn. Uncle says, all bee-keepers should never be without a pennyworth of hartshorn in the house."

The swarm were now safe in the hive, and being sprinkled with a little honey and ale, were confined for about twelve hours. The hive

was then replaced on its stand, and the bees left to settle themselves in their new home, which they did in a very short time, and were soon busily occupied in storing it with sweets.

Little Sally was greatly amused in watching these industrious little creatures in their yellow and brown jackets, and her mother gave her the job of giving them fresh water every day. When any little stream of water is very near, this is not necessary, but as this was not the case in Mrs. Martin's garden, she placed near the stand some small shallow earthen pans of water, and put some pebbles in them, that the bees might rest on them while drinking. People who live near a large pond or canal, frequently lose numbers of their bees in their attempts to drink, and they are also blown into the water when returning heavily laden to the hive.

In the month of June Mrs. Martin was told by Sally, "that she thought the bees must be fighting, because the hive was not big enough to hold them, for she heard a very loud humming noise." This news led Mrs. Martin to remove the cap of her bee-hive, rub it inside with a little ale, take out the cork of the lower one, and then replace the cap. The fresh swarm *instantly* took possession of the new abode, and

by the end of July both hives were full of honey. This was taken by a process which we shall presently explain, and by the beginning of September were again filled.

In order to make the most of these golden harvests, Mrs. Martin determined to follow the plans her uncle had always adopted with such success. George was despatched to the druggist's in the town for some of the dried fungus, called by the country people fuzz-ball. A piece about the size of a hen's egg was then put in a small clean tin snuff canister; into a hole in the top and bottom of which was fastened a tin pipe, one end of this was turned up, so as to be readily put into the hive, the other was fixed to the nose of the bellows. The fungus was then lighted by removing the cover of the box, which was again closed, and the hive was covered with a cloth. At the close of the evening when the bees were supposed to be all asleep, the crooked end of the pipe was put into the hive at the opening in the lower part, and Mrs. Martin with a covering over her face and hands, for fear of accidents, began to blow the bellows very gently. The bees soon began to feel the effects of the smoke, a great humming and noise was heard for about ten minutes, and

then all was still. When the hive was removed, the bees were all lying on the board as if dead. A fresh hive, well smeared inside with honey, was then placed over them, and they were left to begin building new apartments as soon as they should recover.

"Another year," said Mrs. Martin, "we may have occasion to join one stock with another to strengthen the hive, and then George, you must fumigate one hive at the same time that I do the other. But when we uncover the hive and open the entrance after we have put in a new swarm, we must take care and keep at a distance, for the bees when they first come out are very apt to attack any person in their way, being I suppose angry at the rough treatment they have received."

Mrs. Martin as she had taken away their store now set about providing her bees with food. Honey, if she could have spared it, would of course have been the best food for them, but she made an excellent substitute, by boiling ale and sugar together gently in a clean and well tinned saucepan over a clear fire for about five minutes. One pound and a half of sugar was added to each quart of ale, and as the mixture boiled, *the scum* was taken off. When taken from

the fire she added a tea spoonful of salt. As soon as she thought the bees required it, which was several weeks before they quite stopped working, she put some syrup in a shallow box and laid over the liquid a sheet of strong paper with holes in it, through which the bees could suck the food without falling in, or becoming clogged by it; this box she fastened to the hole in the front of the hive, and the bees soon found out the new store and removed it to their cells. "This is," she said to George, "a better plan than lifting the hive to place the food inside, for that is apt to chill the bees, and often indeed destroys the stock."

Towards the middle of November, she nearly closed the entrance, and covered the hive with matting to preserve it from rain, frost, or what is more dangerous still, the sun's rays of a fine winter's day. These tempt the bees to come out when most probably they would die of cold before they could return to the hive. She carefully protected them from dampness until the middle of March, when she examined her hive, and finding the bees beginning to recover from the kind of torpor in which they had passed the winter, she fed them as before, and they soon

began to creep out, and enjoy the pleasures of spring.

As Mrs. Martin fully understood the right method of treating her honey comb after the honey harvest, we will describe the way in which she managed. She removed the comb to a little room without a fire place; the bees might otherwise have come down the chimney, as they can scent the honey from a great distance; she also closed the door and window. She had provided a new horse hair sieve, a bag, or strainer, and three or four glazed earthen pans, some clean cloths, and a large tray of water for the purpose of keeping the hands perfectly clean. She and Sally, having well washed their hands, then examined the combs, and freed them from all dirt, grubs, young bees, &c. Mrs. Martin then cut the combs horizontally into pieces of an inch wide, and laid them on the sieve over one of the pans. When the honey had ceased to drop, she put the comb into the strainer and wrung it over another pan; this was the second class honey, that which drops at first is called virgin honey, and bears the highest price.

Some people heat the combs to obtain honey for a third time, but this is bad. Mrs. Martin,

when she had well squeezed her combs through the bag, put them into a large earthen pipkin, covered them up, and removed all the cloths, vessels, &c., to the place where her bee-hive stood, that the bees might lick them clean. Her next object was to get the wax; for this purpose she poured as much clean rain water on the combs as made them float, and then placed the pipkin on a clear and not too hot fire, in her kitchen. She watched and stirred it until the combs were quite melted, and then strained the wax through a straining bag into a tub of cold water. The water running through first, the bag required squeezing to make it yield the wax. This was done by a roller on a piece of smooth board. Having placed one end of the plank in the tub of cold water, she rested the other against her breast, and then laid the bag on it, and with a roller pressed out the wax, which running down the board settled in flakes on the top of the water. She then collected the wax, put it into a clean pipkin with a little water in the bottom to keep the wax from being burned to the bottom. This required care, for if neglected and suffered to boil over, serious mischief might have followed, as liquid wax is of a very inflammable nature. She therefore melted it carefully hex-

self, over a slow fire, though Sally begged hard to be allowed to do something more. The wax was skimmed as the dross rose to the top, and then poured into basons, which were well wetted with cold water that the wax might not stick when cold and solid, and thus render it necessary to break either them or the wax before it could be got out. These basons were then placed covered with cloths, where they would cool slowly, because the more slowly wax cools, the more solid and free from flaws and cracks it will be. Mrs. Martin bleached some of her wax by remelting, and running it several times into thin cakes, which were suffered to cool, and exposed to the influence of the air and sun; these made the wax perfectly white.

Thomas was an admiring observer of his wife's proceeding, and fully agreed with her that this method of serving the honey must be more profitable than taking it to market in the comb. He felt quite a degree of pride in carrying it himself to the druggist who had formerly objected to purchasing the dirty honey-comb he had to offer.

The produce of Mrs. Martin's attempt in bee-keeping, after deducting the expenses of hives, and the utensils for preserving the honey, &c.,

was £4.; a sum which not only enabled her husband to pay the arrears of his doctor's bill, but furnished the whole family with shoes and a garment each, which they would otherwise have not had the means of purchasing.

In the course of a few summers, the bee-keeping of Mrs. Martin became a means of effectually and permanently bettering the condition of the family. Yielding a profit of at least £15. a year.

George became quite an active manager in the concern, and as he was much more clever than his father at carpentering, he soon contrived to add, under his mother's direction, side boxes to the hives. He then, having spent a holiday in visiting Mrs. Martin's uncle, ventured upon building regular bee-boxes, such as we have described, and these answered so well, that even Mrs. Pryman was heard to remark, "that she never expected to have seen George Martin at Church in such a respectable coat and hat, when he had a mother-in-law to lay out his father's wages."

Mrs. Martin after a time ventured upon trying her skill in making mead, and as she succeeded so well as to make a very saleable article, we will give her recipe. Three quarts of water

and one of honey, boiled together, and carefully skimmed and casked. The cask with the addition of a little good fresh yeast, was left unbunged and exposed either to the sun, or kept in a warm room until it ceased to work. It was then bunged, and in three months was fit for use.

In time Mrs. Martin improved in her method of making mead, by adding a few hops, which took from its great sweetness; and she also added half a pound of chopped raisins to each six pounds of honey; these, with the rind of two or three lemons, and a few cloves, improved the flavour.

Now many persons may fancy that Mrs. Martin must have been a very clever woman in thus contriving to make such simple things as bees so profitable. But she was not a bit more so than her neighbours. They would not profit as she did by the blessings which God had put in their path, because they grudged the little outlay, that gave no prospect of any immediate advantage. They admired the cloak Mrs. Martin had purchased with some of the proceeds of her bee-keeping, but they were loath to take the trouble of getting one in the same manner, though Mrs. Martin most anxiously endeavoured to communicate her experience in the interesting *as well as* lucrative business of bee-keeping.

George Martin paid a visit to the old bee-keeper in the autumn of one year ; he had not been very well, and his kind mother-in-law thought a little change of scene and air would do him good. Loaded with a double bee-hive, which he expressly wished to take, he arrived at the hospitable residence of one, whose care in improving the advantages given to him by a merciful God, enabled him to offer a house and a welcome to others less provident or less fortunate. When the cart stopped at the gate, old uncle Philip was seated in the porch, which commanded a fine view of the heath, and the busy little insects who were making the most of their bountiful harvests. "And so," he said to George, "you are come like the bees for change of air ; we must see what we can do for both." So the kind old man put the bees in an enclosure, where they could set off as soon as daylight should dawn in search of the flowers they loved, and desired old Peggy to bring a basin of bread and milk for his little relation. I suppose the change of air was as beneficial to George as it was to the bees, for although his appetite had been failing for some time past, he declared that the bread and milk "was quite different to any he ever before recollected tasting, and that he

felt as if he could walk ten miles." "To-morrow, perhaps," said uncle Philip, "I may ask you to take a walk of half that distance, for I am going to the Hall to return a most useful little book on Bee-keeping that was lent me some time since ; I am sure I have to thank Mr. Richardson, the author, for much information about managing bees, which I should have been a long time in finding out for myself. I have to thank him, too, for putting me in the way of making the best uses of this beautiful heath, and for rendering my bees such a source of profit in consequence. The rows of hives that you see yonder will bring me in a pretty good sum, and while the little creatures are 'improving each shining hour,' as you have, I dare say, heard and learned at your Sunday School, they set us at the same time an example of diligence and patience which we should be wise in imitating ;

' In works of labour and of skill
Let us be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.' "

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WHILE yet a young woman, Martha White was left a widow, and to the grief she felt for the loss of a kind and affectionate husband, was added the painful anxiety of feeling that four children, the eldest but ten years old, were dependent on her exertions for support. Her husband's illness had been long and tedious, but he had most providently taken care to belong to a society which some of the neighbouring gentry had established by subscription, from the benefit of which he had been spared any expense for the aid of the doctor, while he had at the same time received the utmost relief from his medical skill.

At the time of his marriage, John White had entered himself a member of this "Self-supporting Dispensary," as it was called. He had paid a penny a week for himself, another for his wife, a third for his eldest child, and a fourth for the

remaining children. For this sum he had at various times received medical aid; in one instance, when he had fallen from a ladder and broken his arm, he had benefited by the most skilful treatment; his wife had been attended in her confinements, and his children visited in the various complaints to which young people are liable.

Shortly before his death, John expressed his great satisfaction to think that his poor widow would have no doctor's bill to harass her; and while he commended her and his beloved little ones to the protection of that God who careth for the widow and the fatherless, he also had the consolation of reflecting, that as a husband and a father he had ever done his duty to both. Poor Martha had not time to sit down and grieve, as many of a higher rank in life find a seeming comfort in doing, she had to turn over in her mind how to supply the place of the dear one who she trusted was taken to a place where care and sorrow are unknown.

Besides her children, old White, the father of John, had for many years lived with them, and when the rheumatism permitted him to do any thing, was very glad to be all the help he could. *But* winter was now far advanced, and the poor

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old man suffered greatly from this painful complaint. Still, though his feet were afflicted, when his hands would permit him he employed them usefully in making cherry nets and chopping up faggots for bundles of fire-wood, both of which were sold to advantage in the neighbouring town, which was about four miles distant. Feeling that he was likely to be a sufferer from rheumatism throughout the winter, he offered to go into the Union, but Martha said, "she could not bear to think that her dear John's father should leave the fire-side where he had always been so welcome, and that while she had a crust of bread to call her own, he should have a share."

Willy, the eldest boy, was in the service of a neighbouring farmer as cow-boy; he was a willing, industrious little fellow, and though his wages were not enough to keep him in food and clothes, yet they were a help in the household. The next child was unhappily of weak intellect, and consequently could be of no assistance to her mother further than nursing the baby, of whom she was very careful, as well as fond. Sally, the other little girl, was as sharp and active as her poor sister was dull and stupid, and though but eight years old, had been brought on by her mother to be very useful. She attended

school regularly, but in the early mornings and evenings was of considerable assistance to Mrs White, who took in washing: A very good washerwoman was Martha White, and as she lived close to a fine open common, her drying ground was one that recommended her as a laundress to the few families in the neighbourhood who required her help.

“If,” said Mrs. White, “I could but get a little more to do in the washing way, I should not be at all uneasy as to the future, but we must trust in God, and hope for the best.”

“Yes, my dear daughter,” replied old White, “with His blessing we shall, I trust, get through the winter. Willy has helped me to get my stock of faggots ready, and when the man calls for them I am to receive 5s., and shall most likely get an order for more. My hand is much better since I rubbed in the dry mustard that Mr. Hodson recommended; what a good friend he has been to me, Martha! but the greatest benefit he ever did for me was when he got the guardians of the Union to give me that axe and hatchet.

Old White had been advised by this gentleman a few years before to go into the Union, but his son, though but a day-labourer, could not bear the thought of his father being separated

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from all he loved, the only enjoyment which poverty had left him, and said, as long as he could earn twelve shillings a week, his father should have a corner of the fire-side by which he had sat ever since his wife had died. Mr. Hodson did not stop here, but representing the case to the guardians, they, in consideration of the good character of the old man and his family, gave him an axe and hatchet, and a large faggot of wood; by the aid of these he undertook to supply a dealer in the town with small bundles of fire-wood, and thus contrived to fully earn his bread, for the sale of the first faggot enabled him to buy another, and Willy and his father took care that the dealer should not have to call in vain.

Old White was an ingenious person, and if he had not been so afflicted, would never have allowed a moment to slip away unemployed. He had been a gardener, and also a small farmer, and the neighbours had great respect for his opinion in cultivating their little bits of ground.

"If old White cannot work with his hands, he can with his head," remarked James Sutton when he came home to his wife with a receipt for preventing the taste of turnips to the milk of their cow, which had caused their butter to sell for a less price than usual.

“Give salt to the cow,” said old White, “sprinkle about four ounces a day on her hay, and the rank taste will soon cease.” Salt is very wholesome too for horses, and all animals like it.

In consequence of old White’s good counsel, the cow was well kept, with enough nutritive food to make her milk profitable, her manger quite clean, no sour grains, rotten or mouldy vegetables, given on any account; before calving, he gave her a double allowance of malt dust mixed with the feedings of grains and pollard; he never suffered the cow to overload her stomach, though she was well filled; and thus she had a healthy appetite, and from such judicious treatment went dry only seventeen days before calving. The calf sold for £4, and the mother gave twelve quarts of milk per day; half of this was sold, the rest made into butter, and the skim milk used for the children and pig.

Another piece of simple advice to James Sutton was, to crush and soak the corn in water before giving it to the fowls, the food thus served went further and was more nourishing. Indeed two of the hens laid all through the winter. He also advised him never to give his pig raw vegetables, that they were much more fattening when *boiled*.

Old White, when he remarked to his daughter-in-law that by the blessing of God he hoped they should get through the winter, knew full well that they must not expect the blessing unless they exerted themselves, that God helps those only who help themselves. With the expected five shillings he had a scheme in his head which he intended to carry out with the help of his grandson.

Among the books in the lending library established by the rector of the parish, was one in which old White had seen a receipt given for making a substitute for coals, and it struck him that he might take advantage of this, and make some for sale among the poor people of the village. The article was made thus: one bushel of small coal, one ditto of saw-dust, two ditto of sand, one ditto of clay; these were mixed with water like common mortar, and made into balls, or into the shape of a brick with a wooden box; they were then put to harden in a dry place.

"You cannot," said old White, "light your fire with them, but when quite alight and burning strong, put the balls on the top of the fire, and it will not want fuel for hours, and the heat will be stronger than that from coals alone."

Martha found them a great help on her ironing

days, and after a little reluctance on the part of the neighbours to try any thing new, old White's "fire-balls," as they were called, became so generally known that he could hardly make them fast enough. It was such light work, that Willy cheerfully employed some part of his evenings in helping his grandfather, who contrived to do more with one hand than many of his neighbours did with both, and was respected accordingly even by the most idle.

"If I had the use of both my hands as you have," he used to say to the idlers in the village, who sat doing nothing by their fire-sides all the long winter evenings that they did not spend at the beer-houses, "I would not let them be idle."

"Why," they would say, "what are we to do? we cannot sew even if we had any materials to make up."

"Why not then make pegs for the shoemakers, or knit cabbage or cherry nets, or knit stockings? I have heard that in some parts of Germany and in the north of England the men employ all the long evenings of winter in providing their families with good strong worsted stockings and socks, besides selling them."

"Knit stockings!" cried one, "it is not a *man's* work, leave that to the old women."

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“I do not see,” replied old White, “that it is more old women’s work than making clothes like the tailor, or shoes like the shoemaker. Why should you not make stockings as well as shoes and gaiters?”

To which, as no reasonable reply could be given, the objectors were silent.

But old White’s advice was not always so ungraciously received. The common near which they lived afforded many of the people of the village the means of keeping geese, which were profitable for sale when fattened, and the feathers also brought a good sum at the time of plucking. Instead of the cruel custom of pulling out the feathers of the geese, he persuaded them to cut them off close with sharp scissors. The produce was a little reduced in weight, but the feathers were greatly improved in quality, and brought a higher price per pound; the birds were uninjured, and did not pine away and become sickly, as is generally the case after the rough treatment of plucking, which seriously injures the skin, especially when done by a careless and cruel hand. The new feathers came out with thicker down, and the geese became so much improved in condition, that the practice of snipping instead of plucking was not only adopted by the whole of

the owners, but for his good advice they contributed feathers enough to make the old man a present of a pillow.

Martha White's desire for an increase of washing was shortly gratified in a very unexpected way. One Saturday evening Willy came running in with a large bundle in his hand.

"Look here, mother, here is a famous Sunday dinner for us all!" and he removed a coarse towel, and displayed a fine piece of the sirloin of beef; this he had picked up in the road.

"It was intended I dare say for a Sunday dinner, Willy," replied his mother, "but not for ours; it was dropped from some butcher's cart, and we will hang it up carefully, perhaps we may hear to whom it belongs."

Willy looked disappointed, but said nothing; he helped his mother to hang up the fine piece of meat and cover it with the cloth.

"It will," says she, "keep for days this cold weather."

On Sunday the whole family, excepting Mrs. White, who could not leave her baby, went to church. The Sabbath was always kept very sacred by this family; like true Christians, they *knew* that the only way to be happy is to be

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holy, and felt truly that it is a libel upon religion to say that there is no pleasure in it.

“A Sunday well spent
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of the morrow ;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatsoe'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.”

This golden maxim of Sir Matthew Hale, who was Lord Chief Justice of England in the time of Charles the Second, was one which old White had caused his grandson to write in his best hand, and it was placed on the wall of their little cottage, with some printed hymns which had been his rewards while at school.

On their way home from church old White was joined by several of the neighbours, who all felt respect and interest for the old man, and enquired kindly for his rheumatism, which he was thankful to tell them was better, thanks to rubbing in dry mustard before the fire, a remedy which he was glad to make known as widely as possible.

He was considered to know so much about what would benefit others, that various were the questions asked of old White from time to time, and James Sutton was soon seen eagerly running

after him to know what he could do for his wife's foot, which was dreadfully scalded from the upsetting of a saucepan of boiling water.

"The first thing she cried," said James Sutton, "was, 'what a mercy it was not one of the children!' we put scraped potatoe, but it has been very painful all night."

"The best thing you can do," said old White, "is to go home as fast as you can, and put on a large oatmeal and water poultice, made with cold water, change it twice a day, and your wife will quickly get relief from the pain.

Old White was right, the inflammation soon disappeared, and Mrs. Sutton was greatly relieved.

"You ought to have been a doctor, Mr. White," said one of the men, "you are always curing somebody or another of their troubles; I wish you could cure other kind of troubles as well. My brother has had a sad one, for his boy Tom has been turned out of his place in the town last night for losing a large piece of meat."

"That is rather hard, I think," said old White, willing to hear the end of the story before he said any thing.

"Why, the worst of it is," said the man, "that Tom is such a liar, that his master does not be-

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lieve that he lost it at all, but thinks he must have got rid of it, as he did of a piece of mutton when he first went into his service. He gave this to a man in exchange for a pocket knife, and then said it had been stolen out of the cart. Mr. Scales overlooked this, because Tom's father was such a decent man, but last night he would listen to nothing. Tom, knowing that he had the credit of being a liar, did not tell his master directly, as he ought to have done, and so it was not known until the person who had bought the joint sent to know what had become of his Sunday's dinner. My poor brother is ashamed to shew his face at Church, and Tom has cried himself sick. I do believe that the boy really lost the meat, but you see he has no good character to fall back upon."

"Well," said old White, "go and set your brother's heart at rest, for the beef is safe and sound, hanging up in our back kitchen at home."

The man scarcely waited to thank old White for the good news, so eager was he to run off to his brother.

When old White got home, he felt great pleasure in telling Martha that her honesty in keeping the beef instead of cooking it, as many people

would have done, might be the means of restoring the son of a worthy man to his situation; and," he continued, "you must follow up the good work, Martha, by going yourself into the town to-morrow, and explaining the whole to Mr. Scales, for he may think, perhaps, that it is a made-up story to save the character of poor Tom."

When Willy came in from Church, old White did not fail to make a good use of what had happened, by impressing upon Willy the advantage of having a good name. "We are all liable to misfortune," said he, "but what an aggravation is it when we find no one ready to believe our tale, or to pity our trouble. 'Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity, than he that is perverse in his ways though he be rich.'"

Martha was not one of those who, when there was any good to be done let the grass grow under her feet. "If my dear Willy was in trouble," said she, "how thankful should I be for any body to step forward and give him a helping hand." So Mrs. White, with her baby and Sally, set off very early the next morning, and reached Mr. Scales, the butcher, before ten o'clock. It was a clear frosty morning, and Mr. *Scales* was standing in his shop looking nearly as

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blue as his apron. He did not take much notice of Martha, for he was sharpening his knife to cut some beef-steaks, and thinking of the trouble he should have in suiting himself with another boy.

"Tom," said he to himself, "was altered very much for the better, but what is bred in the bone will not come out of the flesh. He was allowed to tell lies when he was a child, and nobody will believe him now."

Martha here came forward and told her tale, at which Mr. Scales was not a little pleased.

"You don't mean to say that you have never touched the beef," said he.

"Certainly not, I had no right to it," said Martha; "though I must say it is the first time I ever had such a piece of meat in my cottage."

"And you have taken the trouble to walk all this way on purpose to clear that scapegrace," said Mr. Scales.

"I am a mother, Sir, and don't think it any trouble."

"Well," said the butcher, "I cannot afford to give you that piece of beef, though you richly deserve it, but you shall have as nice a beef-steak as I can cut, or anything to that amount you like better."

"I did not look for any reward, Sir," said

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Martha, "but I will not refuse a kind offer; and if you will let me take instead that bullock's heart, or a sheep's head, it will do me more good than the piece of meat you are about to cut."

"Take either," said the butcher, "and if I can serve you in any other way I will."

"Upon which," said Martha, in telling old White the result of her long walk, "I took heart, and said that I was a washer-woman, lived in a fine airy place, and could be well recommended, and that if he knew any one among his customers who wanted a laundress I should be thankful if he would mention me. So he called his wife, and told her that honest people ought to be encouraged, and that she must think of me; and very luckily she knew of one family who were enquiring for a country laundress, and Mr. Scales said that his boy should take and bring back the washing in his cart."

"Tom," said he, "will, I am sure, not object to the trouble, for but for you he would have been out of a good situation without a character. I must say I shall be very glad to have him back again, for the boy is greatly improved, and if he would but stick to truth would, I dare say, turn out pretty well in the trade."

Tom was too thankful to Mrs. White to make

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any objection to do her a little kindness in return for the service she had rendered him ; and she gave so much satisfaction by her skill as a laundress, that two or three other families also engaged her services, and she was able to make a cheap arrangement with the man, who with his donkey and cart fetched old White's faggots, to come weekly, and fetch and bring the linen, as her load soon got too large for the butcher's cart.

Now as many people may wonder why Mrs. White preferred a bullock's heart to a piece of beef of the same price, I will tell you how she cooked it, and you will then see how much more profitable it was than a beef-steak, and how many good dinners it gave them.

The bullock's heart weighed six pounds, and was worth 1s. 3d. It was washed well, and thoroughly dried ; a seasoning made with crumbs of bread, thyme, parsley, and an onion chopped fine, with a little suet, pepper, and salt. These well mixed together, were put in the heart, and the opening sewed up. A good quantity of potatoes and onions were peeled and put in a large brown dish, and on them was placed the heart on a trivet, and sent to the baker's with a bit of lard to be rubbed on it, to prevent it from hardening. The first day it of course made a

most savoury dinner ; the second day part was warmed in a saucepan, with a little vinegar and water ; the third day Mrs. White cut some slices and fried them with an onion and some of the potatoes.

The mid-calf, a solid and nutritious part, and very cheap, will last for two or three days if prepared thus :—Put a layer of potatoes which have been half boiled at the bottom of a deep earthen jar ; cut a portion of the meat into slices, with a little bacon, placing them in regular order upon the potatoes, together with sliced onions, and pot-herbs ; then another layer of potatoes and mid-calf alternately, until the whole is cut up ; fill the jar (which should be very deep) with potatoes nearly to the top, filling it quite up with water ; cover it closely, and put it for some hours in the oven until the meat is tender. This was a dish that Mrs. White, whenever they could afford to lay out a little money in meat, always chose from its being so cheap and profitable.

“ Do you not think, Willy,” said his grandfather, as they were seated at dinner, “ that this meal is all the sweeter for being honestly acquired ? If your mother, instead of resolving to find and restore it to the lawful owner, had cooked that *piece of beef*, I am sure we should all have felt

we had no right to the enjoyment of it; and when we heard of poor Tom's disgrace, how ashamed we should have been to reflect that we in reality were the guilty parties for keeping what did not belong to us. Truly may we say in our case, my dear, that honesty is the best policy."

Mrs. White carried her feeling of honesty into her daily occupation as a washer-woman, by not using the preparations, which to save trouble, are employed by many unprincipled people. Her clothes had fair washing with soap, pipe-clay, and water; and she bought none of the wash-balls which destroy the substance they profess to whiten. By dissolving some pipe-clay in the water, which it softens, and soaking the clothes for a night, before washing with soap, and also using a little with the soap, she made a considerable saving without in any way injuring the clothes with which she was entrusted, and the fine open air of the common bleached them whiter than all the washer-women's balls in the chemist's shop.

She also got credit for being successful in taking out mildew from some damask table-cloths that had been carelessly put away very damp. Her plan was a simple but very efficacious one.

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She mixed some soft soap with starch powder, half as much salt, and the juice of a lemon ; this was laid on both sides of the spotted part with a painter's brush, and then it was laid on the grass day and night until the stains disappeared.

Her mode of washing new flannels and stockings, so that they should not shrink, was to put them the first time of washing in a pail, pour boiling water on them, and let them lie till cold. A little salt of wormwood wetted and rubbed into stains on linen caused by acids, removed them effectually. Martha was indebted to her father-in-law for all these useful receipts, which enabled her to send home her clothes to the satisfaction of her employers.

Sally daily became of greater use to her mother, and as she had been taught at school to use her needle better than most little girls who have not the advantage of good instruction, she was able to undertake the mending and darning stockings, which Mrs. White added with profit to her employment as a laundress.

As spring came on, old White recovered the use of his limbs as much to his own satisfaction as to the benefit of all around him, for he was able to cultivate the little garden with great advantage, growing such auriculas, tulips, and ane-

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mones as are seldom to be seen in a cottage garden, and bunches of which found a ready sale in the town. This was not to the neglect of a more useful product, for early greens, carrots, turnips, and onions, were to be found in the tiny garden, and all flourishing too.

At the back of the cottage was a fine walnut tree, which grew so exactly between the garden of Mrs. White and that of her neighbour, that the fruit was shared between them, and in the season was sold to a fruiterer in the town. It would hardly have been worth while to mention this fine old tree but for the use to which old White recommended the leaves. In the summer, flies, as it is well known, tease the horses, and in some cases make them almost unmanageable. Old White had read of a preventive for this, and it was tried with success. He soaked two or three handfuls of walnut leaves in two quarts of water for one night, then boiled it for a quarter of an hour, and when cold strained off the liquid. A sponge dipped in this, and before the horse left the stable, applied to those parts which are the most irritable, such as the ears and flanks, prevented the flies from touching the animal.

This receipt was tried on a young lady's

horse which was so irritable from the flies, that it would not stand at Mrs. White's gate while its mistress gave a message, and after she had desired this simple remedy, recommended by the old man, to be applied, her horse was as quiet in summer season as in the winter.

It pleased God to bless Mrs. White with health and strength to carry on her daily work, and things appeared to be prospering with her, when she met with a sad misfortune.

Some evil-disposed persons stole a considerable quantity of her clothes while drying on the common. They had taken advantage of the weakness of her little daughter, who was walking on the common nursing the baby, to find out that Mrs. White had gone to the other end of the village to the mangle, while old White had a day's work gardening, and telling the poor child that they were sent from the town to carry back the linen, managed to get off with several shirts and table-cloths.

Great was Mrs. White's consternation when she returned and heard what had happened. However she at once determined to go to her friend the butcher, explain the whole affair, and beg him to take her part with the family he had recommended. Her baby was now old enough

to be left, and she therefore trudged along the road alone, but with a heavy heart.

Mr. Scales, after accusing her of great carelessness in leaving the clothes without some one to watch their safety, at length said his wife should see what she could do. "I know you are an honest woman," said he, "for you have well proved that, and I must endeavour to make others believe so too." This was not so easy as Mr. Scales expected, and at first the mistress of the house declared Mrs. White must make the loss good at once; but at length consented to let her wash to the amount. With this understanding Mrs. White returned home; but after a fortnight, during which she cheerfully undertook the whole of the family's washing, she received an order to send in her bill as usual, and great was the joy throughout the household, the money seemed more valuable than ever when it came so unexpectedly, for Mrs. White expected to give at least six weeks' labour before she should have repaid the loss she had sustained.

"How I wish," said she to old Smith, "that I had a mangle of my own; I shall never leave the house with comfort for so long again; and so you, grandfather, must not give up the little gardening you get to do in the neighbourhood to watch the clothes."

"I will speak to Mr. Hodson," said he, "who knows but that he may put us in the way of borrowing the money to buy one."

Mr. Hodson was just the person to apply to, for he had lately become a member of a Provident Society in the town, which was established for the purpose of lending sums under £10 to persons of good character, who were expected to repay the sum with the interest of 3*d.* in the pound by weekly instalments of one shilling. And now Mrs. White found no common benefit from the character she and her father-in-law bore, for she obtained the loan of £5, which enabled her to purchase the mangle, and the shilling a week was always forthcoming in good time.

Old White could generally lend a helping hand in turning the mangle in spite of the rheumatism, for, as he said, sitting down and doing nothing but brood over one's troubles is very far from lightening them.

It pleased God to spare this good old man many years, to be a comfort to his daughter-in-law and her family, and when he was taken from them, he left an example which was long remembered in the village where he had spent so many useful years.

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LATE in the evening of a cold November's day the carrier's cart stopped at the door of Mrs. Hampton, who kept a little shop in the village of Fairford, and when Mrs. Hampton looked out of the window, she saw to her surprise that the carrier after taking out two boxes helped a young girl of about sixteen years of age to get out of the cart. She came into the shop where Mrs. Hampton was standing behind the counter, and Mrs. Hampton exclaimed, "Why sure it can't be Margaret; why, how you are grown!" "Yes, mother, it is Margaret," said the young girl, very sorrowfully, "and I am come home until I can suit myself in service; dear Aunt Mary is dead, she died very suddenly, and after the funeral I had some hope of keeping on her school, but they said I was too young, and could not be answerable for the rent of the two

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rooms. But I think, mother, if they had only let me try, I should have been able to manage very well. For the last six months I have done more in the school than even Aunt Mary did, for though I little thought she was so near her end, she has been sadly ailing for a long time."

"But where are the children, mother? I suppose they will hardly know me."

"They are grown old enough to be very riotous and troublesome, my dear," said her mother in a peevish tone. "Peter is gone to the evening school, where Mrs. Sutton advised me to send him now in the winter evenings; Kitty is next door nursing a sick baby; and Caroline is in the other room with her brother Jem, who has just recovered from a kind of fever; poor child, he has had an accident too, this morning, he scalded his finger with the steam of the kettle: he would put his hand near it though I told him he would be burnt, but he is getting just like the rest, and does not care a farthing for what I tell him. He is quiet now, for he cried himself to sleep in the baby's cradle; but come in, my dear," continued Mrs. Hampton, opening the door which led from the shop into a little back room.

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Here Margaret was struck with an almost stronger smell than that she had perceived in the shop. The heat of the place was quite stifling, and the little boy lying in the cradle looked hot, dirty, and flushed. Caroline, not much cleaner in appearance, was seated with the baby in her lap before a large fire, at which the baby was staring, as all babies will do if they are allowed, to the certain injury of their eyes, to say nothing of scorching their delicate skins, and the certainty of rendering them sure to take cold at the least change of air. Mrs. Hampton's child had weak eyes, and she informed Margaret that it never was brought into the shop without taking cold in them.

"So," said the mother, "Caroline and Kitty take it by turns to nurse it here, while I am in the shop. It has been sharp work, my dear, since your poor father's death, to keep the pot boiling with something in it, but we have managed to scramble along and have never known want. I don't know how you will relish our homely fare after your aunt's house, but you shall have your share, for as long as you like to stay." Mrs. Hampton asked Margaret to take the baby, and as a customer was just then rattling a penny in the scales, to call Mrs. Hampton's at-

tention to the shop, she desired Caroline to put on the kettle and get a cup of tea for her sister. But the baby did not like the change of nurses, and screamed so loudly that Margaret told Caroline to take the child again, and tell her where to get some water for the empty kettle.

"You must," said Caroline, "go to the well, for Peter would not wait to get any water, because I would not hand him the pitcher."

So Margaret tucked up her gown, put on her pattens, and went to the well. "It is very tiresome," said her mother, as Margaret returned through the shop, "that Peter will not get the water, I have told him twenty times to fill the pitchers when he comes in from work, but I might as well speak to the stone wall as to any of them." This was a sad confession for a mother to make, but Mrs. Hampton was now reaping the fruits of her too great indulgence to the faults of her children. They had gradually become indifferent, if they had but their own way, as to whether she was pleased or not. If it suited with Peter's plans to fill the pails and pitchers, he did so, but if, as was the case this evening, he had any pleasure in view, he took not the slightest notice of his mother's commands.

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It was some time before Margaret could get a cup of tea, for though there was no lack of tea, sugar, bread or butter, yet first, the tea things, which had been put away unwashed from the last meal, were to be made clean, and as the little boy in the cradle awoke from the pain in his finger, he cried loudly, and when Margaret attempted to pacify him he only screamed the louder.

Mrs. Hampton then came in, and being vexed at the noise which had prevented Margaret from hearing her call to come in the shop and be introduced to a neighbour, she gave the poor child two or three slaps and a shake, which, as Jem did not understand why he was exposed to such punishment, only irritated and made him more noisy still.

"These children will drive me mad," said Mrs. Hampton; "hold your tongue, do, Jem, and you shall have a piece of bread and sugar."

Jem prudently stopped crying, and was comforted with the dainty which was quite as unexpected as the previous correction.

But the pain of the child's hand soon made him again fretful, and when Margaret had finished her tea she coaxed the child to let her see his hand. It had been tied round with a hard bit of blue rag, on which was put some scraped

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potatoe, a very good remedy when properly applied, and kept moist, but in this case such of the dressing as had not slipped out into the cradle, had become quite hard, and inflamed the place it was intended to heal.

"I was in such a hurry," said Mrs. Hampton, "that I hardly knew what I was about, but I will scrape some more potatoe."

"Let me doctor it," said Margaret; so she got a bit of oatmeal from the shop, made it into a poultice with cold water, filled the foot of an old sock with the poultice, and putting the child's hand into it, tied it firmly round the wrist, and then over this tied a cotton handkerchief. Poor Jem soon felt relieved, and putting the thumb of his other hand in his mouth, was in a short time fast asleep in his own bed.

"Don't trouble about the tea things, my dear, said Mrs. Hampton, for as soon as the shop is shut I shall wash them with the dinner things there in the corner."

And a pretty corner it was that she pointed at, no wonder that the room had so close a smell; a week's fragments of bones, cabbage, &c., seemed to have been thrown on some old rags, and a broken pail, just to save the trouble of a daily clearing, but as Mrs. Hampton declared she had

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not a clean plate or dish in the house, that evening a grand clearing was to take place, and some water was put on to heat in a crock which certainly would be all the better for a good boiling out.

"I assure you, my dear," said Mrs. Hampton, feeling a little ashamed of the untidy state of her room, "I have no time for much but the shop; for if I go to do anything, directly somebody comes, and I am stopped short."

"But," said Margaret, "Kitty is some help, I hope."

"Why," said Mrs. Hampton, "she and Caroline don't agree very well, and Kitty, besides, is so handy, that the neighbours are always glad to get her directly she comes out of school, and so I seldom see much of her."

"I really think, mother," said Margaret, "that you have the most right to the services of your own child."

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Hampton, turning the conversation in another direction, "and so I told Mrs. Sutton when she begged me not to keep the girls away from school; but she said to me quite solemnly, and I never shall forget the words, 'Do not rob your children of the opportunity of learning to read the Word of God when

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it is held out to them. Remember, that if you slight the present offer, or if, after having sent your children a few times, you should afterwards keep them at home under vain pretences, you will have to answer for it at the day of judgment.' So," continued Mrs. Hampton, "I said it was impossible for me, if they went to school, to maintain them without help in the shop, which I could not afford; and Mrs. Sutton said, 'I will meet that difficulty: send the girls to school alternately, Kitty to-day and Caroline to-morrow, thus you will always have one of them at home to assist you,' and a very good plan it was, my dear, while it lasted; but Kitty is quicker than Caroline, likes school better, and is seldom willing to take her turn at home, getting into the neighbours whenever she can."

"That is a little hard upon Caroline," said Margaret.

"Oh, she does not mind it now," said Mrs. Hampton; "I hardly know, however, what I shall say to Mrs. Sutton, for I should not like her to know that neither Kitty nor Peter care one bit for anything I say. You see they have got on so well with their book learning that they have a very good character, and of course *I must* not be the first to say anything against

them. Besides, Mrs. Sutton told Kitty she would try and get her a place."

"My dear mother," said Margaret, "it does not become me, I know, to advise you on such points, but dear Aunt Mary was very particular in my bringing up, to make me feel a duty and love for my parents and her, which she said all children, however clever, ought to shew, by obeying their commands without asking themselves whether they were inclined or not. I declare, my dear mother, that all the years I have lived with Aunt Mary I never ventured to ask why I was to do a thing, I always did it as a matter of course; 'You must have faith in me, Margaret,' she used to say, 'and believe that I will never tell you to go wrong.'"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hampton, a little vexed, "but mothers are not like aunts, we are obliged to give way for peace sake, when children are little, and when they are growing up we can't alter our plans all at once, at least I can't, for I am sure I have tried often enough; have their own way they will, in some manner or another, and, as I said before, for peace sake I let them."

Mrs. Hampton's shop was the regular resort of the village gossips. Here all affairs were discussed, and many a harmless report gradually

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became an injurious one, after being related and commented upon by the purchasers of tea, sugar, herrings, tobacco, snuff, and pepper, from the supplies of Mrs. Hampton. And yet Mrs. Hampton was a very good-natured, well-meaning woman, and would have been very sorry to consider that lending ear to scandal is an encouragement to its circulation, which no really religious people will ever give; they respect the truth of the old saying, "It takes two to spread abroad a scandalous story, one to tell and the other to hear; that if there were no hearers there would be no relators."

An old lady who lived near the village spent a good deal of her time most usefully, in visiting her poorer neighbours, and she frequently called at Mrs. Hampton's shop to make small purchases, which she directed to be sent where they were too often greatly needed. She one day disturbed a party of gossips in the shop, who became silent the instant she entered, and when they left, the old lady remarked that she feared she knew the story in which she had interrupted them was one that had been greatly misrepresented, and had been of serious injury to a very worthy man.

"How often," said she, "are people guilty of

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breaking the ninth commandment without being fully aware of the sin they are committing. Now Jane Hayden would not swear away a man's life falsely before the magistrate in public, but she cares not how much she slanders and backbites him in private. She will make a bad story worse by her mode of telling it, and though she may invent no false circumstances she gives such a colour to those she tells, that she leaves false impressions on the mind of her hearers. She has the deceit, too, to twist a story so as to make it tell better for herself and worse for her neighbour, than either truth or justice warrant."

"I am sure, ma'am," replied Mrs. Hampton, "I can tell you that Jane Hayden is despised through the village!"

"And yet," said the old lady, "you were all listening eagerly to her account of why Mr. Howard's gardener was discharged, the real truth of which she is quite unacquainted with, and therefore has invented a piece of scandal for which she ought to be punished. Take my advice Mrs. Hampton, encourage no such gossips; a very wise man has said, 'that there are two things which every man should be acquainted with, religion and his own business, and if these

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receive due attention, little time will be left for meddling with the affairs of our neighbours.' ”

Mrs. Hampton felt the truth and justice of such remarks, but the feeling was soon gone, curiosity got the better of her good resolutions, and the next tale brought by Jane Hayden was eagerly listened to.

A stop, however, was put to this indulgence in gossip, for Mr. Howard's gardener having traced the evil report against his character to Mrs. Hampton's shop, she was in self-defence compelled to give Jane as her authority, and this mischief-maker was obliged to go and confess to John Tate that all she had said of him was false, and humbly beg his pardon. This affair occasioned such a talk in the village, that poor Hayden was obliged to leave with his wife and family, and seek work in another parish, where it is to be hoped his wife's evil tongue is silent, for truly she had a severe lesson for its use at Fairford.

But we must return to Margaret, who, the shop being closed, was relating to her mother and sisters the illness and death of her aunt.

“Poor soul,” said Mrs. Hampton, much affected, “she was indeed a good friend to you, and indeed to us all; she would have had more

to leave behind her if she had not given away so much while she was living, and that is after all the truest charity."

"Aunt Mary," said Margaret, "did more good by advice, and time, and thoughts, than ever she did by the little money she had to spare. When I was Caroline's age she told me that as I must one day go into service, it would be a good plan for me to begin thinking of the duties of a servant's place, and she bought me a nice little six-penny book called the Maid of all work's Complete Guide, and as you know she had been in service so long herself she could explain it to me; and then from time to time she bought me clothes, and I have them in that box, the other holds her own clothes, which I shall be glad, mother, for you to have."

"I wonder she did not get you a place, Margaret," said Mrs. Hampton.

"Why, I should have had one I dare say if her health had not become so bad, and then I was too useful to her, she said, in the school to be parted with; but she never let me wear any of my little stock of clothes, and said that all she had told me as to my future conduct would, she felt sure, rest on my mind, and be useful to me, when I least expected it.

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“ I am sure I shall never forget almost the last words she said to me when I had finished reading the little book. ‘ Above all, my dear child, remember that though you may have something to bear with in your mistress, she will most likely have more to bear with in you. Think how much God has to bear with us all, and this will make you submissive in many a trial, which I know it is hard for young people to endure, without some such reflection.’ ”

Peter and Kitty now came in, the one from the evening school, the other from the sick child of the neighbour. They were much surprised to see Margaret, who during six years had grown out of recollection ; but a scene of squabbling then took place between the mother and them, which greatly grieved Margaret.

Mrs. Hampton scolded them for disobedience, and they defended themselves by answering in a very disrespectful manner.

Then poor Mrs. Hampton covering her face with her apron began to cry, and as her children were far from being bad hearted, they looked very sorry, Peter promised to fetch as much water as could be wanted for washing before he went to work in the morning, and Kitty kissed her mother and begged her pardon, promising to

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remain at home the next day, and let Caroline go to school ; after which Mrs. Hampton declaring that the children would break her heart one of these days, the whole family sat down to supper.

The next morning Margaret, who had slept very soundly after her fatiguing journey, was aroused by a noise of squabbling down stairs, and when she had arisen and dressed, it continued to be so loud that she could not say her prayers in comfort. She therefore went down with the hope of being peace-maker. It was a good thing that she happened to have had better training than her sisters, and had been early taught to subdue her temper, for it else would have been sadly tried. On the floor of the dirty apartment were scattered the contents of the two boxes, and her sisters were pulling about and examining each article while their mother was vainly standing by begging them to put all the things out of sight before Margaret came down.

"I am sure, my dear, it is not my fault," said she ; "those naughty girls got hold of your keys, and would open the box all I could say ; but they shall not have one bit of Aunt Mary's clothes, I can tell them."

The girls, expecting that Margaret would give them the scolding they so well deserved,

stood looking at her very sullenly, while she instead of scolding, commenced picking up the scattered gowns, caps, aprons, and quietly replaced them in the boxes, and as Peter just then came in with the last pail of water, she begged his help to carry them up stairs.

"Sister Margaret," said the boy, "you must be very good tempered to bear having all your things pulled about in that way; why did you not box their ears? I am sure they deserved it."

"If we all had our deserts," replied Margaret, "you and I, Peter, would not be so well off as we are. If I had got in a passion, and boxed my sisters' ears as you advise, there would be three people who ought to be ashamed of themselves instead of two.

"But go down now my dear Peter, for I have not yet said my prayers, or read my morning chapter."

The boy lingered still in the room, and at last said, "Sister Margaret, I wish you would let me pray with you, and read a chapter, for at school the master tells us to do so every morning, but I don't know how it is there never seems to be time for it, mother wants water fetched, or I have to go an errand about the shop, and sometimes I forget it altogether."

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Margaret was well pleased to have her brother's company in such a pleasing duty, and by the time they had done, little Jem was awake, and she quietly dressed him, and though he stared very hard at her all the time, he made no resistance, he recollected the ease she had given him by the oatmeal poultice.

When breakfast was over, at which the girls were quite silent, Margaret asked her mother if she should set the room to rights, to which of course her mother made not the least objection, and the baby, cradle and all, being removed up stairs out of the way, with Kitty as a nurse to watch by it, and take care of Jem, Margaret began her work, plentifully employing the pails of water which Mrs. Hampton had intended for a great wash in which a neighbour had promised help. This neighbour put off her visit, and so Peter had to promise another supply.

And first, she cleared out the under cupboards of the whole dresser, during which many stray things came to light, from Peter's ball to Caroline's work-bag containing her lost Sunday school tickets. No wonder, thought Margaret, there is such a faint smell in this room, for here are about a dozen decayed apples!

These, with some old blacking-bottles, and

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more litter than we can describe, Margaret put in an empty hamper, and in the evening intended to ask Peter to carry them away. She then cleaned out the cupboards and scrubbed the drawers and dresser; the floor of the room was beyond her skill, it positively required scraping, so she left it for the present, and after sweeping she placed down the bit of old carpet and set about cleaning the window, which opened into a small bit of garden at the back of the house.

In the month of November no garden looks very cheerful, but this one looked desolate indeed. Mrs. Hampton came from the shop while Margaret had her head out of the little casement; "Goodness me, my dear, what did you open the window for now in this winter time, and what is the good of turning every thing inside out in this way?"

"Mother," said Margaret, "do let me try to make this room more like what dear aunt's was; with a little whitewash and a bit of muslin curtain I am sure I shall make it look so neat."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Hampton in a discontented tone, "if you do, the children will soon make it just like what it is now. Your aunt had no family, or she would not have had time to be so particular."

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Margaret might have said that Aunt Mary having a school to attend to, had her time quite as fully taken up as Mrs. Hampton, but she made no reply of the sort, fearing it might lead to an angry remark from her mother.

She therefore continued her good work, and when Peter came in from work to dinner, she got him to borrow for her a brush, and then made some whitewash; half a peck of lime was put into a tub, water poured in by degrees, and well stirred with a stick broad at one end. When the lime and water was well mixed, and the thickness of mud, it was strained through a sieve into another tub, where it settled at the bottom; the little water that remained on the top was then strained off. This when used was mixed up with water to the consistence of thick paint, and with this Margaret whitewashed the inside of the cupboards, the sides of the fireplace, and the slate stone outside the window, which as Peter remarked now really let in light.

"I am sure," said he, "that we could do the whole wall of the room if mother would let us," but this Mrs. Hampton would not hear of; "Wait," said she, "till the days get longer, and then you can do it if you still like, before the children are up in the morning."

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So Margaret contented herself with thinking that at least she had done as much good as her mother permitted. In the evening of that day, whether the girls were surprised at her activity or ashamed of their own rude behaviour since her arrival, they behaved quietly and well ; little Jem put himself completely under Margaret's care, and even the baby did not cry so much as usual.

Before they went to bed, Margaret went up stairs and brought down her aunt's Bible and a little black book of family prayers. " We are all," she said, " so comfortable here together, that if you like, mother, I will read the evening prayers which dear aunt always used, and Peter shall read a chapter."

" Do so my dear," said Mrs. Hampton, who had not known so peaceable an evening for some time ; and the whole family joined in prayer to Him who accepts the supplications of His faithful people whether they ascend to Him from the walls of a palace or a cottage, and from this time daily prayer became a custom in the dwelling of Mrs. Hampton.

Many people were surprised to see the change that gradually took place in Mrs. Hampton's household after the arrival of her daughter. The

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children, thanks to Margaret, no longer looked dirty and neglected, for a gentleman who took great interest in her aunt's school had explained to her that the first great requisite for securing bodily health is cleanliness of person. If the skin be not regularly washed its pores clog up, and so the insensible perspiration is prevented. The consequence of this is irritability on the surface of the body, and then follow divers diseases. Dirty people are therefore never so comfortable, so healthy, or so active, as those of cleanly habits. In order to relieve the skin from the dirt which collects upon it, water and soap alone are necessary, and as there is no human being who can complain that these are not to be had, there can be no excuse for the indulgence of the indolent and filthy habit of being from day to day unwashed.

He also told her, that besides cleanliness of the person, it is of great consequence to health that we should live in houses well ventilated, and kept free from all kinds of dirt, vermin, &c., especially is air necessary in cottages or small houses, where the rooms are not large, and where beds are often placed in sitting apartments. In such cases if the doors and windows are closed so as to prevent a circulation of air, the same air is not

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only breathed more than once, but many fevers and other complaints are the consequence of the smells produced by offensive substances. These are in fact little particles which float in the air, and though too small to be perceived by the eye, are taken into the system by the breath, or lodge on the walls and furniture, producing most fatal maladies. Many of the deaths of children may be traced to the uncleanness of their skin, the foulness of their clothing, and the breathing of a tainted atmosphere. Mrs. Hampton had always considered that she could not possibly have time to attend to such matters; that if she found food for her children, they must scramble along as well as they could in other points. The kind ladies of the parish had taken care that her children when at the proper age should not want school instruction, and as their natural abilities were good they had profited greatly by the time spent at school. Still the parent at home must carry out the plans of the teacher at school or a striking contrast will forcibly present itself to the young mind.

When her eldest children were taught that prayer to God was a privilege as well as a duty, that order and cleanliness were Christian virtues, *that* passions were given to us to be kept under,

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that to honour and obey parents was one of the commandments of God, the only one with promise ; when these were the instructions at school, how greatly must the management of the household at home have interfered with the good such instruction was intended to effect.

Prayer was there neglected instead of enjoyed, order and cleanliness unknown, evil tempers indulged in with impunity by young and old, and honour and obedience to parents neither insisted on by the mother, nor paid by the children ; Mrs. Hampton governed her family by impulse instead of principle, and was therefore capricious ; sometimes bitterly scolding and punishing for the most trifling offences, at other times overlooking habits of lying and quarrelling, which positively demanded correction. So young a girl as Margaret could not work an entire reformation in this ill conducted family, but she did a great deal of good in it, by not attempting too much at once, or finding fault with the evil that existed ; she did not scold Caroline and Kitty for their frequent squabbles, but she took an opportunity of telling them how much happier they would live in love, rather than hate ; that she was sure if it pleased God to take one of them away from this world the remaining one would

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never be happy any more, for that she would feel she had ungratefully despised one of the greatest blessings of God, the bonds of love and union, which ought to exist between the members of a family.

Margaret remained at home during the winter to be a great comfort to her mother and family, but as the girls were now, under her direction, become very useful, she resolved to follow out her aunt's intentions, and go into service. She had no difficulty in procuring a situation, for even in her humble rank of life good qualities are soon made public and duly valued. A religious education is known by its fruits, and never did Margaret cease to be grateful to the kind relative, who by her example and advice had fortified her to meet the temptations which await all young people on their entrance into the duties of that world which is to be the scene of our trial here, that it may be the preparation for one where sorrow is unknown.

WHO PAYS THE POOR RATE.

“AND where are you going to, Martha?” said Betsy Grey to her neighbour Martha Higgins.

“I am going to try for another sixpence a week Betsy, and if old Harvey don’t give it me I’ll go to ‘the House,’ and there is an end of it.”

“Harvey won’t care about that, Martha; they say he is hard upon poor folk, but I don’t know, for thank God we have not troubled him yet, and I hope are not likely to it.”

“No,” said Martha pettishly, “some people have so many friends, but I’m a poor lone old woman, nobody cares about me, and the parson has not given me any thing since the last gift day; I suppose somebody has done me an ill turn.”

Betsy understood Martha’s meaning, and said firmly, “Martha, I am very thankful that

I have friends. God alone knows what would have become of us had not Mrs. Melville helped us through last winter. I almost feel the cold while I speak, and the farmers have been very kind in selling me the coals; but I have three poor children who can earn nothing."

"Then more's the pity you don't do as other people do and go to the parish; you would get enough to keep ye all, and not labour and slave night and day as you do, just to save the parish," said Martha with a sneer.

"No, not only to save the parish, Martha. Frederick, before he died, told me a great deal about the poor rates, and when he was dying, he said his only grief was lest I should come, (she checked herself for a moment, the tears rolled down her face,) lest I should come to the workhouse."

"And what if you did," said Martha, "your betters have done the same before you, Betsy."

Betsy did not notice the interruption, but went on, "and I promised Frederick, while I lived, they never should call his children pauper's children, and by God's help they never shall."

Martha saw how keenly Betsy Grey felt about the parish pay, and did not wonder when she thought what the Greys were, always strange

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people, different from others, but very clear and respectable, added the old woman to herself; however she determined to argue the point a little longer.

“ Well, Betsy, and what is the harm of my trying to get more pay if I can, it only comes out of the pocket of those proud porsy farmers, and what do you or I care for the like of them, they would not give any thing if they could help it.”

“ I do not think it is the farmers alone who pay. Parson Melville pays very heavily, and many people pay, and I have to pay for my little bit of a place; though it is but a shilling, yet that shilling is more than I can afford, and Frederick used to say that poor rates were paid by the labourers, though they were so foolish they would not understand it.”

“ Well, I never heard of that before, do you think those Taylors ever paid a penny to the poor rates? not they, or the Hitchins's, and Humphreys'; you do not understand, Betsy, about it, and I don't think Frederick did either.”

Betsy would have borne to have her own intelligence questioned, not Frederick's, and she said rather sharply, “ Frederick did know; he told me that when the taxes were easy the

farmers could employ more labour, cultivate their land better, and use men where horses were now employed. He also said he did not understand how it was, but he was sure working men would be better paid if there was no provision except for old age; now every drunkard goes to the parish when he is out of work, no one tries to save against bad times."

"Why should they?" said Martha; "it is only saving the farmers and the parsons; you are too proud, that is the truth, Betsy; you won't be brow-beat by old Harvey, and get nothing; good bye, for I see his cart coming down the hill; I know the house is pretty full; I'll get another sixpence out of the old fellow."

Martha Close was an old pauper; the inheritor of a few acres, she was left by her husband in decent circumstances, far removed from want; while her money lasted, she spent it carelessly, saying, "I can but come to the great house at last," so in the course of a few years she found her way to the paupers' pay table; she had been called Mrs. Close in better days, and Betsy Grey could remember when in her husband's time, though said to be a little fond of drink, she could appear as respectably on Sundays and market days as any farmer's wife in the village. She had

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now descended. Every Saturday she was to be seen on the look-out for the relieving officers, by whom she was not unnaturally disliked, for her constant grumbling and endeavours to get her pay increased; she was also very fond of introducing new faces to Mr. Harvey, and her patronage was usually unsuccessful, as to be a companion of Patty Close as people now called her, was a sign they were not good for much.

On her way to the vestry she saw Mr. Melville; "I am now," she thought, "sure of something;" she curtsied, and Mr. Melville said, "What is it Martha?" another curtsy.

"Please, Sir, would you speak to Mr. Harvey to give me another sixpence a week, I can't live on two shillings."

"And a loaf," said Mr. Melville.

"Yes, and a loaf, Sir, such as it is," said Martha.

Mr. Melville said, "Have any of the parishioners more?"

"Oh yes, old John has a shilling more, and Jane Parsons a shilling and a loaf, and ever so many others," answered Martha quickly.

"I want to know if people of your own age receive more?" said Mr. Melville.

"No, Sir," said Martha.

"Then do not ask me to increase the burdens on the parish," said Mr. Melville. "I have not heard that you are poorer than your neighbours, and I did hear that last week—,"

"All stories, Sir," said Martha, interrupting Mr. Melville, "people do tell such stories."

"I hope it is untrue," said Mr. Melville, "I only heard the report, and advise you to be careful."

Patty determined to try her fortune alone with Mr. Harvey. When her name was called and her money and ticket laid before her, she began with a whine, "Please, Mr. Harvey, I can't live on this, what am I to do?"

"Do as you can," said Mr. Harvey sharply, "do as other people do."

"Then I shall starve," she said; there was no reply, the relieving officer was a man of few words.

"Then you won't give me any more?"

"No," said he, "and that is too much for such as you."

Martha was very angry. "For such as me!" she said; "I am as good as you, Mr. Harvey, and your betters shall hear of this, I will go to the house."

"I will fill you up an order directly," said

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Mr. Harvey, "and you can speak to the overseer to remove you on Monday, and mind, Patty," he said, "we have not so much beer there as in some other places."

Martha said "her cause was a bad one. Oh, somebody has told you that story too, have they? and they told Mr. Melville too, everybody tries to injure me."

Mr. Melville came in and took no notice of what he heard, but the relieving officer explained to him the reason he had refused the relief, and Mr. Melville said, "of course I expected it; when we consider who are called upon to pay the poor rates, and that it is now become the tax paid by the sober hard-working man, for his profligate companions' excesses, great care should be taken. What do you suppose is the amount of pauperism from misfortune,—so to speak, visitations of providence in sudden death?"

"It is impossible to say," said Mr. Harvey; "look at Elizabeth Grey, that woman will not come to me, and I must not ask people to be paupers; I could allow her 4s. weekly and four loaves of bread."

"I hope that she will never come to a pauper's pay table," said Mr. Melville, "she struggles nobly against her trials, and brings up her family well."

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tion of the number of paupers from misfortune.

“ Well, if you include in the undeserving, born children, and idiots from neglect or improvidence of parents, I should say not one of the paupers ever would have required : had they lived soberly and honestly in youth.”

“ Then you think,” Mr. Harvey, “ it is our own vices and sins that scourge us ? ”

“ Yes, and scourge the poor man too, after all, he pays the poor rate. I admit pay an immense sum, in money out of tithes, but you get an able-bodied labourer 1s. 6d. a day, and for that sum he does hardest work.”

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which has done great good ; it has taught some to be decent who used to be always in rags."

"What remedy then do you propose," said Mr. Melville, "for the evil?"

"That is a question I cannot answer, Sir ; I only tell you what I have observed. I want poor people to understand, that they injure themselves by being paupers, not the farmers, nor the parsons, nor the squires. I am quite sure it is a great pleasure to you to help an independent spirited woman, like Betsy Grey, and I truly say, it is no pleasure to me to pay a grumbling pauper like Patty Close, so I suppose it comes to this, we should be liberal to the poor, but careful of the pauper."

The clergyman and the relieving officer separated, the one to his duties in visiting the sick, the other to conclude the payment of the paupers. Nothing more occurred to disturb his temper ; in a few minutes his books were rolled up, his tickets placed in their bag, and he was on his way home.

"A sensible man, that Mr. Melville," said he to his driver. "How I wish the parsons would copy him, and instead of listening to gossips, know the state of their parishes ; they would not be duped so often by the idle and profligate. He

knows too well who pays the poor rates to encourage pauperism, and is not like his neighbour, who thought the more he got out of the farmers' pockets the better for the poor, forgetting that he paid his proportion, and a large one it is."

We must now return to Betsy Grey. She had been left a widow by the almost sudden death of her husband, about two years before this time, and had struggled hard to maintain her children and keep them clothed. By her husband's prudence she was not left destitute; she had money from the club during his short illness, and more than sufficient to clothe her children decently, and to pay for the funeral. Both had avoided debt; Frederick, because he said he had the same money one week as another; and Betsy because she said all the extra earnings were wanted to stock the garden, clothe the children, and repair the cottage. Her two eldest boys were at service, and the three younger children she kept to school, never allowing them to be absent on any excuse. It followed that the children were always tidy, and made more improvement than the other children; her two little girls worked well, and her boy was in the first class; her neighbours said, "Ah! Betsy, your children take after their father, he was a smart man, and a ready scholar in his day;" but Betsy's answer

was, "My children are kept regularly at school, and I do not keep them at home to run on errands or to go with messages, that is why they learn faster than the other children ; and it may be," she would say, with somewhat of a mother's pride, "that they are quick children ;" nor would she even allow them to go to the pay table, as the people called it. Betsy would do any service for her neighbours, or send her children when out of school to any distance to help them, but never, as she said, to the paupers' pay table, should her children go ; there were plenty of roads to ruin without taking that road ; while under her roof they never should go to such a place.

Was Betsy ashamed of poverty ? No, she had read that the blessed Jesus was a poor man, that the apostles were most of them poor ; her parents and grand-parents had laboured for daily bread, but, as she said, they never had their names upon the parish books, except it was to pay taxes. She understood the difference between the poor man and the pauper ; the one seemed in her eyes an honourable estate sanctified by the Son of God, the other a degradation, because she said it was like eating your neighbour's bread, whether he would or no. She was usually employed in cleaning the house when

Mr. Melville, who left Harvey, came to the door; she welcomed him with a smile, and the frank good day, with the usual enquiries after the family.

“ Mrs. Melville wishes to see you Betsy, on Monday morning, about some work for the young people, if you will go to the parsonage.”

“ Yes, Sir,” she said, “ and it will be welcome just now, for I want to be at home for a little while, to mend up the children’s clothes.”

“ You are not gone to Mr. Harvey yet, Betsy, I see,” said Mr. Melville, anxious to talk to one whose peculiarities were noticed by the farmers as well as himself. The strangest woman I ever knew, said one; if I did not tell her to go and get relief, and she would not do it. Ah! said another, she is very particular; I wanted her boy to keep my sheep for a week, but she said no, it was the ruin of children to let them run wild, and she must send them to school. She is an independent one, said a third; but to my mind an honest woman, said one who stood by. She does not choose to tax us and the little rate-payers by dragging 13£ a year out of our pockets; 15£ it would cost, nearer 20£ to keep all of them in the house.

Betsy replied to Mr. Melville, “ Not yet, nor

ever while I have health and strength will I go to the parish; and when they fail, I hope my children will shelter their mother in her old age."

"But why should you be different from other poor people, Betsy?" said Mr. Melville.

"I do not wish to be different from poor people, Sir," she said; "I am poor myself, and very grateful to many kind friends who have always helped to keep me and my children from want; but I promised my husband on his dying bed, I would not be a pauper, and I hope neither I nor his children ever will be. There is a difference between being poor and taking parish pay."

"Then it is pauperism you dislike," said Mr. Melville, "and it is the alms from the poor rates you will never receive?"

"Yes, Sir; my husband told me that the poor rates did great harm; he said of course there must be a provision for the poor, but now every body who had been a drunkard, or a profligate, or if they squandered their money, came upon the industrious to pay for his idleness. He used to get quite angry on Saturdays, when he passed what he called Harvey's board for idlers and drunkards."

"Was it not hard upon them," said Mr. Melville, "to include all in his censure?"

"Oh, he did not include all; Frederick was never hard, Sir; he took blind Alice something from our garden every week, he was very kind to the unfortunate; but he knew the history of all the paupers, and grudged the money; little enough it was he paid towards keeping them."

"But how would he alter it? did he ever tell you that?" enquired Mr. Melville, "for it is easy to find fault with laws, but not so easy to amend them."

"I did not understand all he said, but he told me if no out of door relief were given, after a few years' time, except to widows with large families, he thought labourers' wages would rise, because people would see before them the certainty of the workhouse, unless they were prudent, and provided against bad times."

"But Betsy, in your case, had it happened that you were disabled, what would your family have done?"

"Oh, Sir, we should have held on some time, our little cottage and garden are free, and my boys would, I hope, have helped me; and I am sure, Sir, you would not suffer a person who tried to live, to suffer want."

"Then you think private charity in our English villages would go far to help the deserving?"

"I do believe it, Sir, for I never yet knew a better person come to want, or a really honest scrounger out of work."

"Do your neighbours ever talk to you about a parish pay?" said Mr. Melville.

"No, Sir, now and then one drops in. Patty Rose came in to-day, but she does not like to be told who pays the rates, and thinks she is only getting another 6*d.* a week out of the farmers' pockets, instead of which she is taking another sixpence from the hands of an honest labourer. Paupers are poor people's enemies, and that the poor will find out some day."

"I hope so," said Mr. Melville, "and by preventing crime, prevent the punishment which results from it. I am glad, Betsy, to find that you have a dislike of pauperism; ~~be~~ careful not to dislike paupers. Even in a bad class, and in every parish, the paupers' class are the meanest, worst, and most degraded; there are some that hope are good Christians, and would gladly escape from being a burden to others."

"I hope so," said Betsy.

Mr. Melville left the cottage, glad that at least one family in his parish from among the

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poor, would be trained up to hate pauperism and avoid the pauper's pay table ; certain it is, that there is no house more comfortable than Betsy Grey's, and none more clean, and it is to be hoped every poor man will try to follow Betsy Grey's good example, and avoid becoming a pauper.

Sometimes, of course, God's hand may fall so heavily on the poor that they may be driven to seek parish aid ; and when it is through God's hand they must not be hindered from seeking it through false shame.

JOHN HENRY PARKER, OXFORD AND LONDON.

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